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## WITHIN THE PALE

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### I

WHEN I was a little girl, the world was divided into two parts: namely, Polotzk, the place where I lived, and a strange land called Russia. All the little girls I knew lived in Polotzk, with their fathers and mothers and friends. Russia was the place where one's father went on business. It was so far off, and so many bad things happened there, that one's mother and grandmother and grown-up aunts cried at the railroad station; and when the father departed for Russia one was expected to be sad and quiet for the rest of the day.

After a while there came to my knowledge the existence of another division, a region intermediate between Polotzk and Russia. It seemed there was a place called Vitebsk, one called Vilna, one Riga, and some others. From those places came photographs of uncles and cousins one had never seen, and letters, and sometimes the uncles themselves. These uncles were just like other people in Polotzk; the people in Russia, one understood, were very different.

In answer to questions, the visiting uncles said all sorts of silly things to

make everybody laugh, and so one never found out why Vitebsk and Vilna, since they were not Polotzk, were not as sad as Russia. Mother hardly cried at all when the uncles went away.

One time, when I was about eight years old, one of my grown-up cousins went to Vitebsk. Everybody went to see her off, but I did n't. I went with her. I was put on the train, with my best dress tied up in a handkerchief, and I stayed on the train for hours and hours, and came to Vitebsk. I could not tell, as we rushed along, where the end of Polotzk was. There were a great many places, on the way, with strange names; but it was very plain when we got to Vitebsk.

The station was a big place, much bigger than the railroad station in Polotzk. Several trains came in at once, instead of only one. Then there was an immense buffet with fruits and confections, and a place where books were sold. My cousin never let go my hand, on account of the crowd. Then we rode in a cab for ever so long, and I saw the most beautiful streets and shops and houses, much bigger and finer than any in Polotzk.

We remained in Vitebsk several days and I saw many wonderful things; but

what gave me my one great surprise was something that was n't new to me at all. It was the river — the river Dvina. Now the Dvina is in Polotzk. All my life I had seen the Dvina. How, then, could the Dvina be in Vitebsk? My cousin and I had come on the train, but everybody knew that a train could go everywhere, even to Russia. It became clear to me that the Dvina went on and on, like a railroad track, whereas I had always supposed that it stopped where Polotzk stopped. I had never seen the end of Polotzk; I meant to, when I was bigger. But how could there be an end of Polotzk now? Polotzk was everything on both sides of the Dvina, as all my life I had known, and the Dvina, it now turned out, never broke off at all. It was very curious that the Dvina should remain the same, while Polotzk changed into Vitebsk!

The mystery of this transmutation led to much thinking, as a result of which I came to understand that the boundary between Polotzk and the rest of the world was not, as I had supposed, a physical barricade, like the fence which divided our garden from the street. But while Polotzk and Vitebsk were bound together by the continuity of the earth, between them and Russia a formidable barrier still interposed. When people went to Russia it was a sign of trouble: either they could not make a living, or they were drafted for the army, or they had a lawsuit. For in Russia lived the Czar, and in Russia were the dreadful prisons from which people never came back. No, it was not good to go to Russia. And next I learned gradually that much as Polotzk disliked to go to Russia, even more did Russia object to letting Polotzk come. People from Polotzk were sometimes turned back before they had finished their business, and often were cruelly treated on the

way. It seemed there were certain places in Russia — St. Petersburg, and Moscow, and Kiev — where my uncle or my father or my neighbor must never come at all, no matter what important things invited them. The police would seize them and send them back to Polotzk in chains, like wicked prisoners, although they had never done any wrong.

It was strange enough that my relatives should be treated like this, but at least there was this excuse for sending them back to Polotzk, that they belonged there. For what reason were people driven out of St. Petersburg and Moscow who had their homes in those cities, and had no other place to go to? Ever so many people, men and women and even children, came to Polotzk, where they had no friends, with stories of cruel treatment in Russia; and although they were nobody's relatives, they were taken in, and helped, and set up in business, like unfortunates after a fire.

It was very strange that the Czar and the police should want all Russia for themselves. It was a very big country; it took many days for a letter to reach one's father in Russia — why might not everybody be there who wanted to?

I do not know when I became old enough to understand. The truth was borne in on me a dozen times a day, from the time I began to distinguish words from empty noises. My grandmother told me about it, when she put me to bed at night. My parents told me about it, when they gave me presents on holidays. My playmates told me, when they drew me back into a corner of the gateway to let a policeman pass. Vanka, the white-haired little boy, told me all about it, when he ran out of his mother's laundry on purpose to throw mud after me, when I happened to pass. I heard about it during prayers, and when women quar-

reled in the market-place; and sometimes, waking in the night, I heard my parents whisper it in the dark.

There was no time in my life when I did not hear and see and feel the truth — the reason why Polotzk was cut off from the rest of Russia. It was the first lesson a little girl in Polotzk had to learn, but for a long time I did not understand. Then there came a time when I knew that Polotzk and Vitebsk and Vilna and some other places were grouped together as the 'Pale of Settlement,' and within this area the Czar commanded me to stay, with my father and mother and friends, and all other people like us. We must not be found outside the Pale, because we were Jews.

So there was a fence around Polotzk, after all. The world was divided into Jews and Gentiles.

This knowledge came so gradually that it could not shock me. It trickled into my consciousness drop by drop. By the time I fully understood that I was a prisoner, the shackles had grown familiar to my flesh.

The first time Vanka threw mud at me I ran home and complained to my mother, who brushed off my dress and said, quite resignedly, 'How can I help you, my poor child? Vanka is a Gentile. The Gentiles do as they like with us Jews.'

The next time Vanka abused me I did not cry, but ran for shelter, saying to myself, 'Vanka is a Gentile.' The third time, when Vanka spat on me, I wiped my face and thought nothing at all. I accepted ill-usage from the Gentiles as one accepts the weather. The world was made in a certain way, and I had to live in it.

Not quite all the Gentiles were like Vanka. Next door to us lived a Gentile family which was very friendly. There was a girl as big as I, who never called me names, and gave me flowers from

her father's garden. And there were the Parphens, of whom my grandfather rented his store. They treated us kindly, as if we were not Jews at all. On our festival days they visited our house, and brought us presents, carefully choosing such things as Jewish children might accept; and they liked to have everything explained to them, about the wine and the fruit and the candles, and they even tried to say the appropriate greetings and blessings in Hebrew.

My father used to say that if all the Russians were like the Parphens, there would be no trouble between Gentiles and Jews; and Fedora Pavlovna, the landlady, would reply that the Russian *people* were not to blame. It was the priests, she said, who taught the people to hate the Jews. Of course she knew best, as she was a very pious Christian. She never passed a church without crossing herself.

The Gentiles were always crossing themselves: when they went into the church and when they came out, when they met a priest, or passed an image in the street. The dirty beggars on the church-steps never stopped crossing themselves; and even when they stood on the corner of a Jewish street, and received alms from Jewish people, they crossed themselves and mumbled Christian prayers.

In every Gentile house there was what they called an *ikon*, which was an image or picture of the Christian God, hung up in a corner, with a light always burning before it. In front of the ikon the Gentiles said their prayers, on their knees, crossing themselves all the time.

I tried not to look in the corner where the ikon was, when I came into a Gentile house. I was afraid of the cross. Everybody was, in Polotzk — all the Jews, I mean. For it was the cross that made the priests, and the priests made

our troubles, as even some Christians admitted. The Gentiles said that we had killed their God, which was absurd, as they never had a God — nothing but images. Besides, what they accused us of had happened so long ago: the Gentiles themselves said it was long ago. Everybody had been dead for ages who could have had anything to do with it. Yet they put up crosses everywhere, and wore them on their necks, on purpose to remind themselves of these false things; and they considered it pious to hate and abuse us, insisting we had killed their God. To worship the cross and to torment a Jew was the same thing to them. That is why we feared the cross.

Another thing the Gentiles said about us was that we used the blood of murdered Christian children at the Passover festival. Of course that was a wicked lie. It made me sick to think of such a thing. I knew everything that was done for Passover, from the time I was a very little girl. The house was made clean and shining and holy, even in the corners where nobody ever looked. Vessels and dishes that were used all the year round were put away in the garret, and special vessels were brought out for the Passover week. I used to help unpack the new dishes, and find my own blue mug. When the fresh curtains were put up, and the white floors were uncovered, and everybody in the house put on new clothes, and I sat down to the feast in my new dress, I felt clean inside and out. And when I asked the Four Questions, about the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs and the other things, and the family, reading from their books, answered me, did I not know all about Passover, and what was on the table, and why? It was wicked of the Gentiles to tell lies about us. The youngest child in the house knew how Passover was kept.

The Passover season, when we cele-

brated our deliverance from the land of Egypt, and felt so glad and thankful, as if it had only just happened, was the time our Gentile neighbors chose to remind us that Russia was another Egypt. That is what I heard people say, and it was true. It was not so bad in Polotzk, within the Pale; but in Russian cities, and even more in country districts, where Jewish families lived scattered, by special permission of the police, who were always changing their minds about letting them stay, the Gentiles made the Passover a time of horror for the Jews. Somebody would start up that lie about murdering Christian children, and the stupid peasants would get angry about it, and fill themselves with *vodka*, and set out to kill the Jews. They attacked them with knives and clubs and scythes and axes, killed them or tortured them, and burned their houses. This was called a *pogrom*. Survivors of the pogroms came to Polotzk, with wounds on them, and horrible, horrible stories of little babies torn limb from limb before their mother's eyes. Only to hear these stories made one sob and sob and choke with pain. People who saw such things never smiled any more, no matter how long they lived; and some became insane on the spot.

Often we heard that the pogrom was led by a priest carrying a cross before the mob. Our enemies always held up the cross as the excuse for their cruelty to us. I never was in an actual pogrom, but there were times when it threatened us, even in Polotzk; and in all my fearful imaginings, as I hid in dark corners, thinking of the horrible things the Gentiles were going to do to me, I saw the cross, the cruel cross.

I remember a time when I thought a pogrom had broken out in our street, and I wonder that I did not die of fear. It was some Christian holiday, and we had been warned by the police to keep



indoors. Gates were locked, shutters were barred. If a child cried, the nurse threatened to give it to the priest, who would soon be passing by. Fearful and yet curious, we looked through the cracks in the shutters. We saw a procession of peasants and townspeople led by a number of priests, carrying crosses and banners and images. In the place of honor was carried a casket, containing a relic from the monastery in the outskirts of Polotzk. Once a year the Gentiles paraded with this relic, and on that occasion the streets were considered too holy for Jews to be about, and we lived in fear till the end of the day, knowing that the least disturbance might start a riot, and a riot lead to a pogrom.

On the day when I saw the procession through a crack in the shutter, there were soldiers and police in the street. This was as usual, but I did not know it. I asked the nurse, who was pressing to the crack over my head, what the soldiers were for. Thoughtlessly she answered me, 'In case of a pogrom.' Yes, there were the crosses and the priests and the mob. The church-bells were pealing their loudest. Everything was ready. The Gentiles were going to tear me in pieces, with axes and knives and ropes. They were going to burn me alive. The cross — the cross! What would they do to me first?

There was one thing the Gentiles might do to me worse than burning or rending. It was what was done to unprotected Jewish children who fell into the hands of priests or nuns. They might baptize me. That would be worse than death by torture. Rather would I drown in the Dvina than that a drop of the baptismal water should touch my forehead. To be forced to kneel before the hideous images, to kiss the cross — sooner would I rush out to the mob that was passing and let them

tear my vitals out. To forswear the One God, to bow before idols — rather would I be seized with the plague, and be eaten up by vermin. I was only a little girl, and not very brave; little pains made me ill, and I cried; but there was no pain that I would not bear — no, none — rather than submit to baptism.

Every Jewish child had that feeling. There were stories by the dozen of Jewish boys who were kidnaped by the Czar's agents, and brought up in Gentile families till they were old enough to enter the army, where they served till forty years of age; and all those years the priests tried, by bribes and daily tortures, to force them to accept baptism, but in vain. This was in the time of Nicholas I; but men who had been through this service were not much older than my father, when I was a little girl; and they told their experience with their own lips, and one knew it was true, and it broke one's heart with pain and pride.

There were men in Polotzk whose faces made you old in a minute. They had served Nicholas I, and come back unbaptized. The white church in the square — how did it look to them? I knew. I cursed the church in my heart every time I had to pass it; and I was afraid — afraid.

On a market day, when the peasants came to church, and the bells kept ringing by the hour, my heart was heavy in me, and I could find no rest. Even in my father's house I did not feel safe. The church-bell boomed over the roofs of the houses, calling, calling, calling. I closed my eyes, and saw the people passing into the church: peasant women with bright embroidered aprons and glass beads; barefoot little girls with colored kerchiefs on their heads; boys with caps pulled too far down over their straight flaxen hair; rough men with plaited reed sandals and a

rope around their waists, — crowds of them, moving slowly up the steps, crossing themselves again and again, till they are swallowed by the black doorway, and only the beggars are left squatting on the steps. *Boom, boom!* What are the people doing in the dark, with the waxen images and the horrid crucifixes? *Boom, boom, boom!* They are ringing the bell for me. Is it in the church they will torture me, when I refuse to kiss the cross?

They ought not to have told me those dreadful stories. They were long past. Alexander III was no friend of the Jews, still he did not order little boys to be taken from their mothers to be made into soldiers and Christians. With few exceptions, all men had to serve in the army for four years, and a Jewish recruit was always treated with severity, no matter if his behavior were perfect. But that was little compared to the dreadful conditions of the old régime.

The thing that really mattered was the necessity of breaking the Jewish laws of daily life while in the service. A soldier had to eat *tréfah*<sup>1</sup> and work on the Sabbath. He had to shave his beard and do reverence to Christian things. He could not attend services at the synagogue; it was with difficulty that he managed to keep a Hebrew prayer-book with him all the time. He might resort to all sorts of tricks and schemes, still he was obliged to violate Jewish law. When he returned home, at the end of his term of service, he could not rid himself of the stigma of those enforced sins. For four years he had led the life of a Gentile.

There was a man in our town called David the Substitute, because he had gone as a soldier in another's stead, he himself being exempt. He did it for a sum of money. I suppose his family was starving and he saw a chance to pro-

<sup>1</sup> Unclean food, in contradistinction to *kosher*, clean.

vide for them for a few years. But it was a sinful thing to do, to go as a soldier and be obliged to live like a Gentile, of his own free will. And David knew how wicked it was, for he was a pious man at heart. When he returned from service he was aged and broken, bowed down with the sense of his sins. And he set himself a penance, which was to go through the streets every Sabbath morning, calling the people to prayer. Now this was a hard thing to do, because David labored bitterly all the week, exposed to the weather, summer or winter; and on Sabbath morning there was nobody so tired and lame and sore as David. Yet he forced himself to leave his bed, before it was yet daylight, and go from street to street, all over Polotzk, calling on the people to wake and go to prayer. Many a Sabbath morning I awoke when David called, and lay listening to his voice as it passed and died away; it was so sad that it hurt, as beautiful music hurts. I was glad to feel my sister lying beside me, for it was lonely in the gray dawn, with only David and me awake, and God waiting for the people's prayers.

The Gentiles used to wonder at us because we cared so much about religious things — about food and Sabbath and teaching the children Hebrew. They were angry with us for our obstinacy, as they called it, and mocked us and ridiculed the most sacred things. There were wise Gentiles who understood. These were educated people, like Fedora Pavlovna, who made friends with their Jewish neighbors. They were always respectful, and openly admired some of our ways. But most of the Gentiles were ignorant. There was one thing, however, the Gentiles always understood, and that was money. They would take any kind of bribe, at any time. They expected it. Peace cost so much a year, in Polotzk. If you did not keep on good terms with your Gen-

tile neighbors, they had a hundred ways of molesting you. If you chased their pigs when they came rooting up your garden, or objected to their children maltreating your children, they might complain against you to the police, stuffing their case with false accusations and false witnesses. If you had not made friends with the police, the case might go to court; and there you lost before the trial was called, unless the judge had reason to befriend you. The cheapest way to live in Polotzk was to pay as you went along. Even a little girl understood that.

In your father's parlor hung a large colored portrait of Alexander III. The Czar was a cruel tyrant — oh, it was whispered when doors were locked and shutters tightly barred, at night — he was a Titus, a Haman, a sworn foe of all Jews — and yet his portrait was seen in a place of honor in your father's house. You knew why. It looked well when police or government officers came on business.

The Czar was always sending us commands, — you shall not do this and you shall not do that, — till there was very little left that we might do, except pay tribute and die. One positive command he gave us: You shall love and honor your Emperor. In every congregation a prayer must be said for the Czar's health, or the chief of police would close the synagogue. On a royal birthday every house must fly a flag, or the owner would be dragged to a police station and be fined twenty-five rubles. A decrepit old woman, who lived all alone in a tumble-down shanty, supported by the charity of the neighborhood, crossed her paralyzed hands one day when flags were ordered up, and waited for her doom, because she had no flag. The vigilant policeman kicked the door open with his great boot, took the last pillow from the bed, sold it, and hoisted a flag above the rotten roof.

The Czar always got his dues, no matter if it ruined a family. There was a poor locksmith who owed the Czar three hundred rubles, because his brother had escaped from Russia before serving his time in the army. There was no such fine for Gentiles, only for Jews; and the whole family was liable. Now the locksmith never could have so much money, and he had no valuables to pawn. The police came and attached his household goods, everything he had, including his young bride's trousseau; and the sale of the goods brought thirty-five rubles. After a year's time the police came again, looking for the balance of the Czar's dues. They put their seal on everything they found. The wife was in bed with her first baby, a boy. The circumcision would be next day. The police did not leave a sheet to wrap the child in when he is handed up for the operation.

Many bitter sayings came to your ears, if you were a Jewish little girl in Polotzk. 'It is a false world,' you heard, and you knew it was so, looking at the Czar's portrait, and at the flags. 'Never tell a police officer the truth,' was another saying, and you knew it was good advice. That fine of three hundred rubles was a sentence of lifelong slavery for the poor locksmith, unless he freed himself by some trick. As fast as he could collect a few rags and sticks, the police would be after them.

Business really did not pay, when the price of goods was so swollen by taxes that the people could not buy. The only way to make business pay was to cheat — cheat the government of part of the duties. Playing tricks on the Czar was dangerous, with so many spies watching his interests. People who sold cigarettes without the government seal got more gray hairs than bank-notes out of their business. The constant risk, the worry, the dread of a police raid in the night, and the ruinous

finer, in case of detection, left very little margin of profit or comfort to the dealer in contraband goods. 'But what can one do?' the people said, with that shrug of the shoulders that expresses the helplessness of the Pale. 'What can one do? One must live.'

It was not so easy to live, with such bitter competition as the congestion of population made inevitable. There were ten times as many stores as there should have been, ten times as many tailors, cobblers, barbers, tinsmiths. A Gentile, if he failed in Polotzk, could go elsewhere, where there was less competition. A Jew could make the circle of the Pale only to find the same conditions as at home. Outside the Pale he could only go to certain designated localities, on payment of prohibitive fees, which were augmented by a constant stream of bribes; and even then he lived at the mercy of the local chief of police.

Artisans had the right to reside outside the Pale on fulfillment of certain conditions which gave no real security. Merchants could buy the right of residence outside the Pale, permanent or temporary, on conditions which might at any time be changed. I used to picture an uncle of mine on his Russian travels, hurrying, hurrying to finish his business in the limited time; while a policeman marched behind him, ticking off the days and counting up the hours. That was a foolish fancy, but some of the things that were done in Russia really were very funny.

Perhaps I should not have had so many foolish fancies if I had not been so idle. If they had let me go to school — but of course they did n't. There was one public school for boys, and one for girls, but Jewish children were admitted in limited numbers — only ten to a hundred; and even the lucky ones had their troubles.

First you had to have a tutor at

home, who prepared you, and talked all the time about the examination you would have to pass, till you were scared. You heard on all sides that the brightest Jewish children were turned down if the examining officers did not like the turn of their noses. You went up to be examined with the other Jewish children, your heart heavy about that matter of your nose. There was a special examination for the Jewish candidates, of course: a nine-year-old Jewish child had to answer questions that a thirteen-year-old Gentile was hardly expected to answer. But that did not matter so much; you had been prepared for the thirteen-year-old test. You found the questions quite easy. You wrote your answers triumphantly — and you received a low rating, and there was no appeal.

I used to stand in the doorway of my father's store munching an apple that did not taste good any more, and watch the pupils going home from school, in twos and threes; the girls in neat brown dresses and black aprons and little stiff hats, the boys in trim uniforms with many buttons. They had ever so many books in the satchels on their backs. They would take them out at home, and read and write, and learn all sorts of interesting things. They looked to me like beings from another world than mine. But those whom I envied had their own troubles, as I often heard. Their school life was one struggle against injustice from instructors, spiteful treatment from fellow students, and insults from everybody. They were rejected at the universities, where they were admitted in the ratio of three Jews to a hundred Gentiles, under the same debarring entrance-conditions as at the high school: especially rigorous examinations, dishonest marking, or arbitrary rulings without disguise. No, the Czar did not want us in the schools.

## II

As I look back to-day I see, within the wall raised around my birthplace by the vigilance of the police, another wall, higher, thicker, more impenetrable. This is the wall which the Czar with all his minions could not shake, the priests with their instruments of torture could not pierce, the mob with their firebrands could not destroy. This wall within the wall is the religious integrity of the Jews, a fortress erected by the prisoners of the Pale, in defiance of their jailers; a stronghold built of the ruins of their pillaged homes, cemented with the blood of their murdered children.

Harassed on every side, thwarted in every normal effort, pent up within narrow limits, all but dehumanized, the Russian Jew fell back upon the only thing that never failed him: his hereditary faith in God. In the pages of the *Torah* he found the balm for all his wounds; the minute observance of traditional rites became the expression of his spiritual cravings; and in the dream of a restoration to Palestine he forgot the world.

What did it matter to us, on a Sabbath or festival, when our life was centered in the synagogue, what Czar sat on the throne, what evil counselors whispered in his ear? They were concerned with revenues and policies and ephemeral trifles of all sorts, while we were intent on renewing our ancient covenant with God, to the end that His promise to the world should be fulfilled, and His justice overwhelm the nations.

On a Friday afternoon the stores and markets closed early. The clatter of business ceased, the dust of worry was laid, and the Sabbath peace flooded the quiet streets. No hovel so mean but what its casement sent out its consecrated ray, so that a wayfarer passing

in the twilight saw the spirit of God brooding over the lowly roof.

Care, and fear, and shrewishness dropped like a mask from every face. Eyes dimmed with weeping kindled with inmost joy. Wherever a head bent over a sacred page, there rested the halo of God's presence.

Not on festivals alone, but also on the common days of the week, we lived by the Law that had been given us through our teacher Moses. How to eat, how to bathe, how to work — everything had been written down for us, and we strove to fulfill the Law. The study of the *Torah* was the most honored of all occupations, and they who engaged in it the most revered of all men.

My memory does not go back to a time when I was too young to know that God had made the world, and had appointed teachers to tell the people how to live in it. First came Moses, and after him the great Rabbis, and finally the Rav of Polotzk, who read all day in the sacred books, so that he could tell me and my parents and my friends what to do whenever we were in doubt. If my mother cut up a chicken and found something wrong in it, — some hurt or mark that should not be, — she sent the housemaid with it to the rav, and I ran along, and saw the rav look in his big books, and whatever he decided was right. If he called the chicken *trefah*, I must not eat of it, no, not if I had to starve. And the rav knew about everything: about going on a journey, about business, about marrying, about purifying vessels for Passover.

Another great teacher was the *dayyan*, who heard people's quarrels and settled them according to the Law, so that they should not have to go to the Gentile courts. The Gentiles were false, judges and witnesses and all. They favored the rich man against the



poor, the Christian against the Jew. The dayyan always gave true judgments. Nochem Rabinovitch, the richest man in Polotzk, could not win a case against a servant-maid, unless he were in the right.

Besides the rav and the dayyan there were other men whose callings were holy — the *shohat*, who knew how cattle and fowl should be killed; the *hazzan* and other officers of the synagogue; the teachers of Hebrew, and the students. It did not matter how poor a man was, he was to be respected and set above other men, if he were learned in the Law.

In the synagogues scores of men sat all day long over the Hebrew books, studying and disputing together from early dawn till candles were brought in at night, and then as long as the candles lasted. These eager scholars were the students of seminary rank, with their zealous teachers. Most of the students were strangers in Polotzk, and had no home except the synagogue. They slept on benches, on tables, on the floors; they picked up their meals wherever they could. They had come from distant cities, so as to be under good teachers in Polotzk; and the people of Polotzk were proud to support them, by giving them clothing and food and sometimes money to visit their homes on holidays. But the poor students came in such numbers that there were not enough rich families to provide for all, so that some of them suffered privation. You could pick out a poor student in a crowd, by his pale face and shrunken form.

There was almost always a seminary student taking meals at our house. He was assigned a certain day, and on that day my grandmother took care to have something especially good for dinner. It was a very shabby guest who sat down with us at table, but we children watched him with respectful eyes.

Grandmother had told us that he was a scholar, and we saw something holy in the way he ate his cabbage.

As everybody was anxious to have a scholar in the family, all the boys were sent to *heder*<sup>1</sup> almost as soon as they could speak. My brother was five years old when he entered on his studies. He was carried to the *heder*, on the first day, covered over with a praying shawl, so that nothing unholy should look on him; and he was presented with a bun, on which were written, in honey, these words: 'The Torah left by Moses is the heritage of the children of Jacob.'

After a boy entered *heder*, he was the hero of the family. He was served before the other children at table, and nothing was too good for him. If the family were very poor, all the girls might go barefoot, but the *heder* boy must have shoes; he must have a plate of hot soup, though the others ate dry bread. When the *rebbe*<sup>2</sup> came on Sabbath afternoon to examine the boy, in the hearing of the family, everybody sat around the table and nodded with satisfaction if he read his portion well; then he was given a great saucerful of preserves, and was praised and blessed, and made much of. No wonder he said, in his morning prayer, 'I thank Thee, Lord, for having created me a male.' Girls said no such thing in their prayers — of course we thanked God for everything else, but it was not much to be a girl. Girls could not be scholars and ravs.

There was nothing in what the boys did in *heder* that I could not have done — if I had not been a girl. For a girl it was enough if she could read her prayers in Hebrew, and follow the meaning by the Yiddish translation at the bottom of the page. It did not take long to learn this much, — a couple of terms with a female teacher, — and after that she was done with books.

<sup>1</sup> The Hebrew school.

<sup>2</sup> Teacher.



A girl's real schoolroom was her mother's kitchen. She learned to bake and cook and manage, to knit, sew, and embroider; also to spin and weave, in country places. And while her hands were busy, her mother instructed her in the laws regulating a pious Jewish household, and in the conduct proper for a Jewish wife. For of course every girl hoped to be a wife. A girl was born for no other purpose.

How soon it came, the pious burden of wifehood! One day the girl is playing forfeits with her laughing friends, the next day she is missing from the circle. She has been summoned to a conference with a marriage-broker, who has been for months past advertising her housewifely talents, her piety, her good looks, her marriage portion, among families with marriageable sons. Her parents are pleased with the son-in-law proposed by the marriage-broker, and now, at the last, the girl is brought in, to be examined and appraised by prospective parents-in-law. If the negotiations go off smoothly, the marriage contract is written, presents are exchanged between the engaged couple, through their respective parents, and all that is left the girl of her maidenhood is a period of long preparation for the wedding.

It is a happy interval, spent in visits to the drapers and tailors, in collecting linens and feather-beds and vessels of copper and brass. The former play-mates come to inspect the trousseau, enviously fingering the silks and velvets. The bride-elect tries on frocks and mantles before her glass, blushing at references to the wedding-day; and to the question, 'How do you like the bridegroom?' she replies, 'How should I know? There was such a crowd at the betrothal that I did n't see him.'

Marriage was a sacrament with us Jews in the Pale. To rear a family of children was to serve God. Every Jew-

ish man and woman had a part in the fulfillment of the ancient promise given to Jacob, that his seed should be abundantly scattered over the earth. Parenthood, therefore, was the great career. But while men, in addition to begetting, might busy themselves with the study of the Law, woman's only work was motherhood. To be left an old maid became, accordingly, the greatest misfortune that could threaten a girl; and to ward off that calamity, the girl and her family and distant relatives would strain every nerve, whether by contributing to her dowry, or by hiding her defects from the marriage-broker, or by fasting and praying that God might send her a husband.

Not only must all the children of a family be mated, but they must marry in the order of their ages. A younger daughter must on no account marry before an elder. A houseful of daughters might be held up because the eldest failed to find favor in the eyes of prospective mothers-in-law.

A cousin of mine was guilty of the disloyalty of wishing to marry before her elder sister, who was unfortunate enough to be rejected by one mother-in-law after another. My uncle feared that the younger daughter, who was of a firm and masterful nature, might carry out her plans, thereby disgracing her unhappy sister. Accordingly he hastened to conclude an alliance with a family far beneath him, and the girl was hastily married to a boy of whom little was known beyond the fact that he was inclined to consumption.

The consumptive tendency was no such horror, in an age when superstition was more in vogue than science. For one patient who went to a physician, in Polotsk, there were ten who called in unlicensed practitioners and miracle-workers. If my mother had an obstinate toothache that honored household remedies failed to relieve,

she went to Dvoshe, the pious woman, who cured by means of a flint and steel and a secret prayer pronounced as the sparks flew up. During an epidemic of scarlet fever, we protected ourselves by wearing a piece of red woolen tape around the neck. Pepper and salt tied in a corner of the pocket was effective in warding off the evil eye. There were lucky signs, lucky dreams, spirits and hobgoblins, a grisly collection, gathered by our wandering ancestors from the demonologies of mediæval Europe.

Antiquated as our popular follies was the organization of our small society. It was a caste system with social levels sharply marked off, and families united by clannish ties. The rich looked down on the poor, the merchants looked down on the artisans, and within the ranks of the artisans higher and lower grades were distinguished. A shoemaker's daughter could not hope to marry the son of a shopkeeper, unless she brought an extra large dowry; and she had to make up her mind to be snubbed by the sisters- and cousins-in-law all her life.

One qualification only could raise a man above his social level, and that was scholarship. A boy born in the gutter need not despair of entering the houses of the rich if he had a good mind and an appetite for sacred learning. A poor scholar would be preferred, in the marriage market, to a rich ignoramus. In the phrase of our grandmothers, a boy stuffed with learning was worth more than a girl stuffed with bank-notes.

What was the substance behind the show of the Judaism of the Pale? Stripped of its grotesque mask of forms, rites, and mediæval superstitions, the religion of these fanatics was simply the belief that God was, had been, and ever would be; and that they, the children of Jacob, were His chosen messengers to carry His law to all the nations. Be-

neath the mountainous volumes of the Talmudists and commentators the Mosaic tablets remained intact. Out of the mazes of the *Kabbalah* the pure doctrine of ancient Judaism found its way to the hearts of the faithful. Sects and schools might rise and fall, confounding the simple with the clamor of their disputes; still the Jew, retiring within his own soul, heard the voice of the God of Abraham. Prophets, messiahs, miracle-workers might have their day; still the Jew was conscious that between himself and God no go-between was needed; that he, as well as every one of his million brothers, had his portion of God's work to do. And this close relation to God was the source of the strength that sustained the Jew through all the trials of his life in the Pale. Consciously or unconsciously, the Jew identified himself with the cause of righteousness on earth; and hence the heroism with which he met the battalions of tyrants.

No empty forms could have impressed the unborn children of the Pale so deeply that they were prepared for willing martyrdom almost as soon as they were weaned from their mother's breast. The flame of the burning bush that had dazzled Moses still lighted the gloomy prison of the Pale. Behind the mummeries, ceremonials, and symbolic accessories, the object of the Jew's adoration was the face of God.

This has been many times proven by those who escaped from the Pale, and, excited by sudden freedom, thought to rid themselves, by one impatient effort, of every strand of their ancient bonds. Eager to be merged in the better world in which they found themselves, the escaped prisoners determined on a change of mind, a change of heart, a change of manner. They rejoiced in their transformation, thinking that every mark of their former slavery was obliterated. And then, one day,

caught in the vise of some crucial test, the Jew fixed his alarmed gaze on his inmost soul, and found there the image of his father's God.

Merrily played the fiddlers at the wedding of my father, who was the grandson of Israel Kimanayer of sainted memory. The most pious men in Polotzk danced the night through, their earlocks dangling, the tails of their long coats flying in a pious ecstasy. Beggars swarmed among the bidden guests, sure of an easy harvest where so many hearts were melted by piety. The wedding jester excelled himself in apt allusions to the friends and relatives who brought up their wedding presents at his merry invitation. The sixteen-year-old bride, suffocated beneath her heavy veil, blushed unseen at the numerous healths drunk to the future sons and daughters. The whole town was a-flutter with joy, because the pious scion of a godly race had found a pious wife, and a young branch of the tree of Judah was to bear fruit.

When I came to lie on my mother's breast, she sang me lullabies on lofty themes. I heard the names of Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah as early as the names of father, mother, and nurse. My baby soul was enthralled by sad and noble cadences, as my mother sang of my ancient home in Palestine, and mourned over the desolation of Zion. With the first rattle that was placed in my hand, a prayer was pronounced over me, a petition that a pious man might take me to wife, and a messiah be among my sons.

I was fed on dreams, instructed by means of prophecies, trained to hear and see mystical things that callous senses could not perceive. I was taught to call myself a princess, in memory of my forefathers who had ruled a nation. Though I went in the disguise of an outcast, I felt a halo resting on my

brow. Sat upon by brutal enemies, unjustly hated, persecuted, annihilated a hundred times, I yet arose and held my head high, sure that I should find my kingdom in the end, although I had lost my way in exile; for He who had brought my ancestors safe through a thousand perils, was guiding my feet as well. God needed me and I needed Him, for we two together had a work to do, according to an ancient covenant between Him and my forefathers.

This is the dream to which I was heir, in common with every sad-eyed child of the Pale. This is the living seed which I found among my heirlooms, when I learned how to strip from them the prickly husk in which they were passed down to me. And what is the fruit of such seed as that, and whither lead such dreams? If it be mine to give the answer, let my words be true and brave.

### III

Among the mediæval customs which were preserved in the Pale when the rest of the world had long forgotten them was the use of popular sobriquets in place of surnames proper. Family names existed only in official documents, such as passports. For the most part people were known by nicknames, prosaic or picturesque, derived from their occupations, their physical peculiarities, or distinctive achievements. Among my neighbors in Polotzk were Yankel the Wig-Maker, Mulye the Blind, Moshe the Six-fingered; and members of their respective families were referred to by these nicknames: as, for example, 'Mirele, niece of Moshe the Six-fingered.'

Let me spread out my family tree, raise aloft my coat-of-arms, and see what heroes have left a mark by which I may be distinguished. Let me hunt for my name in the chronicles of the Pale.

In the village of Yuchovitch, about sixty versts above Polotzk, when my father was a boy, the oldest inhabitant still remembered my father's great-grandfather. Lebe the Innkeeper, he was called, and no reproach was coupled with the name. His son Chayim succeeded to the business, but later he took up the glazier's trade, and developed a knack for all sorts of tinkering, whereby he was able to increase his too scanty earnings.

Chayim the Glazier is reputed to have been a man of fine countenance, wise in homely counsel, honest in all his dealings. Rachel Leah, his wife, had a reputation for practical wisdom even greater than his. She was the advice-giver of the village in every perplexity of life. My father remembers his grandmother as a tall, trim, handsome old woman, active and independent. Satin head-bands and lace-trimmed bonnets not having been invented in her day, Rachel Leah wore the stately *knupf* or turban on her shaven head. On Sabbaths and holidays she went to the synagogue with a long, straight mantle hanging from neck to ankle; and she wore it with an air, on one sleeve only, the other dangling empty from her shoulder.

Chayim begot Joseph, and Joseph begot Pinchus, my father. Joseph inherited the trade, good name, and meagre portion of his father, and maintained the family tradition of honesty and poverty unbroken to the day of his death. For that matter, Yuchovitch never heard of any connection of the family, not even a doubtful cousin, who was not steeped to the earlocks in poverty. But that was no distinction in Yuchovitch; the whole village was poor almost to beggary.

Joseph was an indifferent workman and an indifferent scholar. At one thing only was he strikingly good, and that was at grumbling. Although not

unkind, he had a temper that boiled over at small provocation, and even in his most placid moods he took very little satisfaction in the world. My mother tells how, at the wedding of his only son, my father, Joseph sat the whole night through in a corner, never so much as cracking a smile, while the wedding guests danced, laughed, and rejoiced.

It may have been through distrust of the marital state that Joseph remained single till the advanced age of twenty-five. Then he took unto himself an orphan girl as poor as he, namely, Rachel, the daughter of Israel Kimanayer of pious memory.

My grandmother was such a gentle, cheerful soul when I knew her, that I imagine she must have been a merry bride. But from all reports it appears that her husband was never pleased, and if he did not make his wife unhappy it was because he was away from home so much.

He was absent the greater part of the time; for a glazier, even if he were a better workman than my grandfather, could not make a living in Yuchovitch. He became a country peddler, trading between Polotzk and Yuchovitch and taking in all the desolate little hamlets scattered along the route.

Fifteen rubles' worth of goods was a big bill to carry out of Polotzk. The stock consisted of cheap pottery, tobacco, matches, boot-grease, and axle-grease. These he bartered for country produce, including grains in small quantity, bristles, rags, and bones. Money was seldom handled in these transactions.

A rough enough life my grandfather led, on the road at all seasons, in all weathers, knocking about at smoky little inns, glad sometimes of the hospitality of some peasant's hut, where the pigs slept with the family. He was doing well if he got home for the holidays

with a little white flour for a cake, and money enough to take his best coat out of pawn. The best coat, and the candlesticks, too, would be repawned promptly on the first work-day; for it was not for the like of Joseph of Yuchovitch to live with idle riches around him.

For the credit of Yuchovitch it must be recorded that my grandfather never had to stay away from the synagogue for want of his one decent coat to wear. Isaac, the village money-lender, never refused to give up the pledged articles on a Sabbath eve, even if the cash due was not forthcoming. Many Sabbath coats besides my grandfather's, and many candlesticks besides my grandmother's, passed most of their existence under Isaac's roof, waiting to be redeemed. But on the eve of Sabbath or holiday Isaac delivered them to their respective owners, came they empty-handed or otherwise; and at the expiration of the festival the grateful owners brought them promptly back, for another season of retirement.

While my grandfather was on the road, my grandmother conducted her humble household in a capable, housewifely way. Of her six children, three died young, leaving an only son, my father, and two daughters. My grandmother fed and dressed her children the best she could, and taught them to thank God for what they had not, as well as for what they had. Piety was about the only positive doctrine she attempted to drill them in, leaving the rest of their education to life and the rebbe.

Promptly when custom prescribed, Pinchus, the petted only son, was sent to heder. My grandfather being on the road at the time, my grandmother herself carried the boy in her arms, as was usual on the first day. My father distinctly remembers that she wept on the way to school; partly, I suppose,

from joy at starting her son on a holy life, and partly from sadness at being too poor to set forth the wine and honey-cake proper to the occasion. For Grandma Rachel, schooled though she was to pious contentment, probably had her moments of human pettiness like the rest of us.

My father distinguished himself for scholarship from the first. Five years old when he entered heder, at eleven he was already a student in the seminary. The rebbe never had occasion to use the birch on him. On the contrary, he held him up as an example to the dull or lazy pupils, praised him in the village, and carried his fame to Polotzk.

My grandmother's cup of pious joy was overfilled. Everything her boy did was pleasant in her sight, for Pinchus was going to be a scholar, a godly man, a credit to the memory of his devout grandfather, Israel Kimanayer. She let nothing interfere with his schooling. When times were bad, and her husband came home with his goods unsold, she borrowed and begged, till the rebbe's fee was produced. If bad luck continued, she pleaded with the rebbe for time. She pawned not only the candlesticks, but her shawl and Sabbath cap, to secure the scant rations that gave the young scholar strength to study. More than once in the bitter winter, as my father remembers, she carried him to heder on her back, because he had no shoes, she herself walking almost barefoot in the cruel snow. No sacrifice was too great for her in the pious cause of her boy's education. And when there was no rebbe in Yuchovitch learned enough to guide him in the advanced studies, my father was sent to Polotzk, where he lived with his poor relations, who were not too poor to help support a future *rav*. In Polotzk he continued to distinguish himself for scholarship, till people began to prophesy that he would live to be famous;



and everybody who remembered Israel Kimanayer regarded the promising grandson with doubled respect.

At the age of fifteen my father was qualified to teach beginners in Hebrew, and he was engaged as tutor in two families living six versts apart in the country. The boy tutor had to make himself useful, after lesson hours, by caring for the horse, hauling water from the frozen pond, and lending a hand at everything. When the little sister of one of his pupils died, in the middle of the winter, it fell to my father's lot to take the body to the nearest Jewish cemetery, through miles of desolate country, no living soul accompanying him.

After teaching one term, the young scholar tried to go on with his studies, sometimes in Yuchovitch, sometimes in Polotzk, as opportunity dictated. He made the journey to Polotzk beside his father, joggling along in the springless wagon, on the rutty roads. He took a boy's pleasure in the gypsy life, the green wood, and the summer storm; while his father sat moody beside him, seeing nothing but the spavins on the horse's hocks, and the mud in the road ahead.

There is little else to tell of my father's boyhood, as most of his time was spent in the schoolroom. Outside the schoolroom he was conspicuous for high spirits in play, daring in mischief, and independence in everything. But a boy's playtime was so short in Yuchovitch, and his resources so limited, that even a lad of spirit came to the edge of his premature manhood without a regret for his nipped youth. So my father, at the age of sixteen and a half, lent a willing ear to the cooing voice of the marriage-broker.

And indeed it was high time for him to marry. His parents had kept him so far, but they had two daughters to marry off, and not a groschen laid

by for their dowries. The cost of my father's schooling, as he advanced, had mounted to seventeen rubles a term, and the poor rebbe was seldom paid in full. Of course my father's scholarship was his fortune — in time it would be his support; but in the mean while the burden of feeding and clothing him lay heavy on his parents' shoulders. The time had come to find him a well-to-do father-in-law, who should support him and his wife and children, while he continued to study in the seminary.

After the usual conferences between parents and marriage-brokers, he was betrothed to an undertaker's daughter in Polotzk. The girl was too old, — she was every day of twenty years, — but three hundred rubles in dowry, with board after marriage, not to mention handsome presents to the bridegroom, easily offset the bride's age. My father's family, to the humblest cousin, felt themselves set up by the match; and the boy was happy enough displaying a watch and chain for the first time in his life, and a good coat on week-days. As for his fiancée, he could have no objection to her, as he had seen her only at a distance, and had never spoken to her.

When it was time for the wedding preparations to begin, news came to Yuchovitch of the death of the bride-elect, and my father's prospects seemed to have fallen to the ground. But the undertaker had another daughter, a girl of thirteen, and he pressed my father to take her in her sister's place. At the same time the marriage-broker proposed another match; and my father's cousins bristled with importance once more.

Somehow or other my father succeeded in getting in a word at the family councils that ensued. He even had the temerity to express a preference. He did not want any more of the undertaker's daughters; he wanted to consider the rival match. There were

no serious objections from the cousins, and my father became engaged to my mother.

This second choice was Chane Chaye, only daughter of Raphael, called the Russian, from his travels outside the Pale. She had had a very different bringing-up from Pinchus, the grandson of Israel Kimanayer. She had never known a day of want, had never gone barefoot from necessity. Her family had a solid position in Polotzk, her father being the owner of a comfortable home and a good business. But prosperity is prosaic, so I shall skip briefly over the history of my mother's house.

My grandfather Raphael, early left an orphan, was brought up by an elder brother, in a village at no great distance from Polotzk. The brother dutifully sent him to the village school, and at an early age betrothed him to Edle Dvereh, daughter of one Solomon, a dealer in grain and cattle.

Edle Dvereh was not yet in her teens at the time of the betrothal, and so foolish was she that she was afraid of her affianced husband. One day, when she was coming from the store with a bottle of liquid yeast, she suddenly came face to face with her betrothed, which gave her such a fright that she dropped the bottle, spilling the yeast on her pretty dress; and she ran home crying all the way.

At thirteen she was married, which had a good effect on her deportment. I hear no more of her running away from her husband.

Among the interesting things belonging to my grandmother, at the time of the marriage, was her family. Her father was so original that he kept a tutor for his daughters — sons he had none — and allowed them to be instructed in the rudiments of three or four languages, and the elements of arithmetic. Even more unconventional was her sister Hode. She had mar-

ried a fiddler, who traveled constantly, playing at hotels and inns, all through 'far Russia.' Having no children, Hode should have spent her days in fasting, praying, and lamenting. Instead of this, she accompanied her husband on his travels, and even had the heart to enjoy the excitement and variety of their restless life.

I ought to be the last to blame my great-aunt, for the irregularity of her conduct afforded my grandfather the opening for his career, the fruits of which made my own childhood so pleasant. For several years my grandfather traveled in Hode's train, in the capacity of butcher, providing kosher meat for the little troupe in the unholy wilds of 'far Russia'; and the grateful couple rewarded him so generously that he soon had a fortune of eighty rubles laid by.

My grandfather thought it time to settle down now, but he did not know how to invest his wealth. To resolve his perplexity he made a pilgrimage to one of the holy men who were accepted as oracles by the pious; namely, the celebrated Rav of Kopistch. He advised my grandfather to open a store in Polotzk, and gave him a blessed groschen to keep in the money-drawer for good luck.

The blessing of the 'Good Jew' proved fruitful. My grandfather's business prospered, and my grandmother bore him children, several sons and one daughter. The sons were sent to heder, like all other respectable boys; and they were taught, in addition, writing and arithmetic enough to conduct a business. With this my grandfather was content; more than this he considered incompatible with piety, for he was one of those who strenuously opposed the influence of the public school. When he sent his sons to a private tutor, where they could study Russian with their hats on, he felt, no doubt,

that he was giving them all the education necessary to a successful business career, without violating piety too grossly.

If reading and writing were enough for the sons, even less would suffice the daughter. A female teacher was engaged for my mother, at three kopecks<sup>1</sup> a week, to teach her the Hebrew prayers; and my grandmother, herself a better scholar than this teacher, taught her writing.

My mother was very quick to learn, and expressed an ambition to study Russian. She teased and coaxed, and her mother pleaded for her, till my grandmother was persuaded to send her to a tutor. But the fates were opposed to my mother's education. On the first day at school, a sudden inflammation of the eyes blinded her temporarily; and although the distemper vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, it was taken as an omen, and she was not allowed to return to her lessons.

Still she did not give up. She saved every groschen that was given her to buy sweets, and bribed her brother Solomon, who was proud of his scholarship, to give her lessons in secret. The two strove earnestly with book and quill, in their hiding-place under the rafters, till my mother could read and write Russian, and translate a simple passage of Hebrew.

My grandmother, although herself a good housewife, took no pains to teach her only daughter the domestic arts. She only petted and coddled her and sent her out to play. But my mother was as ambitious to learn housework as she was to learn writing. She coaxed the housemaid to let her mix the bread. She learned knitting from watching her playmates. She was healthy and active,

quick at everything, and restless with unspent energy. Therefore she was quite willing, at ten years of age, to go into her father's business as his chief assistant.

As the years went by she developed a decided talent for business, so that her father could safely leave all his affairs in her hands, if he had to go out of town. Her devotion, ability, and tireless energy made her, in time, indispensable. My grandfather was obliged to admit that the little learning she had stolen was turned to good account when he saw how well she could keep his books, and how smoothly she got along with Russian and Polish customers. Perhaps that was the argument that induced him, after obstinate years, to remove his veto from my mother's petitions, and let her take up lessons again. For while piety was my grandfather's chief concern on the godly side, on the worldly side he set success in business above everything.

My mother was fifteen years old when she entered on a career of higher education. For two hours daily she was released from the store, and in that interval she strove with might and main to conquer the world of knowledge. Katrina Petrovna, her teacher, praised and encouraged her; and there was no reason why the promising pupil should not have developed into a young lady of culture, with her teacher instructing her in Russian, German, crocheting, and singing, — yes, out of a book, to the accompaniment of a clavier, — all for a fee of seventy-five kopecks a week.

Did I say there was no reason? And what about the marriage-broker? Chane Chaye, only daughter of Raphael the Russian, going on sixteen, buxom, bright, capable, and well educated, could not escape the matchmaker's eye. A fine thing it would be to let such a likely girl grow old over a book! To

<sup>1</sup> A kopeck is the one-hundredth part of a Russian ruble, and valued at something over half a cent.

the canopy with her, while she could fetch the highest price in the marriage market!

My mother was very unwilling to think of marriage at this time. She had nothing to gain by marriage, for already she had everything that she desired, especially since she was permitted to study. While her father was rather stern, her mother spoiled and petted her; and she was the idol of her Aunt Hode, the fiddler's wife.

Hode had bought a fine estate in Polotzk, after my grandfather settled there, and made it her home whenever she became tired of traveling. She lived in state, with servants and dependents, wearing silk dresses on week-days, and setting silver plate before the meanest guest. The women of Polotzk were breathless over her wardrobe, counting up how many pairs of embroidered boots she had, at fifteen rubles a pair. And Hode's manners were as much a subject of gossip as her clothes, for she had picked up strange ways in her travels. Although she was so pious that she was never tempted to eat trefah, no matter if she had to go hungry, her conduct in other respects was not strictly orthodox. For one thing, she was in the habit of shaking hands with men, looking them straight in the face. She spoke Russian like a Gentile woman, she kept a poodle, and she had no children.

Nobody meant to blame the rich woman for being childless, because it was well known in Polotzk that Hode the Russian, as she was called, would give all her wealth for one scrawny baby. But Hode was to blame for voluntarily exiling herself from Jewish society for years at a time, to live among pork-eaters, and copy the bold ways of Gentile women. And so, while they pitied her childlessness, the women of Polotzk regarded her misfortune as perhaps no more than a due punishment.

Hode, poor woman, felt a hungry heart beneath her satin robes. She wanted to adopt one of my grandmother's children, but my grandmother would not hear of it. Hode was particularly taken with my mother, and my grandmother, in compassion, loaned her the child for days at a time; and those were happy days for both aunt and niece. Hode would treat my mother to every delicacy in her sumptuous pantry, tell her wonderful stories of life in distant parts, show her all her beautiful dresses and jewels, and load her with presents.

As my mother developed into girlhood, her aunt grew more and more covetous of her. Following a secret plan, she adopted a boy from the poorhouse, and brought him up with every advantage that money could buy. My mother, on her visits, was thrown a great deal into this boy's society; but she liked him less than the poodle. This grieved her aunt, who cherished in her heart the hope that my mother would marry her adopted son, and so become her daughter after all. And in order to accustom her to think well of the match, Hode dinned the boy's name in my mother's ears day and night, praising him and showing him off. She would open her jewel-boxes and take out the flashing diamonds, heavy chains, and tinkling bracelets, and dress my mother in them in front of the mirror, telling her that they would all be hers — all her own — when she became the bride of Mulke.

My mother still describes the necklace of pearls and diamonds, which her aunt used to clasp around her plump throat, with a light in her eyes that is reminiscent of girlish pleasure. But to all her aunt's teasing references to the future, my mother answered with a giggle and a shake of her black curls, and went on enjoying herself, thinking that the day of judgment was very,

very far away. But it swooped down on her sooner than she expected — the momentous hour when she must choose between the pearl necklace with Mulke, and a penniless stranger from Yuchovitch who was reputed to be a fine scholar.

Mulke she would not have, though all the pearls in the ocean came with him. The boy was stupid and unteachable, and of unspeakable origin. Picked up from the dirty floor of the poor-house, his father was identified as the lazy sack-carrier who sometimes chopped a cord of wood for my grandmother; and his sisters were slovenly housemaids scattered through Polotzk. No; Mulke was not to be considered. But why consider anybody? Why think of a bridegroom at all, when she was so content? My mother ran away every time the marriage-broker came, and she begged to be left as she was, and cried, and invoked her mother's support. But her mother, for the first time in her history, refused to take the daughter's part. She joined the enemy — the family and the matchmaker — and my mother saw that she was doomed.

Of course she submitted. What else could a dutiful daughter do, in Polotzk? She submitted to being weighed, measured, and appraised before her face, and resigned herself to what was to come.

When that which was to come did come, she did not recognize it. She was all alone in the store one day, when a beardless young man, in top boots that wanted grease, and a coat too thin for the weather, came in for a package of cigarettes. My mother climbed up on the counter, with one foot on a shelf, to reach down the cigarettes. The customer gave her the right change, and went out. And my mother never suspected that that was the proposed bridegroom, who came to look her over

and see if she was likely to last. For my father considered himself a man of experience now, this being his second match; and he was determined to have a hand in this affair himself.

No sooner was the bridegroom out of the store, than his mother, also unknown to the innocent storekeeper, came in for a pound of tallow candles. She offered a torn bill in payment, and my mother accepted it and gave change; showing that she was wise enough in money matters to know that a torn bill was good currency.

After the woman there shuffled in a poor man evidently from the country, and in a shy and yet challenging manner asked for a package of cheap tobacco. My mother produced the goods with her usual despatch, gave the correct change, and stood at attention for more trade.

Parents and son held a council around the corner, the object of their espionage never dreaming that she had been put to a triple test and not found wanting. But in the evening of the same day she was enlightened. She was summoned to her elder brother's house, for a conference on the subject of the proposed match, and there she found the young man who had bought the cigarettes. For my mother's family, if they forced her to marry, were willing to make her path easier by letting her meet the suitor, convinced that she must be won over by his good looks and learned conversation.

It does not really matter how my mother felt, as she sat, with a protecting niece in her lap, at one end of a long table, the suitor fidgeting at the other end. The marriage contract would be written anyway, no matter what she thought.

And the contract was duly written, in the presence of the assembled families of both parties, after plenty of open discussion, in which everybody had a



part except the prospective bride and groom.

One voice in particular broke repeatedly into the consultations of the parents and the marriage-broker, and that was the voice of the Chyene Rezel, one of my father's numerous poor cousins who had come to the betrothal in a frowzy wig decorated with an artificial red flower.

But the meddlesome cousin was silenced at last, the contract was signed, the happiness of the engaged couple was pledged in wine, the guests dispersed. And all this while my mother had not opened her mouth, and my father had scarcely been heard.

That is the way my fate was sealed. It gives me a shudder of wonder to think what a narrow escape I had: I came so near not being born at all. If the beggarly cousin with the frowzy wig had prevailed upon her family, and broken off the match, then my mother would not have married my father, and I should at this moment be an unborn possibility in a philosopher's brain. It is right that I should pick my words most carefully, and meditate over every comma, because I am describing miracles too great for careless utterance. If I had died after my first breath, my history would still be worth recording. For before I could lie on my mother's breast, the earth had to be prepared, and the stars had to take their places;

a million races had to die, testing the laws of life; and a boy and a girl had to be bound for life to watch together for my coming. I was millions of years on the way, and I came through the seas of chance, over the fiery mountain of law, by the zigzag path of human possibility. Multitudes were pushed back into the abyss of non-existence, that I should have way to creep into being. And at the last, when I stood at the gate of life, a weazen-faced fish-wife who had not wit enough to support herself came near shutting me out.

Such creatures of accident are we, liable to a thousand deaths before we are born. But once we are here, we may create our own world, if we choose. Since I have stood on my own feet, I have never met my master. For every time I choose a friend I determine my fate anew. I can think of no cataclysm that could have the force to move me from my path. Fire or flood or the envy of men may tear the roof off my house, but my soul would still be at home under the lofty mountain pines that dip their heads in star-dust. Even life, that was so difficult to attain, may serve me merely as a wayside inn, if I choose to go on eternally. However I came here, it is mine to be.

[In the November issue Mary Antin will begin the story of her own life. — THE EDITORS.]

# REPRESENTATIVE AS AGAINST DIRECT GOVERNMENT

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

It is not always that there is a direct relation between the sound and fury of language and its real meaning, but such imposing words as the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall do not indicate innovations of a light and trifling kind in the character of our institutions. As the doctrines which they convey are practiced in some of the states of the Union, and as they are proposed for adoption in other states, they involve no less than a radical change in our method of government. In effect, they propose the substitution of direct for representative government, the establishment of the direct action of the people, not merely in selecting their agents, but in framing and executing their laws.

To most of us the proposals are full of novelty, and it is not too much to say that, as a people, we have given them no consideration worthy of the name. Have we explored the past to learn whether similar experiments have been tried; and, if tried, what has been the effect? Have we reflected upon the obvious limitations upon the utterance by great masses of men of final and definite regulations for the conduct of a complex society? Have we considered to what extent the most doubtful results under our present structure of government are due to the overzeal of representatives to respond to the transient and noisy, and often misleading, manifestations of popular opinion, and to their failure to act bravely as the instruments, not of the people's passions, but of their interests, and to require

them to select other agents, if they shall insist upon the doing of wrong?

At the threshold of the discussion we encounter the usual epithets. The advocates of change are apt to seek popular favor by decorating themselves and their proposed innovation with some lofty adjective, and in a similar fashion to cover their opponents with obloquy. The quality assumed by the proponents of one or all of this trinity of reforms they express in the word 'progressive.' They are advocating 'progressive' methods of government, while those who disagree with them stand for reactionary methods. 'Progressive' is an alluring word. Everybody believes in progress if it be of the proper kind, and a due amount of vociferation on the part of those claiming a monopoly of the virtue may serve to banish skepticism as to the kind. But if the question were to be settled by epithets, there is some ground at least for asserting that they should be transposed in their application. Representative government is comparatively modern; direct government of the democratic kind is ancient; and the latter was deliberately discarded for the former by the founders of our government. I will not cite such a statesman as Madison, not because the heavy debt which the cause of free and regulated popular government owes him can ever be discharged, but because in the passionate rhetoric of the self-styled Progressives, he is set down as a reactionary. I will choose an authority who still remains above suspicion, and will

take the author of the Declaration of Independence, which even to-day is considered radical in its democracy. In speaking of 'the equal rights of man,' Thomas Jefferson declared that —

'Modern times have the signal advantage, too, of having discovered the only device by which these rights can be secured, to wit, — government by the people, acting not in person, but by representatives chosen by themselves.'

The framers of the Constitution were entirely familiar with the failure of direct democracy in the government of numerous populations, and they were influenced by their knowledge of that failure in devising our own structure of republican government. It is now proposed to abandon the discovery of modern times, to which Jefferson referred, and which he declared to be the only method by which rights can be secured, and to put in its stead the discarded device of the ancients. Who, then, are the reactionaries: those who are opposed to the substitution of direct for representative government and are in favor of the progressive principles of the American Constitution, or the supporters of direct government who advocate the return to the reactionary policies which thousands of years ago demonstrated their destructive effect upon the government of any considerable populations? It does not follow that to be a reactionary is to be wrong. The wise reactionary may sometimes preserve the government of a state, and even its civilization. Whether the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall embody sound political principles must be determined by other tests. But their advocates should not masquerade. If they choose to attach to themselves any label, they should frankly spread upon their banner the word 'reactionary.'

The framers of our Constitution were endeavoring to establish a govern-

ment which should have sway over a great territory and a population already large and which they knew would rapidly increase. They were about to consummate the most democratic movement that had ever occurred on a grand scale in the history of the world. They well knew from the experiments of the past the inevitable limitations upon direct democratic government, and, being statesmen as well as democrats, they sought to make their government enduring by guarding against the excesses which had so often brought popular governments to destruction. They established a government which Lincoln called 'of the people, by the people, for the people,' and in order effectively to create it they adopted limitations which would make its continued existence possible. They knew that, if the governmental energy became too much diluted and dissolved, the evils of anarchy would result, and that there would follow a reaction to the other extreme, with the resulting overthrow of popular rights. They saw clearly the line over which they might not pass in pretended devotion to the democratic idea without establishing government of the demagogue, by the demagogue, and for the demagogue, with the recoil in favor of autocracy sure speedily to follow; for they knew that the men of the race from which they sprang would not long permit themselves to be the victims of misgovernment, and that they would prefer even autocracy to a system under which the great ends of government should not be secured, or should be perverted.

We are in danger of forgetting the essential purpose of government: that it is not an end but a means, that the people do not exist for the government but that government exists for the people. The idolatry of government, or of its institutions, has been as debasing

and injurious as any idolatry that has ever afflicted mankind. It has frequently been the agent of gross and wholesale oppression; it has frequently been the means by which the many have been kept in servitude and subjection; and, until the establishment of our own system, the governments have been few which have had for their chief purpose to safeguard and protect the individual, and hold over him the shield of law, so that he might be secure in his life, his liberty, the fruits of his labor, and in his right as an equal member of the state.

And when I speak of the individual, I mean the *chief thing that is essential in the meaning of the term 'the people.'* I do not accept the latter term in the sense in which it is so often sweetly used by those who desire our votes. I am unable to see how any good, coming to a mass of men, can be felt in any other way than by the individuals in the mass. And until somebody shall point out a higher consciousness than that of the individual man or woman or child, he can hardly be heard to deny that the individual man or woman or child is the ultimate concern of the state.

The notion that there is a collective personality called 'the people,' separated from the individuals who compose it, and which may be used to oppress each one and all of its component parts in turn, may well have been a conception of the Greek demagogues by whom it was so fittingly illustrated in practice. I cannot understand how there can be any freedom that is not in the last analysis individual freedom. However great a mass of men you may have in a nation, however powerful physically it may be, if each individual is the victim of oppression, if he is denied rights, if there is no forum open to him, where he can be heard to say against the majority, 'This is mine,'—

then 'the people' have no such thing as liberty, they have no such thing as popular rights. As to the 'composite citizen,' he obviously is nobody who ever has existed, or ever will exist. When the advocates of a reform, ignoring the man of flesh and blood in the street, are conducting their operations with reference to this mythical person, they should emigrate to Utopia.

Is it for the interest of the individual members of our society to have the great mass of us pass upon the intricate details of legislation, to execute our laws and to administer justice between man and man? That I believe to be in substance the question raised by the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall, as they are now practically applied in at least one of the states of the Union, the example of which is held up as a model to the other states. With an infinitesimal responsibility, with only one vote in a million, how seriously would each one of us feel called upon to withdraw from his own private pursuits and to explore in all their details the complicated questions of government? It would be imposing an impossible task, scattered as we are and unable to take common counsel, to require us in the mass to direct the work of government.

First, with regard to the Initiative. In our legislation the work of investigation and of perfecting details is of such great difficulty that proposed laws are distributed among various committees, which are charged with the duty of considering their exact terms. The legislative body as a whole, although its members are paid for doing the work, cannot safely assume to pass upon the intricate questions of legislation without investigation by committees selected with reference to their fitness for the task. The proposed law as perfected by a committee is brought

before the representative assembly and it is there again discussed and subjected to criticism, both as to policy and form, and in this open discussion defects often appear which require amendment, and sometimes the defeat of the bill. And even with these safeguards laws often find their way upon the statute-books which are not best adapted to secure the purposes even of their authors.

But what would be the procedure under the Initiative? In Oregon a law may be initiated upon a petition of eight per cent of the voters, and it then goes to the people upon the question of its final enactment without the intervention of any legislature. Some man has a beautiful general idea for the advancement of mankind, but beautiful general ideas are exceedingly difficult to put into statutory form so that they may become the rule of conduct for a multitude of men. Another man may have some selfish project, which, like most selfish projects, may be concealed under specious words. The beautiful idea or the selfish scheme is written by its author in the form of law, and he proceeds to get the requisite number of signers to a petition. With a due amount of energy and the payment of canvassers, these signatures can be secured by the carload, and the proposed law then goes to the people for enactment, and the great mass of us, on the farm, on the hillside, and in the city, proceed to take the last step in making a law which nine out of ten of us have never read. And this is called securing popular rights and giving the people a larger share in their government!

The people, at the election in Oregon held in 1910, passed upon proposed laws which filled a volume of two hundred pages, and they passed upon them all in a single day, each voter recording his verdict at the polling booth

upon both the candidates and the proposed laws. In the ordinary legislative body, made up of no different material from that of which the people are composed, an important question may be considered for a day, or even for a week; and then, with the arguments fresh in their minds, the legislators record their votes upon the single measure. What a delightful jumble we should have if forty different statutes were voted upon in the space of a half-hour by the members of a humdrum legislature!

Of course, one must be cautious about expressing a doubt that the people in their collective capacity can accomplish impossibilities. You may say of an individual that he should have some special preparation before he attempts to set a broken arm or perform a delicate operation upon the eye. But if you say that of all of us in a lump, some popular tribune will denounce you. And yet there is ground for the heretical suspicion, admitting that each one of the people may have in him the making of a great legislator, that there should be one simple prerequisite which he should observe in order to be any sort of a legislator at all. He should first read or attempt to understand the provisions of a bill before solemnly enacting it into law. One can scarcely be accused of begging the question to say that the voters would not read a whole volume of laws before voting upon them. The slightest knowledge of human nature would warrant that assertion.

How many even of the most intelligent of our people, of college professors, of ministers, read the statutes that have already been passed and that are to govern their conduct? Even lawyers are not apt to read them generally, but in connection with particular cases. But if some proof were necessary, one has only to cite some of



the Oregon laws. For example, there are two methods of pursuing the salmon fisheries in the Columbia River: in the lower and sluggish waters of the stream, fishing is done by the net; and in the upper waters by the wheel. The net fishermen desired to prohibit fishing by the wheel, and they procured sufficient signatures and initiated a law having that object in view. On the other hand, the wheel fishermen at the same time wished to restrict fishing by the net, and they initiated a law for that purpose. Both laws went before the people at the same election and they generously passed them both, and thus, so far as the action of the people was concerned, the great salmon fisheries of the Columbia were practically stopped.

A law was 'initiated' by signatures and was enacted by the people at the election in November, 1910, providing for the election of delegates to the national political conventions by popular vote. The law forbade each voter to vote for more than one candidate. But upon the usual basis of apportionment Oregon is entitled to ten delegates in a national convention. If some candidate should be preëminently fitted above all others for the place and should receive all the votes, the state would have only a single delegate in the convention. If the voter has the right to vote for all the candidates for the whole representation of his state in the electoral college, what semblance of a reason can there be why he should not have the same participation in the preliminary election, when the candidate, who may finally be elected President, is to be chosen? The same law forbids a voter from voting for the nomination of more than one candidate for presidential elector. Thus a minority of a party in the state may nominate candidates for electors hostile to its presidential candidate.

If the vote of the presidential electors of Oregon shall not some time be divided, even though the popular vote may have been strongly in favor of a given candidate, it will not be the fault of this law.

It seems rather superfluous to cite instances to prove that, where the final legislative body is denied the power of meeting and discussing the provisions of a proposed law, there will be loose and freakish legislation of the worst kind. Mr. Woodrow Wilson, before he essayed the exacting rôle of the practical politician, declared before the students of Columbia University that a government 'cannot act inorganically by masses, it must have a law-making body. It can no more make laws through its voters than it can make laws through its newspapers.' And in the same course of lectures he declared that —

'We sometimes allow ourselves to assume that the "initiative" and the "referendum," now so much talked of and so imperfectly understood, are a more thorough means of getting at public opinion than the processes of our legislative assemblies. Many a radical programme may get what will seem to be almost general approval if you listen only to those who know they will not have to handle the perilous matter of action, and to those who have merely formed an independent, that is, an isolated opinion, and have not entered into common counsel; but you will seldom find a deliberative assembly acting half so radically as its several members have professed themselves ready to act before they came together into one place and talked the matter over and contrived statutes.'

After Mr. Wilson entered upon his political career, he changed his mind, but his recantation in no degree affects the weight of the argument to which I have referred. The 'common counsel,'

of which he speaks is an indispensable process in the making of laws, and whenever our legislative bodies impose serious limitations upon the process, it is usually to the detriment of the character of the laws passed; and the more grave and statesmanlike the deliberations of those charged with the responsibility, the better it will be for the state. For this vital process there would be substituted the enthusiasm of somebody who believes he has devised some statutory cure-all for the ills that afflict the body-politic, and embodies his enthusiasm in a bill. He seconds himself, as any one may, with the necessary signatures to a petition; and then without coming together and taking common counsel, and often without reading what has been written, the great mass of us solemnly proceed to vote. Such a procedure would put a test upon the people under which no nation could long endure.

The Referendum is somewhat better than the Initiative, but as a settled policy in the making of ordinary statutes it is indefensible. It can be used upon concrete propositions that are not complex in character, and especially upon constitutional propositions which ordinarily enunciate general principles. In the case of constitutional changes, however, they should never take effect without the support of a clear majority of the voters, and in advance of their action they should have the support of a large majority of the legislative body, such as is provided in Massachusetts, so that our constitutions should have more stability than mere statutes, and should not be subject to change with every passing breeze.

I may illustrate again from the example of Oregon, — which is pointed out by the friends of these reforms as a model, and whose people are heroic-

ally subjecting themselves to political vivisection in the testing of governmental experiments. An amendment may be made to the Constitution of that state by a majority of those who vote upon the proposition in question. An amendment was passed in one election, by barely one third of the legal voters, which provided that in civil cases three fourths of a jury might render a verdict, that no new trial should be had where there was any evidence at all to sustain the verdict, and making other important changes in the method of administering justice. Constitutional changes should not be made, except in deference to a pronounced and settled public opinion, which cannot better be determined under our system than to require the action of successive legislatures and afterwards a direct vote of the people.

The Referendum may sometimes profitably be used in connection with questions affecting municipalities, where each voter has an appreciable interest in the solution of the question and is familiar with the conditions upon which the solution depends; but as a step in the process of passing statutes of the usual character, statutes which create crimes and provide penalties for their violation, or which have complicated regulations of a business character, the use of the Referendum would be vicious. We are not in the mass adapted to pass upon questions of detail, just as the thousands of stockholders of a great corporation are not in a position directly to manage its business affairs. The function that we can best exercise is that of selecting agents for that purpose, and of holding them responsible for results. Upon the questions relating to the character of representatives, who are usually known personally to the people, they have excellent means for forming a judgment. But if they so often make a mistake in

their judgments of the men they select, as we must infer from the arguments put forward in favor of direct legislation, how much more would they be apt to make mistakes in dealing with the complicated questions involved in practical legislation?

The Referendum takes away from the legislature the responsibility for the final passage of laws, and permits it to shift the burden upon the people. Legislators will be asked: 'Are you not willing to trust the people to say in their wisdom whether a given bill should be enacted?' The prevailing vice of members of law-making bodies in our country is not venality, it is political cowardice; and they will be ready to take refuge in that invitation to trust the people. A witty member of Congress from Mississippi once said that he usually found it easier to do wrong than to explain why he did right. There will be no such difficulty under the Referendum. The legislator may dodge the responsibility of voting upon some bad but specious law where his political interests would lead him to vote one way and his sense of duty another way. He would only need to say that he believed in the people, and would vote to refer it to that supreme court of appeal. Even under the present system a legislator is quite too much influenced by the noisy demonstrations that may be made in favor of one side or the other of a pending proposition, and some of the worst laws that find their way upon the statute-books get there, not because they are approved by the judgment of the legislator, but in response to what he thinks may be the wishes of the people. And instead of voting for what he honestly believes to be just and for the public interests, even against what may appear at the moment to be popular sentiment, and then bravely going before his constituents and attempting

to educate them upon the question, he quite too often tacks and goes before the wind.

While the prevailing fault of legislative bodies is, as I have said, political cowardice, the fault of the voter is political indifference. There are far too few of us who carefully study public questions and try to secure exact information about them. We are attracted by sensational charges, by lurid headlines in the newspapers, and by generalities. We too often complacently accept the estimate that is placed upon our profound and exact political knowledge by the men who are asking us to vote for them, and we are far from giving that serious attention to the political issues which we bestow upon our own private affairs.

There is a lawyer of very high standing at the bar of his state who was astonished to be told that the House of Representatives had an established order of business which consumed the greater part of its time. He imagined that the Speaker had practically unlimited discretion in recognition. Another intelligent man who was president of a great railroad could not give the name of his member of Congress, although he had probably voted for him for ten years, if he had voted at all. Such instances are by no means rare, and intelligent people of that sort who neglect their public duties often become the easy victims of every *ism* and *dum*.

We are so engrossed in our private business that many of us give no attention to public questions, or we too frequently bestow upon the latter such superficial study that our action becomes the dangerous thing that is based upon little knowledge. This condition of indifference, even under our present system, produces nothing but an evil effect upon the character of laws; and this evil effect would be greatly intensified

under the Initiative and Referendum. Legislation may be expected to represent in the long run the fair average of the information and the study of the body which enacts it, whether that body be composed of four hundred legislators or one hundred millions of people.

A reform that is most needed is one that will make difficult the passage of laws, unless they repeal existing statutes. The mania of the time is too much legislation and the tendency to regulate everybody and everything by artificial enactments. The Referendum would not be likely to furnish the cure for this evil, but would tend to increase the number of questionable statutes that would be referred to the people; and some of them would doubtless be enacted. If those who are chosen and paid to do the work, and upon whom the responsibility is placed, are sometimes found to enact vicious laws, what would be the result if legislation were enacted by all of us when we had made no special investigation of details, when we should be quite too prone to accept the declamatory recommendations of the advocates of legislative schemes, and submissively swallow the quack nostrums that might be offered for the diseases afflicting the body politic?

The most dangerous statutes are those which deal with admitted evils, and, in order to repress them, are so broadly drawn as to include great numbers of cases which should not fairly come within their scope, or to create a borderland of doubt where the great mass of us may not clearly know how to regulate our conduct in order that we may comply with their prohibitions. Just such statutes, with a basis of justice but with imperfectly constructed details, would be most likely to prevail upon a popular vote. If the forty-six states of the Union, and the national govern-

ment which is the aggregate of them all, should have this system of direct legislation, our statute-books would very probably soon become a medley of ill-considered reforms, of aspirations sought to be expressed in the cold prose of statutes, of emotional enactments perpetuating some passing popular whim and making it a rule of conduct for the future; and the strict enforcement of our laws would mean the destruction of our civilization.

And then, in order to perfect this scheme of popular government and to safeguard the rights of a helpless people, in addition to all this, they offer us the Recall. Not merely are the laws to be directly enacted by the people, but the execution of the laws is to be conducted in the same way. There would be temporary agents for the purpose of governing, but the people would have ropes about their necks, and at any moment they would be subject to political extinction. This power involves the supposition that the people are omniscient and ever-watchful.

The Constitution of Arizona seems to be in line with the most advanced thought upon this subject. That constitution provides that twenty-five per cent of the voters may institute a proceeding for the Recall; and when it is invoked the man whom they have elected to an office is permitted either to resign in five days, or to defend himself in two hundred words, upon a proceeding to throw him out in disgrace.

In Oregon, it very rarely happens that there is an election in which the defeated candidate does not receive twenty-five per cent of the vote, and not infrequently he receives nearly one half of it. It would be a matter of no difficulty for him to initiate a Recall and practically to have the election over again; and so we should have perpetual warfare over the holding of

office. That result has already clearly developed where the Recall is in force.

A public officer could not take the long view; he could not patiently study the problems that confronted him and carefully look into the conditions with which his office had placed him in close contact, but of which as a private citizen he could have only the most general knowledge. But he would need to be careful to do only those things which might be justified, not by close inspection, but upon the most superficial view. The office to which he has been elected gives him an elevated point of view which he did not have before, but he cannot avail himself of his wider range, because if he is no sooner in office than he must justify himself or retire in disgrace, he will be likely to do the thing most pleasing to the prevailing fancy and which will adapt itself most easily to the momentary condition of the public mind. His political interests will lead him to do the plausible and easily advertised thing, and it may be the thing that will really injure the people.

Whether such a government may be called popular or not, we should be likely always to have under it government of the politician rather than government of the statesman. I have been criticized for using an expression similar to this, as if I had implied the converse: that we now always have government by the statesman; but such an inference can be drawn only by a careless or an unscrupulous thinker. That we sometimes have government by the statesman is undeniable; but that our government is perfect, nobody would pretend. Edmund Burke asserted in effect the same thing at a time in his career when he was the most liberal, as he was always the most philosophical, of British statesmen. In appealing to his constituents for the right of a representative 'to act upon

a *very* enlarged view of things,' and not to look merely to 'the flash of the day,' he declared: —

'When the popular member is narrowed in his ideas, and rendered timid in his proceedings, the service of the Crown will be the sole nursery of statesmen.'

According to Burke's view the constant response to the popular mood would at least banish statesmen from the service of the people, if it did not limit it to the politicians.

It is not difficult to turn back to the supreme crises in American history, when its greatest figures were heroically struggling for what they saw to be for the interests of their country, and, if the policy of the Recall had been in force, to see how the whole course of history might have been changed, and how ambition and envy might have utilized a temporary unpopularity to terminate some splendid career.

As an illustration, take Lincoln in the earlier days of his administration. The disastrous defeats that the Union arms had suffered had been relieved only by slight successes. Lincoln scarcely had a friend even in his own Cabinet. Seward was willing to take him under guardianship and run the country for him; Stanton had written of the 'imbecility' of the administration; Chase was quite ready to be a candidate for the Presidency himself; the abolitionists were unsparing in their criticism; the great organs of public opinion were hostile to him; and there can be little doubt that, if a proceeding for Recall could have been had against him at the moment when he was enveloped in the clouds of unpopularity, the career of the greatest of Americans would have been brought to a disgraceful ending, with results to civilization which it is melancholy to contemplate.

And then we are to have the Recall of judges. The enforcement of laws by



judges subject to popular Recall would be likely to be quite in keeping with the character of the laws, if they had been enacted under the Initiative and Referendum. If we are to have all the other things, the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall of political officers, there would be this reason for having the judicial Recall. It would complete and make exquisite the harmony of this destructive system. The two fundamental things in the development of English liberty were the free Parliament chosen by the people and independent of the Crown, and the independence of the Judiciary, which had held its tenure only at the royal pleasure. The first great step for the independence of Parliament was won at Runnymede, and the most signal result of the Revolution of 1688 was the establishment of the independence of the Judiciary.

Every schoolboy knows the story of the bloody assizes, the black judicial murders, the gross travesties of justice which were seen under the old system, when the judges held their office subject to the favor of the Crown. It was only after the Revolution that English courts became the real theatres of justice, and the weight of the law and the evidence, and not the fear of a master, determined the decree. But the Recall of judges would make them on the instant subject to another master. The judge, in order to feel secure in his office, would have to consult the popular omens rather than the sources of the law. Instead of looking to the drift of the authorities, he would be likely to study the direction of the popular winds. If in some judicial district a strong labor-union or a great corporation should hold the balance of political power, the courts in that district would be likely to become mere instruments of oppression.

But if we, the people, are so perfect

that we can do no wrong even though we are guilty of no investigation, and can with wisdom assume directly to enact and enforce our laws, what reason is there why there should be any constitutional restraint upon our action, and why should we be hampered with statutes or constitutions even of our own making? Why not have the present entirely free from restraints imposed by the past? Why not permit us in our omnipotent wisdom to decide each case upon its own merits, considering only the inherent principles of abstract justice, which in our collective capacity, according to our flatterers, we must of course thoroughly understand?

The democracy of Athens at last attained to this altitude, where the sublimated 'composite citizen' stood forth unfettered and showed what he could really do. In the latter days of that city the action of her people became so direct that in a single abhorrent decree, disregarding what was left of their Constitution, they ordered six of their generals, among them the son of Pericles, to be executed; because, although victorious over their enemies in the days when Athenian victories were few, the success had not been achieved without cost.

Those who advocate the direct action of our great democracy might study with a good deal of profit the history of the little state to which I have just been referring. No more brilliant people ever existed than the Athenian people. They had a genius for government. The common man was able to 'think imperially.' Their great philosopher, Aristotle, could well speak of the Athenian as a political animal. They achieved a development in literature and art which probably has never since been reached. They could boast of orators and philosophers to which those of no other nation can be compared. We

marvel when we consider the surviving proofs of their civilization. But when they did away with all restraints upon their direct action in the making and enforcement of laws, in administering justice and in regulating foreign affairs, their greatness was soon brought to an end, and they became the victims of the most odious tyranny to which any people can be subjected, the tyranny that results from their own unrestrained and unbridled action.

It is said that the history of those distant times can present no useful precedent for our own guidance; but in what respect is human nature different to-day? Whatever new stars our telescopes may have discovered, whatever new inventions may have been brought to light, and whatever advances may have been made in scientific knowledge, the mainsprings of human action are substantially the same to-day that they were in the time of the Greeks. We should be rash indeed to assume that we shall succeed where they failed, and that we can disregard their experience with impunity.

But we are told that the crime of our age is the inordinate love of wealth, and that to protect ourselves from its evils we must set aside our existing institutions. But is the love of wealth any new thing? The greatest of ancient statesmen were accused of the grossest forms of bribery. Thousands of years ago the love of money was declared to be the root of all evil. It is not the fault of an age to be satisfied with itself. Poets have always been singing of a golden age, and they have placed it sometimes in the past, sometimes in the future, but never in the present. We may go back almost to the oldest of poets, Hesiod, and we shall find him placing the golden age far back of his own day, while his own time he pictured as one stained with plundering, with envy, brawling, and perjury. Horace

in a lively ode sought a poet's escape, and called upon the Roman citizens to abandon their wicked country and set sail for the mythical islands which Jupiter had set aside when he stained the golden age with brass and hardened the brazen ages into iron. And those islands were no more mythical than the refuge from our own crimes which the inventors of the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall have pointed out to us.

In what respect should we have been better if, during the amazing physical development of the last two generations, we had had direct democratic government? It cannot be contended that our legislators did not represent the people. If they had attempted by their votes to repress the universal sentiment for industrial expansion, they could not have remained in office. The people of the towns even of New England were found voting bonds as bonuses for the building of railroads, and exemptions from taxation in order to secure manufacturing plants. And in the growing West, the sentiment for empire and expansion was so strong that cities and towns were bidding against each other in the offer of gratuities, and if it had not been for the occasional conservatism of legislatures, and for the issuing of injunctions by judges, who under the Recall would quite likely have been thrown out of office, our Western country would have been covered with communities which had made themselves bankrupt by the gratuitous issue of bonds in aid of factories and railroads; and we should probably not have attained anything approaching our present development, because of the check that would inevitably have come through the gross corruption of the system.

The advocates of direct government cite the examples of Oregon and Switzerland, where they point to results

with an eloquence nowhere else to be found outside of a mining prospectus. Perhaps I have already referred sufficiently to Oregon. One must be easily satisfied who can be convinced by a careful scrutiny of results in that state, even though the experiment has been tried among her intelligent people. Switzerland is a small country, scarcely equal in area to some of our American counties, and a large proportion even of that small area is covered by uninhabitable mountains. The population is thrifty and conservative, and largely devoted to the work of caring for the vast numbers of tourists who annually visit the country. The conditions as to complexity of industry are radically different from those existing in America. But while Switzerland is one of the countries best adapted, as we certainly are one of the least adapted, to the operation of the Initiative and the Referendum, the results there are not such as to justify their adoption in any other country, if we may credit the report made to the State Department by our Vice-Consul at Berne, and presented to the Senate by Mr. LaFollette on July 13, 1909. This report says:—

‘The great questions of centralization, civil status, laws of marriage and divorce, bankruptcy laws, the customs tariffs, the railroad purchase, employers’ liability, factory laws, unity of the conflicting cantonal civil and criminal laws into a federal code, the military organization, the pure-food law, etc., all of which are things of the past, were congressional measures. It may safely be said that the initiative can be of decided and positive value only in districts small enough to enable the average citizen to form a conscientious opinion upon projects of such local significance as to be well within his practical knowledge, but, in addition, he must exercise his duty as he sees it at the polls. With a comparatively

small number of signatures requisite for an initiative measure, its danger lies in the fact that it may easily be prostituted by factions, cliques, malcontents, and demagogues, to force upon the people projects of partisan, freak, or unnecessary legislation.’

As to the Referendum, there is no other veto power in Switzerland. While it is not so intelligently exercised as it would be by an upright executive, yet it has occasionally proved an important check. The most striking general result is seen in the relatively small number of voters who will vote upon laws; and while statutes have been passed to compel voting, their provisions have simply increased the great number of blank votes.

The most serious tendency under our present system is seen in the multiplication of statutes, which threatens to destroy liberty, and even to engulf our civilization. But much of this legislative rubbish is the product of those who are given to exploiting themselves as the especial champions of the people, or is the result of the readiness of the legislator to respond to what he thinks is the popular demand. The member who is most disposed to cast a negative vote is stigmatized as a reactionary. It is not difficult to place the most immature, visionary, and apparently popular schemes upon the statute-books of some of the oldest and, until recently, most conservative states of the Union. In one historic commonwealth the principal avocation of the people soon promises to be politics, assuming that they shall pay due attention to their political duties, and the next ‘reform’ will not unnaturally be the passage of a law to pay the voter out of the public treasury for the demand made upon him in listening, through each recurring summer, to the wooing of self-constituted candidates, —and there can well be no other candi-

dates; in voting upon their claims; and finally, in following the campaign conducted by the parties, and in voting in the chief election. The essential remedy for checking legislation would seem to be the education of the people so that they will present a body of sound and definite opinion to which the representative may respond. This work must be done by the people themselves, and it can be aided greatly by the newspapers, if they will pander less to sensationalism, indulge less in defamation of the agencies of government, and seek to become the veracious chroniclers of their times.

We should not experiment lightly with the fundamental principles of our government, and trust to our good fortune to escape danger. It is well to be an optimist, at least so far as faith is concerned in the final triumph of good in the universe, but we should be careful not to follow too willingly those professional optimists and political Micawbers who are always sure, in whatever condition of danger we put ourselves, that something will turn up to our advantage. One of the most radical mistakes our nation has ever made was contributed to in large measure by well-meaning people who employed eulogiums upon their own optimism in-

stead of arguments, and denounced as pessimists those who did not cheerily agree with them. Faith that things will ultimately come out well, does not mean that we may recklessly take the next step.

It should be remembered that civilization has sometimes moved backward for a time, that liberty has been submerged, and that great and powerful nations have been brought to naught. Instead of changing our system of government because of the existence of evils which have existed since the beginning of time, and instead of attempting to seek refuge in a demagogue's paradise, our people should be incited to study closely the problems of government, to set higher standards for their own conduct, with the result that higher standards will be followed by their chosen agents; and there is no evil for which the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall are proposed as a remedy that cannot effectively be dealt with under our republican institutions, without the disintegration, demoralization, and ultimate destruction of regulated liberty and of individual rights likely to follow from the application of those reactionary policies, just as they have followed them when applied upon a large scale in history.

## THE SQUARE AND THE CIRCLE

BY LEAVITT ASHLEY KNIGHT

'You have picked your farm as only the president of a life-insurance company could,' I assured Mr. Caysor, as I clenched the seat-rail of his touring-car. 'Death himself could never make his way over these roads up into your secret valley. You would have to fetch him in the auto — Hoo! Watch that boulder!'

Six winding miles we had pounded from the railway station, ever up grade and over rocks on whose surface some dust, having drifted more thickly in one direction than in another, claimed the courtesy of being called the Milbridge Turnpike. On the crest of a granite swell, our engine stopped, at the end of its patience, its gasoline, and its journey. Mr. Caysor dropped me on a porch as wide and as long as a race-track, while he stepped into the gray Titan he miscalled a 'farmhouse,' to summon a servant for my luggage. With a heart as full of contentment as my eyes were full of dust, I surveyed this place where, during the month to follow, I should earn twice my salary from the college merely by glancing through the table of probabilities which Mr. Caysor's experts had compiled for a new scheme of endowment policies. An ideal spot for brain work! The shrillest locomotive whistle and the smelliest factory chimney could not fling their irritations hither; a half-mile lay between us and the next house, and no Sunday stream of impious automobiles was to be feared over that alleged road. Its thank-you-ma'ams, taken at thirty miles an hour, had added a most un-

pleasant personal flavor to my task of figuring the chances of death for an insurance company. I resolved to defer work until the upland air had washed away that bad taste.

'Good!' said my host, 'let's stroll over the farm. I must visit a queer codger down by the brook' — He gestured toward a streak glinting across a far meadow. 'My superintendent cannot manage Sam Pelton. The fellow's chickens put the crows to shame when they hold a scratching-bee in my corn. His curs chase his cats and Nature's rabbits across my young potatoes. And three times this week we've driven his cow out of our Italian clover. I don't mind the damage in dollars and cents; but I am anxious to test some fertilizers. How can even a mathematician like you estimate their value, if the crops are going to be nibbled and trampled and uprooted?'

A city man, to whom is added the disability of being academic, must practice extreme caution and reserve when passing judgment on even the apparent axioms of agriculture. Modestly I suggested to Mr. Caysor that high fences and trespass signs might protect him.

'They are quite contrary to principle and policy,' he objected, as we stumbled down a jagged and jerky lane, at whose thin, frayed end I could see the swirl of a brook. 'If the fences are built as the law requires, I am in one mess; and I'm in another if I construct them myself. Suppose I compel Pelton and my other two obnoxious



neighbors to build their part of our line fences. First, they will be angry, for this has been a wide-open countryside ever since these stones and hills were put here. Before I came here, line fences would have cost more than the land and crops they were to protect, so of course the natives built none. Well, in the second place, if I brought the statutes to bear upon them, they would work at their fences only when they had nothing else to do — you know how often that is on a farm! And, after a year or two of pottering, they would have erected the flimsiest, lowest, openest barrier permissible, which would hinder the hens and dogs about as much as the Golden Rule does.'

'You could *almost* afford to put up all the fences at your own expense. Then they'd be right,' I suggested; and cleverly, I thought.

Millionaires, who, like Mr. Caysor, are not newly rich, are often flattered by the insinuation that they must count their pennies before spending.

'It's not the money cost,' he explained, 'but the reputation I should win by such a move, that I can ill afford. I do not wish to hear these rustics calling me a fool behind my back, and I resent being dealt with as an alien. My family comes from New Jersey soil, and it thrived there longer than these people have. I've taken this farm to live on it, to bring up my boys wholesomely, to find rest and contentment. Once let Pelton and the others believe I am a fool, a soft mark, putting up other people's fences for them, — and they will set me apart as a freak, a rank outsider, a convenient loose-purse to swindle, but not a person to gossip with. We should all be shut out of the neighborhood life.'

A New York financier fancying that there was a 'neighborhood life' in this desolation! And that, if diplomatic, he might break into its smart set!

Even the worldly-wise must beware of straying beyond the atmosphere which enshrouds their own little sphere. People judge distances by the air to which they are accustomed; as the seaboard native visiting Colorado who imagines he can walk before breakfast to a mountain fifty miles away, so was Mr. Caysor insensitive to the gulf between Hawk's Nest and the institutions of the vicinage.

'You really hope some day to mix with Pelton and his kind?' I laughed, toning down my incredulity as best I could.

'Why, yes! Why not? I'm no aristocrat.'

'But not all democrats can rub noses in brotherly love. Hop around with milkmaids at the barn dance, debate turnips, polish the counter of the cross-roads emporium with the seat of your orthodox jeans, — you will never take the measure of these folks.'

'That smells of college, Professor Maggam!' My host and employer bestowed a pitying smile upon me, allegorically knocking off the head of a wild carrot with his cane. 'You academics are odd weeds!'

'College often smells of truth,' I retorted. 'The human mind, like mathematics, is full of incommensurables. As the area of no circle can be exactly reproduced in the form of a square, so with men's thoughts, their standards, and ways of judging things. Smith's ideas are round —'

'Logical circles, as it were,' Mr. Caysor interpolated.

'While Brown's are square. Smith cannot match Brown's thoughts, nor can Brown duplicate Smith's. So it comes to pass that the world is full of inevitable misunderstandings. Genius in one of us seems madness to another; religion seems depravity, and morals corruption.'

'That's Pelton's!'

Mr. Caysor pointed at a wry chimney smoking over the ragged top of a wild-mulberry hedge. Where we walked, the rocks, victorious over the highway, thrust themselves heavily through the powdered clay. On our left, they had been expelled from a great, gentle field, for that was of the Caysor farm; but at the rise of ground on our right, they protruded everywhere between unpainted cottages, which reminded one of stranded fishes, spasmodically waving their window-blinds like fins, and panting desperately through long gill-slits between their gaping weatherboards. Dirty urchins, yelling in rustic unrestraint, chased gaunt dogs through a maze of despondent stumps.

'Now, my fine philosopher!' said Mr. Caysor. 'Watch closely, and tell me honestly whether I can measure Pelton, and Pelton me. When I was a young insurance agent, I made myself understood to queerer sticks!'

A ridge of insolent granite pitched the lane roughly to the west and brought the Pelton barnyard in view. A bent man — he might have been the 'Crooked Man who lived in a Crooked House' — was twisting a reluctant cow's tail, in a vain struggle to urge the animal out upon the road.

'An unruly beast!' I observed again with that caution and reserve which are seemly in an urbanite. 'If I had a cow —'

'Lord! That's my Jersey!' Mr. Caysor shouted and broke into a sharp jog-trot. 'What the devil is he doing with her? Hey! Leave her tail alone! I'll twist your —'

As he found his stride, he lost his breath. At the same instant one of those evil spirits which inhabit even the meekest kine prompted the Caysor Jersey to plunge down the road in the direction toward which Pelton had been advising her. Ours was a stern chase of a full half-mile.

'I'll have you arrested!' roared Caysor when we had overhauled the two children of the soil.

'No, y' won't, mister!' piped back the weazened Pelton, wrinkling the bridge of his long nose. 'This here cow is goin' t' th' pound! She's et up ten times her lenth 'n bredth o' my oats. 'N y'll pay th' poundmaster a dollar 'n me anuther one fer th' damages!'

'Oho!' Mr. Caysor was flustered only between two breaths. 'Well, it's a mile further to the pound.' He drew forth a dollar. 'That for the oats. Now spare yourself and Bossie the rest of the journey. It's a hot day.'

Pelton turned his back on us, sneering. 'Y' kin buy people off like that down in New York, mebbe; but we're law-abidin' folks out here, an' y'd better larn it sry! Cows that ruin other folks' grain goes t' th' pound; that's th' law!'

'To be sure, my good man,' Mr. Caysor assented gently, as he drew his wallet again. 'Here! Take two dollars, one for damages and the other for the poundmaster. I don't wish to dodge my fine!'

'Not so easy, mister!' Pelton cackled triumphantly, still moving off. 'This here cow's put me to a peck o' trouble, a catchin' her an' a draggin' her darned carcass outen the oat field. I've wasted 'n hour that I otto a spent in the cabbage patch. Now you've gotto do the same. An eye fer an eye, an' a tooth fer a tooth, says the Good Book; a peck o' trouble fer a peck o' trouble that means, if y've got th' brains t' unnerstand it.'

Mr. Caysor doffed his Panama affably. 'As you like it! Pray enjoy your walk to the pound and back! You'll spare me the trouble of leading Bossie home. George will drive over for her this afternoon. And you'll collect your dollar damages after the court has passed on the claim. — Let's cut back

through my wood lot, Professor. There are some odd mushrooms I should like to show you. Can you distinguish the poisonous kinds?’

I caught Pelton’s eye as we turned. It flickered like a candle-flame caught in eddying gusts, knowing not which way to swing. Then the strong, deep draught of instinct blew it straight and clear. Pelton marched on toward the pound.

‘That fungus you’ve just been talking to looks poisonous.’

I welcomed mushrooms as a pleasant change from incommensurables, which, I feared, might stir my employer and friend to measureless wrath, if broached now.

‘Nonsense!’ insisted Mr. Caysor. ‘If you let a little misunderstanding like that affect you, you could n’t sell life-insurance policies at a railroad wreck. I’ll have him pacified before you leave Hawk’s Nest.’

From our hammocks on the porch of Hawk’s Nest, after luncheon, our field-glasses followed Pelton, as he limped wearily homeward. Once he seemed to look squarely into our faces and scowl.

‘He has n’t enjoyed his promenade,’ smiled Caysor dryly. ‘By the way, I must send George after Bossie.’

Under a cherry tree Pelton surlily watched the hostler flash down the lane on a lank bay mare.

‘He’s bitterly disappointed because I am not walking barefoot over the rocky road to haul the cow home!’

Though Caysor chuckled, he was mildly disturbed. The farmer puzzled him, the prince of insurance agents! I fancied Caysor was thinking no primitive man had a right to do that. Yet my host was above bitterness.

‘He’s just waking to the bad bargain he drove. He has spoiled his temper, his morning, and his feet, not to mention his chance of collecting his

dollar damages. Poor devil! I’ll spare him that last annoyance.’

He dispatched a stable boy with the dollar. The lad returned grinning and passed the bill back. ‘He say he can’t make you go to the pound, but he can make you go to court; and he’s going to collect the damages that way. I didn’t catch on to the rest, sir; it was something about you having to waste as much time and strength as he has on your account.’

‘Mad!’ Mr. Caysor’s exclamation was tinged with the feeling a child experiences on opening its first Jack-in-the-Box; he was shocked, tickled, and amused. ‘He twists Moses as violently as Bossie’s tail.’

‘No!’ I objected. ‘And, far from being mad, he suffers from too much sanity.’

‘What must I say now?’ my host asked feebly. ‘Spring your little jest.’

‘Madness and genius are allied, you know; genius is useful originality, madness is useless originality. But Pelton is utterly unoriginal. You think you are a conservative, but you are as flighty as an aeroplane in comparison with Pelton; he is a brother to the boulders, he has n’t moved since the Age of Ice. Primitive men took a goat from the poor thief who had stolen one; from the rich thief they confiscated five for every one he had purloined. The peasant, in the days of blood-money, paid a year’s hard labor in penalty for murder, but his wealthy neighbor, for the same offense, had to yield up all his flocks. Crude, perhaps, but not absurd!’

I was on the verge of demonstrating the necessity of reviving this law, when Mr. Grace, the president’s private secretary dashed up in a fagged runabout, bearing a bundle of urgent letters, one of which took Mr. Caysor to his desk at once, and to Chicago an hour later. His grief over the thought

of missing the comedy at court when Pelton's lawsuit should come up bulked disproportionately large in the midst of the momentous worries of high finance. Pelton had excited him; was causing the New Yorker to squander his fifty-dollar minutes on him, after all. Though I told my host I was sorry, I afterward rejoiced at his absence.

A week later, the judge reached Pelton *versus* Caysor. Mr. Grace and I found the primeval countryman strutting up and down the courtroom, proud as a conquering barnyard cock. The case was called. Mr. Grace, himself an attorney, rose and stated that his client would not oppose the claim. This the judge fixed at two dollars and costs, which Mr. Grace paid.

'That ain't the feller!' shrieked Pelton, pointing at the secretary. 'I never seen him. Mister Caysor is a big porker 'ith a hole in th' middle o' his hair.'

His Honor scanned the documents of the next case and the courtroom tittered, while the farmer gnawed his nails as a rat gnaws the wire of his trap.

'Next case! Meacham *versus* —'

The judge shot a startled glance at Pelton, who had advanced, one skinny arm outstretched.

'Jedge,' he cried, and in his throat sounded the sharp whistle of January wind, 'I've spent most o' two workin' days catchin' Caysor's cow, 'n pullin' her over t' th' pound, 'n comin' t' this here court fer my damages, when there wuz strawberries t' pick 'n peas t' hoe. Caysor ain't put himself out a minnit! He don't even come here t' be fined; 'n th' six dollars this hired man o' his'n pays, — I'll bet his boss never earned 'em ner even saw 'em! 'Tain't fair! 'Tain't square!'

'Silence!' thundered the court. 'Another word in that vein, and you will be fined ten dollars for contempt!'

Pelton slunk out of the courtroom,

the laughter of spectators nipping him from behind like a street cur. As our car swished past him before the courthouse, he watched us with the despair and fright of a cave man seeing a mastodon for the first time, and knowing neither flint that can pierce the monster's hide nor trap that will hold him.

A few days afterward, Mr. Caysor returned with an amusing tale about an Illinois court which had fined his company five thousand dollars for 'a slight irregularity' by which the corporation had cleared two hundred thousand.

'I fired the State manager, who planned the clever trick and tried it out on his own hook,' said Mr. Caysor. 'We paid the maximum penalty the law allows, and we are not obliged, morally or legally, to surrender our profit, because we have cheated nobody.' Then he asked about Pelton. 'If he's so vindictive,' he commented at the close of my story, 'we'll have to build that line fence between him and my meadow, which has the best grass on my farm for Bossie.'

Mr. Grace and I visited the farmer, under instructions to let him choose the easier half of the fence to build. The secretary foresaw another row, I none; and I proved the better prophet. The sharing of line fences Pelton's moral code approved, and against that code he would not struggle, however painful submission might be. Caysor's meadow bounded Pelton's eight irregular acres on the north, the east, and the south. There were a thousand feet of fence to build over bed-rock topped with soil so shallow that posts were quite out of the question; a stone wall must be constructed. Pelton set to work a few days later with a small stone boat pulled by a horse which found it a burden unloaded. Mr. Grace put on ten huskies and four ponderous Percherons, which finished Mr. Cay-

sor's five hundred feet to the lawful height of four feet, six inches, before Pelton had laid twenty; incidentally, they transmuted twelve worthless acres of boulders into excellent grazing lands, stoneless and smooth.

On the glad mid-June morning when Mr. Caysor inspected the new wall, he and I saw from a distance Pelton and his bony horse panting in the shade of his wild-mulberry hedge. In a minute Pelton spied us coming and slipped into his cottage.

'He's not glad to see me,' Mr. Caysor laughed.

We strolled along the wall, my host poking at it with his cane, in search of loose spots. We rounded the southern tip of the mulberry hedge and met Pelton, his savage eyes, and the muzzle of an ancient rifle aimed at Caysor's face.

'Th' law sez I must build one half o' this here fence, 'n you, Mister Caysor, must put up th' other half. I've been slavin' at these stones a week, an' what've *you* done? Sat on yer front steps a-watchin' me an' grinnin'! Y' ain't lifted a pebble. Y' cheated me about the cow fine, but y' ain't goin' t' have the chanct to cheat me again! Jest pile another layer onto those five hundred feet o' yourn; there's some nice flat slabs o' shale over there, — see 'em? An' you,' Pelton nodded at me without quivering his rifle, 'you set down here by me, er I'll pop y' in the calf o' th' left leg, jest enough t' keep y' still a while!'

'Mind him, for heaven's sake!' Caysor warned me. 'The maniac can trim a squirrel's tail at two hundred yards!'

'Y' kin take my horse er y' kin carry 'em in yer arms.' Pelton returned to the stones and his delinquent neighbor. 'The fence'll keep yer cow outen my oats all th' better, if it's a foot higher! Get busy now!'

The president of the New York

Friendly Mutual Insurance Company (capital, \$12,000,000, undivided profits, \$9,254,000, and outstanding insurance, \$225,456,000) loaded the stone boat thrice and added to the stature of some six feet of wall, before his hands, scratched, bruised, and bleeding, rebelled. He held them up to Pelton.

'I can't do more! They won't work.' He smiled weakly.

'Th' bones 've stuck clean outen mine,' Pelton replied, 'but I've kept 'em at work, 'n I guess you kin! If y' can't, it's high time y' learned.'

Mr. Caysor sat down. Pelton counted three, warning him at each number, but Caysor watched a thrush fly past. At the end of the last count, Pelton fired, splitting the sole of my host's right shoe. The sting of the quick bruise brought the victim to his feet.

'The next bullet 'll bruise yer heel a little hotter.'

About the middle of the sweltering afternoon Caysor fainted.

'If this is sunstroke,' I shook my fist in Pelton's happy face, 'you will sit a year or two in jail!'

'Sunstroke, nuthin'!' he grunted. 'Th' loafer jist ain't used t' givin' folks a square deal an' abidin' by th' law! That's all! If he don't pick up soon, y' kin take him home in th' spring wagon.'

Mr. Caysor did not pick up soon. We picked him up. I brought him to Hawk's Nest in Pelton's creaky vehicle, still senseless, my coat over his head to baffle the merciless sun.

At the trial, Pelton's attorney was Moses, whom the court refused to recognize. As Mr. Caysor entered a vigorous plea for clemency, the convicted man was sentenced to jail for only ninety days; 'though you deserve two years,' protested the judge.

'Ninety days!' Pelton trembled and went as white as the morning mist that hangs about his cottage in the bot-



toms. 'Ninety days! Y' don't mean that, Jedge! Middle o' June — July, August, middle o' September. 'Fore I git home, my cherries 'll be withered t' th' pits, an' th' pears rotten. My rye 'll be flat on th' ground, an' the peas — In God's name, Jedge, I won't have nothin' fer eatin' next winter! It ain't square!'

At a nod from the judge, an officer dragged the wretch off, and the next case was called.

'We may have erred,' Mr. Caysor told the judge afterward. 'His place may be the asylum, not the jail.'

And the judge nodded: 'Maybe.'

Pelton had sadly disarranged my work on the insurance company's papers. I took them home with me, still uninspected, when Mr. Caysor locked up Hawk's Nest and left for Canada on a two-months' fishing trip.

September was burning her continent-wide swath in the crimson-and-gold uplands when Mr. Caysor next jounced me to the retreat which Death could reach only in an automobile. Three of the six miles lay smoking in their own dust behind us when, rounding a bend, we barely missed a gaunt dog which was licking the face of an old man. The man, squatted on a stone in the middle of the road, was shrilly singing: —

'They have murdered God Almighty,  
They have slain the Lord of Hosts.'

His tune was that of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

'Pelton!' I whispered, a little sick.

'By George!' A sudden memory came down upon the financier at the wheel. 'His ninety days ended yesterday.'

'So did his mind,' I added grimly.

We helped him into the car. He did not recognize us. He told us in confidence that a band of demons had slipped into Heaven through a crack in the Table of the Laws and had strangled God while He was asleep. As the robins had stripped his cherry trees and the ragweed was lording it over his garden, we fed him in the servants' quarters until an officer removed him to a still, green yard which the State provides for wandering minds. There November caught him on a bench, wondering where he should plant red cabbage next spring; and December answered his question as she swept him off with the last autumn leaves, crooning his Miltonic hymn in the music of that land whose citizens are born free and equal. There being no heir, Mr. Caysor bought his eight acres for three hundred dollars.

'I knew from the beginning that he was mad,' the insurance king said as we watched his workmen burn the Pelton cottage, one fresh April day.

'There was no common measure of justice between you,' I closed the tragedy. 'His moral ideas were cut square. Yours are circles. He tried to square the circle, and failed, as we all must.'

# ONE VIEW OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

BY MARY LEAL HARKNESS

By way of introduction, let me say that I am a believer in domestic science. I entertain much higher ideals for it than do its professional advocates and teachers. If I were a teacher of domestic science, I suspect that there would be almost no limit to the dreams I should indulge in as to the uplifting possibilities of my chosen work. Yet, for the most part, its most earnest votaries neither claim for it these possibilities, nor do they seem even to suspect their existence.

What is the reason for this lack of vision? Those who do comprehend the promise contained in this new branch of the pedagogical tree seem, like myself, to have evolved their ideas amid the musty surroundings of philology or the classics, and seldom in white-tiled, nickel-plated kitchens.

Let me take as a starting-point the ideals of the profession. So far as I can discover, the utmost which the representatives of domestic science claim for it is that it will fit women better to care for and direct their homes. Almost any domestic scientist can be depended upon to remark: 'The care of the home and the proper rearing of children are the noblest and most satisfying vocations in which a woman can engage,' and so forth. (See any Chautauqua lecture-course.)

Anything that will really better the management of the home and the education of children may well claim to be an uplifting force in society, but I have yet to learn how domestic science, as understood by its average exponent, is

justifying that claim or attempting to justify it. The very fact that almost every professional writer on the subject begins his article with some such sentiment as, 'Woman's kingdom is the Home, and no woman can afford to be without a practical knowledge of the work of the Home,' shows how very narrow a conception these supporters of domestic science have of what it is which actually does elevate the home or benefit its inmates. By their own showing, 'housekeeping' means baking good bread and knowing how to broil a beefsteak — notwithstanding the fact that this knowledge is, and long has been, possessed in a high degree by sundry women of colored skin or of European peasant extraction, to whom not one of the aforesaid writers would dream of committing the making of his home, or the care of his children beyond the teething stage. Yet if there accrues to women as much mental and spiritual development from learning to do well all things connected with domestic life as from the study of books, why, I ask, does not the fanatic on industrial education entrust the entire rearing of his children to his Irish nurse-girl? Why does he not marry his cook?

Scattering instances, it is true, are on record of a man's marrying his cook, but not the type of man who celebrates in magazines and on platforms the charm and potent 'influence' of the 'homekeeping' goddess. No; this latter man is precisely the one who, if confronted in his choice of a companion for

life, and a mother for his children, with the alternative of Greek without domestic accomplishments, or good bread without academic equipment, would unhesitatingly take the Greek and trust to Heaven for his daily bread — and he would be right. He instinctively knows that from the woman who reads Greek there is hope, if occasion arise, of the evolution of the bread-making faculty; he also knows — although he will not usually tell the truth about it — that from the bread-making intelligence *alone* there is no hope of the development of any of the things for which a knowledge of Greek stands.

My contention is twofold: first, that there is absolutely nothing in domestic duties themselves, or in any form of manual labor, which develops the mind or elevates or broadens the character; second, that the idea that every woman needs practical instruction in house-keeping as a part of her education is as absurd as would be the claim that every man needs to be taught in school to plant corn or milk a cow. Corn-planting, milking, bread- and bed-making are all very good things to know; not *one* of them is essential to the education and usefulness of *all* men and women.

I wish to make clear, in the beginning, the very wide distinction between the importance of manual labor for men and women, and the educational value of it. To say that in itself it possesses no educative power is by no means to say that the doing of it — and the doing of it well — is not a necessary and worthy contribution to the sum of human happiness and decency. But the instances commonly cited to prove its value as an educational factor are in reality cases of putting education into *it*, not of putting *it* into education. The men and women who have sung the praises of labor, who have seen that man might truly worship God by the work of his hands, have been the schol-

ars, the thinkers, who brought from the domain of the student an idealism which they infused into their bodily toil. No one ever hears such sentiments from the orator of a labor union. Those who toil for their daily bread with their hands hate manual labor; they see only the hardness and monotony and degradation of it; and their life is one continual protest against its deadening influence.

And of all the manual laborers who hate their work, none is so conspicuous for her dislike of it as the domestic servant. The reasons therefor have been catalogued many times over by the sociological dabbler for the modern magazine. 'Boiled down,' they amount to this: that neither the maid nor her employer ordinarily has sufficient intelligence to regard the performance of household tasks as a business other than socially degrading. If doing domestic work *well* elevates the mind and enlarges the spiritual horizon, both mistress and maid ought long ago to have risen above this cramped and distorted view, for very often both of them cook and sweep and wash and iron very well indeed. But, as a matter of fact, whatever degree of appreciation of the dignity of household labor either possesses is almost invariably proportioned to the degree to which she has been taught to think *outside of the kitchen*.

Again, if the learning to make beautiful things develops the intellect, washing and ironing ought to rank very high in the educational scale (and no thanks to domestic science, either); for really there is nothing much more attractive to the eye, and nothing that requires a more delicate skill and a daintier touch, than an array of beautifully ironed garments. Yet what is our experience with the intellect of our laundress, whether Negro 'wash-lady' or French *blanchisseuse de fin*? On the other hand, I can iron my most elaborate shirtwaists

quite as well as my old colored 'aunty' does, nor did I begin to learn to do the work until I was grown and college-bred. This personal reference is not prompted by vanity over an exceptional domestic accomplishment which may save me from starvation should school-teaching and the Carnegie pension fail, but is merely by way of indicating that in it I am not exceptional at all. Everywhere are proofs that the woman with educated brain can use her hands skillfully and profitably if occasion arise; corresponding proofs are not forthcoming that the woman with skillful hands can do the like with her brain.

Of course, as the domestic scientist would doubtless remind me, it is not necessary to imagine only the two extremes, the woman who knows nothing but books and the woman who knows nothing but kitchen; but is it not true that the women who combine book-knowledge with housekeeping knowledge existed in very considerable numbers long before Domestic Science was dreamed of, or written with capital letters as a collegiate Department? And can any one deny that this combination has almost invariably resulted from academic training as the definite part of education, with domestic training as an accidental product of home environment or the like; and not from domestic training as the definite substance of education and academic as the accidental product?

Practically all the results to which the domestic scientists 'point with pride' have been gained through methods formulated, and material already prepared, by us who are teaching what men variously term the humanities, culture studies, and 'book-l'arnin'.' It does, therefore, sometimes seem to me rather ungracious of domestic scientists to try to prove by statistics that it is they who are raising the level of *our* work.

I think my especial grudge against the domestic scientists (not against Domestic Science, which is a different matter) is that they are *not* improving either education or the female sex, for neither can ever be improved by such ideals as domestic scientists mainly profess. The real result of their educational theories, if they can ever get them put into general practice, will be to bring both schools and women to even a lower level of the mediocrity which grows out of the effort to do too many things, and of elevating *things* above *thoughts*.

As to the schools: I am aware that there exist reports of experiments made, notably in Canada, according to which students industrially trained are 'proved' to have outstripped in examinations upon academic branches those trained in the latter alone. The 'proof' seems to me less convincing than it does to the enthusiasts who wish to believe. I myself know a certain manual-training school whose graduates, I dare say, can not only make better mission furniture and daintier hand-made nightgowns and more toothsome muffins than the majority of high-school graduates in the same city, but would possibly average higher on a college entrance examination. But the reason is so obvious that I wonder how the industrialists can so comfortably overlook it. The school is richly endowed, and possesses every advantage that can be afforded by fine teachers — all specialists — and splendid equipment. Add to this the smaller classes and consequent additional individual attention possible for the pupils, above all, the fact that the teachers and directors are exerting every effort to prove the validity of a pet educational theory, and then consider how far the school with these tremendous advantages is justified in tracing its alleged superiority in languages and chemistry to the

influence of muffins and hand-made undergarments.

For certain sections of country where civilization is so backward that cleanliness and comfort in the home are not regarded, for children of city slums where the same and worse conditions exist, there is no doubt that instruction is needed in all that will tend to secure cleanliness, comfort, and beauty as well, and probably the school is the best practical vehicle for conveying such instruction. But if it must be introduced at the cost of reducing the amount of instruction in things purely intellectual, then the young people in such a school are being deprived of something just as surely their due, just as essential to their future as useful men and women, as any knowledge of cooking or sewing, furniture-making or plumbing, can possibly be. And further, to claim that because of the manifest need of a minority of school-children and young people to be taught some of these things, industrial training should be put into *all* the schools, and included within the hours formerly given to mental training, with the consequent cutting-down of the hours of book-study, is to commit nothing less than an outrage on the great majority of children, who come from homes where the essentials of all such domestic knowledge come to them from their environment and without thought of its being a *study*.

I do not mean to say that it is undesirable that these things should be made a study. On the contrary, I should make them a study to a much greater extent than now, but in the right time and place, and for the right people. It is most desirable that sewing, cooking, every department of domestic employment, indeed, should be taught in the best way, which means the scientific way and the artistic way; and that way is, no doubt, to be most fully secured

through classes taught by trained specialists. But the time and the place for these classes are not the school-room and the hour in which your daughter ought to be studying Latin and mathematics. And you ought to feel that you and she are being defrauded if the time in which she has a right to be given the intellectual training which is a necessity to every normal human being is encroached upon by manual training which *does not educate*, and is only useful to *some* human beings.

The course to pursue in regard to industrial training for young people under collegiate grade seems to me to be this: in the majority of communities and for the majority of students, it should not be allowed in the schools at all *as a course of study*, but it may very properly be provided in connection with the schools as something to be undertaken outside of regular school hours by those who need it. For exceptional communities, as for instance the more remote and backward regions in some Southern States, or the parts of our cities where the population is chiefly ignorant, uncleanly, and poorly housed, there should be special schools to meet the special needs, and there it would be most desirable to teach all the things which the homes of such children do not and cannot give, and which the children ought to possess. But even in such schools I believe that the amount and quality of purely intellectual training should not be lessened because of the necessity for the introduction of the industrial. It must no doubt be extended over a longer time, but eventually the poor white or the little dago of the fruit-stand should be as well fitted to go to college if he cares to (and the abomination of the present industrial 'education' is that it does not pretend to try to make him care to) as the child of the professional man.

In the collegiate period in the lives of



young men and young women I believe that there is the least excuse of all for the introduction of what we usually understand by industrial education. Of course, I do not mean by this that certain kinds of highly scientific, and therefore highly educative work, which is now done, chiefly by men, in technical schools of collegiate rank, should be excluded. I do not wish to enter, in fact, upon the very wide field embracing both masculine and feminine education, but to confine myself to my text, which is Domestic Science — a noun whose gender is universally regarded as feminine.

In my opinion, domestic economy has no place in the undergraduate courses of any college admitting women. If it were possible, I should forbid the existence of the school of domestic science even as a substitute for the undergraduate college course. It is not possible, I suppose, but it does seem to me the duty of really educated educators, at least, to discourage the idea that the high-school graduate is going to get something, in the two or three years' course of even the best schools of domestic economy, which will prepare her as well for the 'practical duties of life' as will the orthodox college course, and 'fit her better for motherhood.' Ah, motherhood, how many crimes are committed in thy name! — and not the sort traditionally and sentimentally so-called.

The school of domestic science should be, it seems to me, on a level with the present professional and graduate schools, and require, no less than these schools, a collegiate degree, or its equivalent, for admission. And the object of its course of study should be, not to make women better keepers of their individual homes, but to set their minds working toward the formulation of a plan to revolutionize the whole house-keeping system, to the end that the

individual home shall cease to be an insatiate monster to which daily sacrifice is made of the talents and ambitions of thousands of women. It is not generally regarded as a monster, I admit. It is a dragon whose ugliness has always been draped in garlands of sentiment. The victims go gayly to the altar in wreaths of orange-blossoms and to strains of sweet music. But, public sentimentalism to the contrary notwithstanding, it *is* a devouring monster.

That every normal woman has the maternal instinct, and a desire for a home and family, is probably true; that every woman has the cooking and cleaning and nursing instinct is neither true nor desirable. There is no more reason that marriage and the parental function should involve the utter renunciation of a professional, artistic, or business career for the many women naturally adapted to such careers than that it should do so for their husbands. But as we keep house at present, it does and must mean such renunciation in most cases, because it is not humanly possible for a woman to do exactly double the work of a man.

It seems strange that society cannot realize how much is being lost to its intellectual and artistic life, to its best motherhood, by the forcible direction of all the varied forms of feminine ability into the one channel of domestic occupations. At a recent medical convention, the brilliant proposition was made — so the papers reported — that nursing should be substituted for algebra 'and other useless studies' in high-school courses for girls, because it was far more necessary that the prospective mother should be able to minister to her infant when it is attacked by croup than to solve equations with three unknown quantities. The originator of this 'practical' idea seemed quite to overlook the fact that it would be better for a good many people to

have gone to heaven in infancy than to be reared, as they are, by mothers whose ability to care for their bodily needs is wholly overbalanced by their inability to care for their mental, and therefore spiritual, ones.

Correspondingly, it seems to me strange that what is served upon the family board should be regarded as of so much more importance than the conversation which goes on around it. Yet that conversation is not going to be mentally nourishing unless the mother, as well as the father, is able to contribute to it something from books, from the great world outside, not from the kitchen or from the laundry. Even if the mother be college-bred, her intellectual activities must gradually suffer contraction if bounded by her own home walls, although she may cook according to chemical formulæ in a lovely modern kitchen, and set her table with all the daintiness that a domestic-art course can devise. For, as I have said before, we have no evidence from the hundreds of good housekeepers whom we all know that the perfection of their domestic appointments makes them thoughtful, broad-minded, or an inspiration to their children. I have in mind at this moment a married friend whose house from attic to furnace-room is habitually spotless, whose cakes and salads and biscuit are a pure delight — but her conversation is distinctly not

up to the level of her biscuit. And she is no solitary example. It seems to me that the real opportunity of Domestic Science is to be found in its power to lessen a twofold evil: to reduce the number of what Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman so aptly terms 'the kitchen-minded,' and to save from sacrifice the many high-minded, who are now bound to a miserable choice between the 'career' which talent and education should make perfectly legitimate for them, and the married life which, because they are human, is also their legitimate heritage.

The large number of women whose gift is really household management should dignify it by making it a profession whereby they may take the housekeeping burden off the shoulders of us whose gift is to educate their children, minister to them in sickness, try their lawsuits, and so forth. How can they do it? That problem is for the domestic scientists themselves to solve, if they would justify their existence. I have my theories about it, to be sure, but my business is teaching Latin, not household economy, and if I did suggest a scheme for them, I fear that they would never give any of the credit for it to the despised 'mental discipline' of the classics, but would insist that I owe all my ideas to my practice of helping my mother with her housework in my summer vacations.

# THE MINISTRY: AN OVER-CROWDED PROFESSION

BY GEORGE PARKIN ATWATER

THE lament has gone up over all the land of the lack of men in the ministry. Statistics have been hurled at us from theological seminaries and from colleges. The staccato emphasis of the plaintive cry beats upon our ears with an insistence that demands attention. Fewer men, it is said, are studying for the ministry; many pulpits are vacant; young men are attracted to scientific professions and commercial pursuits; ministers receive starvation salaries; the profession is suffering a decline; the best men are not entering the ministry; we need more men.

It is a thankless task to attempt to tear away the veil from the eyes of those who will not see. But several outstanding facts and conditions have been ignored, somewhat, in the discussions of this subject. These facts, however, lie at the very bottom of the difficulty, and they tempt us to believe quite the contrary concerning the profession. Have we the courage to face the possible conclusion that *the ministry is an over-crowded profession?*

Before we can seriously weigh the evidence, let us dispose of some of the fictitious reasons which men hug to their hearts as a sufficient explanation for the apparent failure of the ministerial supply.

It is quite true that the profession is in competition with many others as an alluring field for the activity of young men. But moral enthusiasm has not died among the young, nor has the desire for spiritual adventure vanished. Hundreds of young men are crowding

into professions, such as teaching, that offer no great share in the heap of gold that Midas-like wizards are creating by the touch of their capable hands.

Nor need we consider seriously that inadequate salaries are a cause of insufficient candidates. They may quite as well be the result of over-supply. The churches are not impoverished. They spend vast sums of money on buildings, organs, windows, and music. The money needed to support the ministers is not lacking. It has simply been misdirected.

Or again, the statement that men have not sufficient liberty in the ministry is unfounded. They have every liberty that a seeker after truth desires. It has been asserted that men do not care to be fettered by worn-out creeds. If that means that men do not care to be burdened with human theories and speculations, it is true. But if it means that men are unwilling to accept the fundamental facts, it is not true. Any so-called creed, that echoes merely the theological speculations of a passing generation, is not a creed at all, but a group of surmises. The fundamental facts alone are the creed. The utterly idle talk about the restrictions placed on thinking men by these facts, is as lacking in intellectual discrimination as would be the distress of an engineer over the arbitrary authority of the multiplication table. The very first implication of the Christian ministry is that it is to minister to men in the light and power of some settled and determined truth. Those facts are the

very basis of the larger liberty into which a grasp of the truth leads.

Coming to our main contention, it may be asserted in one sentence. With due allowance for an exceptional condition here and there, *every community has more ministers than it needs for the proper spiritual development of the people*. Take a survey of the conditions in any village or city in the land. You will find one minister for every thousand persons. Exclude the Roman Catholics from the count, and also those absolutely impervious to any Christian effort, and you will find one minister for about every five hundred people.

The first consideration which I would urge is that such a condition indicates an over-supply of ministers. If the minister keeps to his proper duty, and if he works under proper conditions, he may serve much larger groups of people. But he is forced by the pressure of competition to become an organizer, a collector of funds, a social peripatetic, a promoter of catch-penny devices, and a gentle prodder of the indifferent. He must not only minister to the congregation, but he must create it and hold it together by moral suasion and physical allurements. Under such a stress his proper functions lose their force and comprehensiveness, and the small stream of spiritual refreshment sprinkles a group which tends to disperse under the counter-attractions of the world and sometimes the equally persistent attractions of another congregation.

In fact, the ministry is over-crowded because the land is over-churched. Here is the seat of the trouble. We are carried here, likewise, into deep waters. The Christian forces, by divisions and subdivisions, are becoming the source of vast woe and distress to themselves. It is not too much to say that the principle of subdivision into sects is destructive of Christianity. It subverts

authority and it weakens faith. To such a condition may be ascribed the lamentable fact that many men, and indeed whole families, have deserted any form of organized Christianity and have taken the same liberty that many a larger group has taken, namely, of practically forming a new denomination, of one family, whose creed is to live according to its light.

This position is as thoroughly defensible as is most of the sectarian estrangement from which Christianity is suffering. If a new subdivision considers that it may choose among the facts of the faith, and may reject all that it cares to reject, then certainly another group, though few in number, has a similar right and may reject all. The faith is thereby destroyed, and with the faith must likewise go the practices by which the faith is sustained.

The fatal subdivisions create a necessity for material outlay that is appalling in its amount and distressing in its result. Many a village of five thousand people has ten church buildings, no one of which has the most insignificant claim to architectural beauty. It has ten congregations, no one of which can adequately support the minister in his work. It has ten ministers, every one of whom must labor under severe strain to do his work, to keep the congregation alive, and to raise enough money for the pitiable result.

The Roman Catholics afford an example of effective administration. In cities where they equal in number the other Christians, they have many fewer churches, and fewer priests. And the churches are filled, because the Roman Catholics have preserved the principle of authority which the denominational system has entirely broken down.

The over-crowding of the ministry results from the over-churching of the land. The relative ineffectiveness of

an over-crowded ministry is the result of destructive competition on the one hand, and on the other of misdirecting ministerial energy into too many secular channels.

What are the remedies? There must be some way of escape from the appalling calamity that threatens to engulf the insecure churches, and to devastate the smaller communities.

The first remedy that suggests itself is, of course, church reunion. If that is an idle dream, then there is an invincibly stubborn attitude among Christian men. The evil consequences of separation will not only be inevitable, but will be invited. Faulty as any tentative plan of federation may be, it is a measure of self-defense. Reunion will come only when it is realized that any denominational barriers erected by man are irrational. Reunion will come only when the divine faith and order are fully apprehended. So perverse is human nature, however, that it is unwilling to accede to scriptural and apostolic and primitive conditions and essentials so long as the concession seems to strengthen, or at least vindicate, the position of any one church. Reunion would be far easier if the divine faith and order, fully apprehended, were found to be possessed by no one, so that all would have to make equal concessions. If we are really concerned about the ministerial supply, we should solve this problem first. The over-supply of ministers for their proper work will never cease to bring distress upon the profession until we do not have to submit to the necessity of having ten churches where two or three would serve.

The next remedy would be a more thoroughly equipped ministry. We need men who are more capable in their profession: men who can treat spiritual necessities with insight and skill. Our ministers should be more thoroughly trained to larger conceptions of their

work. But immediately the cry goes up that our ministers have too much to do already. Here we may take a leaf from the book of the world.

The successful leader delegates as much as possible to others. But in the ministry we find a startling condition. *At least two thirds of the work of every minister is not an essential part of his ministry.* He does it because he is an interested and capable leader, and not because it is the proper expression of ministerial function. The parish of the future will relieve the minister of every duty alien to his profession. His spiritual ministrations will not only be paramount, but will be far more comprehensive. He will minister to many more lives.

The spirit of specialization which has seized the realm of commerce will find a proper application in the Church. In fact, it has already done so. The temporal affairs of the parish will have an effective manager and financial agent, parish visitors, and trained workers. These may be found with far more ease than a minister may be found who unites them all in his own proper person. No long years of training are necessary for such duties, nor need a layman be committed to church work for life.

Likewise, a vast field for women is now open in every parish. The usefulness of a competent, sensible and large-hearted woman in a parish is beyond measure. Any lack of competent clerical supply may be remedied by insisting that ministers stick to their proper work, and by dividing the cares they now shoulder (with the aid often of a devoted wife) among several paid workers. It is as absurd for the minister of a large parish to attempt to do worthy work, single-handed, as it would be for the manager of a large store to attempt to get along without book-keepers and salesmen.



Many a village in our land which now has ten struggling churches might, under altered conditions, have more spiritual advantages than it now has, and many others besides. It might have a skilled worker for the boys of the village, a visiting nurse, a competent director of religious organization, and all for less than the present outlay of money, if it were not for the present necessity of keeping ten churches open, if it were not for an over-crowded ministry.

The persistent emphasis of the Gospel in this day is social. The power of righteousness created in individuals by the Christ life is but a useless ornament if it does not find a point of application in the social world. In fact, it is not righteousness at all, any more than the miser's gold is wealth in any true sense. The Church, under the inspiring leadership of a man filled with the Spirit, must quicken every man to do his full duty to Society. And the Church, under that same leadership, must provide for the whole of life, its pleasures and pains, its joys and sorrows. Exhortation may arouse men to action if they already understand what is expected of them, and if they have capacity; but exhortation no more promotes righteousness in a nation than shouting at school-children accomplishes their education.

The pressure of the Divine Life must be the inspiring force by which each man is first trained, made capable, and then aroused to his full duty. We must clear the choked channels so that through every phase of living the quickening power of the Spirit may be manifest. This applies with especial emphasis to such things as amusement and the joyful occupancy of the life of the young. If the Church ever gave an evidence of moral stupidity and blind folly it was when it treated proper pleasure as either to be frowned upon,

or else merely tolerated with a maddening complacency that seemed to indicate that the Church was good-natured enough not to meddle with people's secular concerns. This was a colossal blunder. It simply handed the amusements of the people over to those who furnish amusement for personal gain, and who would stoop to every sort of viciousness so long as it was profitable. If it is not a sin to dance it is a sin for the Church to compel its young people to go to questionable places to dance.

It is when the Church realizes its mission to the whole life that it will return to power. And this may be done only when the Church provides, not a multiplicity of exhorters who strain to arouse people to an emotion with no immediate outlet except a few negative abstinences, but a complete and consecrated corps of efficient workers who, under the godly inspiration and seasoned judgment of a devoted minister, vitalize every province of human life.

Is it not true that we have too much preaching? An over-supply of ministers accomplishes this. The exaltation of the sermon into the chief place in public worship has given to it an undue prominence. Nothing would be so beneficial as to have our pulpits silenced for a year. I mean by that, complete abstinence from the usual type of hortatory or argumentative sermons. Instruction, wise, sound, consecutive, might well take their place for a time. It would accomplish the same thing for the Church that a reasonable period of fasting does for the individual. The other phases of worship would be restored — the worship of prayer, confession, praise, and enlightened faith. Some of them are entirely gone from the churches. The people no longer pray, but listen to the minister as he prays. Worship has become a passive matter. The congregation has become

an audience — a body of listeners. The people with quiet reverence observe the worship of the minister and then listen to a sermon. Worship should be an active matter. The people should come with each faculty alive, with a controlled but positive inner impulse toward expression in outer act. Worship should be the united act of the congregation.

Another serious result of too much preaching is the confusion of the hearer under too many impulses. Professor James has shown clearly the utter futility of emotion without corresponding expression in action. Too many sermons merely warm over our emotions. We are aroused, it may be, Sunday after Sunday, but men and women need more than arousing. They need instruction and training. They desire to know *what to do*. If our pulpits turned from their exhortations to practical instruction in the substance of the Christian faith, to positive and clear teaching of doctrine, to specific and calm statement of the methods of developing righteousness and holiness, to an exposition of real and not artificial sins, I believe that we should find men returning to the pews. If the pulpit should train men to pray, and to use the spiritual strength of prayer for their daily temptations, to read the Bible with intelligence and insight, to understand the fundamental

doctrines of the religion of Christ, to judge between good and evil, to rear their children in godliness, to do their duty toward their neighbor, to accept their part in a world where they live with, and not apart from, other men, and then if the Church would arouse conscience and love by ringing appeals, men would be propelled with open eyes and understanding hearts along the distinct and well-marked paths of righteousness and duty.

Under such a reorganization of Christian effort the social conscience would be aroused. Joy would return to living. The Church would become the centre of a righteous and intelligent social effort. This would apply especially to those smaller communities whose civic life has not been stirred to action as in the larger cities. The Church would have its staff of lay workers, training and directing and organizing and healing. And above all it would have its priest, its man of God, who would vitalize every agency and quicken every heart. Out of chaos would come order. The distracting and faith-dispelling spectacle of sectarianism would be banished. The abundant supply of ministers devoted to their real work would bring the kingdom of God to earth among the affairs of men, and the spirit and truth of Christ to hungry human hearts.

# TAXATION AND NATURAL LAW

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

TAXATION is baffled by natural laws which, in a blind way, it is trying to follow. It is a striking fact that principles which have been respected since the days of Adam Smith call for a complete reversal of the plan of taxation to which they originally led. This is not because changed conditions make a new procedure desirable. Through the long period in which the principles have been known, governments have tried to comply with them; but there is one feature of their mode of assessment which has from the first made success impossible.

Some of the familiar principles have been fairly well followed. That public revenues should do as much good in the spending, and as little harm in the collecting, as possible, is self-evident; and it is equally clear that, both in spending and in collecting, governments should follow some rule of justice. They should deal fairly as between man and man. Just what apportionment of benefits and burdens will do this is, indeed, not clear; and therefore the accurate mode of applying the rule of justice is not apparent. Should we spend money equally on all citizens, regardless of their wealth and their needs? To most minds this would not seem to be ideal justice; and yet, when we try to spend the money in an unequal way, we find trouble in determining just how much one man should have more than another. It is encouraging, therefore, to note, that here, where even theory is at a loss, practice encounters no great difficulty. There

is no deep-seated discontent with the general plan of spending revenues. When we try honestly to protect all persons and their property, — when we offer education to all, and make streets, parks, libraries, galleries, and the like, open to every one, and give to all equal privileges so far as public institutions can, — we have no large discontented party to deal with. In this matter people do not look far beyond the practical results, and as they find these quite tolerable, they are contented.

The reverse of this is true concerning the process of collection. Here no great fault is found with theoretical rules, but very much with practice under them. When we have said that direct taxes should rest principally on invested property, and be so imposed that, in the long run, owners should pay in proportion to the income they obtain from it, we encounter no grave criticism on the side of theory. It is, indeed, sometimes said that the rich should pay not only more than other classes, but proportionately more; and that if a man who is worth a few thousand dollars pays one per cent of his estate, the man who is worth a million should pay two or more. It is also said that, ideally, personal needs should be considered, and that 'free income,' and not gross income, should be the basis of comparison. According to this, men should pay more or less according to the amounts of income which they have and do not imperatively need for personal uses. It is said, too, with reason, that income from labor, when it is

highly paid, should be taken into account. Yet these and other variations from the simple rule of *pro-rata* payment are commonly regarded as refinements, which it is well to take account of after practice shall have come as near to equity as it will when it causes men to be taxed in direct proportion to their income-bearing property. If we can secure such proportionate taxation as a beginning, we can then study the supplementary measures that will bring the result nearer to the ideal standard. We shall have made a long and inspiring march toward our goal, and the remainder of the route will be in sight.

There is no controversy as to present abuses of taxation. It is hard to speak seriously of equity as having any close connection with taxation. The very rich do not come within many leagues of contributing to public revenues in proportion to their ability; and while the very poor naturally escape levies on property, they pay heavily on their consumption. Taxes levied on consumers' goods tell severely on the real wages of labor. Land and buildings are most heavily taxed; and this fact bears hard on workingmen who own their homes, and harder on those who are struggling to acquire them. Probably the man who has most to complain of is the wage-earner who has just bought a home and is paying the price of it in monthly installments. He is taxed on his consumption in one way, and in another way on the productive property which he has not, at present, but which he hopes to have hereafter.

The present mode of making assessments is further from the rule of morality than the resulting tax is from the rule of equity. It puts a premium on false statements. It accepts a man's sworn assertion as to his property, and gets untruthful affidavits by the million.

It is hard to see in what way the government could do as much to build up character as by this measure it does to break it down. The moral effects of taxation play their part in inducing even some good men to call for the confiscation of land as a substitute for other means of gaining revenue.

Is there any system in sight which is both just and practical? Confining ourselves for the moment to the ethical side of the problem, let us see whether there is any rule of taxation which, if enforced, would give us that first approximation to justice which the public demands. This inquiry is one of pure theory, and we may begin by citing one or two other self-evident principles.

Rights are also personal. Inanimate things have neither rights nor duties, and property, in and of itself, owes nothing and claims nothing. It has no standing before a court as either plaintiff or defendant; and yet property is the basis of both rights and duties. Men's relations to each other and to the State are affected by what they possess, and the fact that a man has something causes the State to claim something from him. It proceeds against him personally, and utterly fails to collect its dues.

The natural inference from the fact that a man owes something to the State is that the State should find the man and prosecute its claim directly; and this mode of procedure was expected by the writers who early formulated principles of taxation. It has been followed in general practice. First, identify the man against whom the State has a claim, then measure the claim and force him to satisfy it. Such has seemed to be a perfectly natural mode of procedure; but in practice it has come near to being the root of all evil in taxation. It has been impossible to do what the rule calls for, except in the case of the unfortunate persons

whose estates are in the hands of the probate courts. It is so easy to evade the claim, that there is a strong disposition to abandon all efforts to tax personal property except in partial and indirect ways. *We have never yet tried to tax it in the one way which, on grounds of economic principle, promises success.*

We have made efforts to secure revenue from the personal property of individuals, and have tried to tax their bonds, mortgages, and promissory notes. We have usually sought to tax the shares they hold in corporations. Back of all the paper instruments which represent value, there are material things; but most of these we have scarcely tried to find. Our chief effort has been to establish the fact that certain persons hold titles representing value, and to tax those persons; and since that has failed, we have reverted to a plan of taxing corporations and inheritances, and so, in a very partial way, have reached the elusive forms of property.

In dealing with the living men who own the productive wealth other than land and buildings, and who derive an income from it, we encounter a fatal obstacle, in that it is impossible to ascertain how much of such wealth the particular persons possess. The paper certificates of ownership flit from the field of vision like a flock of frightened birds. Ownership, then, is what the State cannot identify; and so long as the law requires this identification it will fail. We can find men, and we can find taxable material objects; but the thing that baffles us is establishing the relation between the two.

What assessors cannot do, economic law can do, and that in an unerring way: it can find the virtual owner of property and make him pay the tax on it. There is an impersonal but real detective agent, whose work outdoes that of the most skillful assessor armed

with full powers of inquisition. This agent is not in sight, and officers who should employ it in collecting public dues might be unconscious of its existence; yet, if it were employed, the assessors would not need to inquire what any particular man is worth. They would not need to know or care who owns the capital of any business whose material assets they are appraising. Especially might they throw to the winds all thought of taxing claims of one man against another, — the paper titles that now cut so large a figure. They would and should give up, once for all, the effort to identify the owners of capital. That the impersonal economic agent can do for them. If we tax the visible and material instruments of production, this economic agent will find the men who virtually own them. The capitalist who has furnished the money with which to stock a department store, or to build a mill and fill it with machines and raw materials, will have to pay the tax on these things, though he cross the seven seas or bury himself in an African jungle; *and the assessor will not need to ask who or where he is.*

Put a tax on all material and visible instruments of production, and economic law will make the real owner pay it. We discriminate here between the so-called *entrepreneur* and the capitalist: the former being the user of capital, and the latter the owner of it. If a man has borrowed half a million dollars, and has built a mill and begun to run it, using no capital of his own, he is an entrepreneur pure and simple. As an English term expresses it, he is the *undertaker* of the business and nothing more. Our thesis is that, in this case, the proposed tax on the mill and its contents will fall, not on him, but altogether on the lender of the money.

If the man has a quarter of a million dollars of his own, and has borrowed



as much more, he is of course both entrepreneur and capitalist, and he and the other possessor of capital will bear the tax, share and share alike. If the entire million dollars were his own, he would not only advance the tax to the government, but would finally pay it. There would be no other capitalist on whom he would be able to shift it; and we shall later see that there would be no other class of persons on whom he could place the burden. In general, the entrepreneur, as such, is the proper agent for advancing the tax to the assessor; but the capitalist is the man who would recoup him for this advance.

It is time that we find by what mechanism this result would be brought about; and here the inquiry takes us again to a basic principle. What, at bottom, fixes the rate of interest? For any one man who secures a loan it is, of course, the rate which lenders are in the habit of charging. But what fixes the habit? Evidently it is the rate which they can succeed in making the general class of borrowers pay. Just as men buy more goods when the prices are low than when they are high, so, other things being equal, they borrow more money when the interest is low. The most that they will pay for any length of time is what they can afford to pay, which is another way of saying that it is *what the capital in their hands produces*.

It has come to be a perfectly familiar fact that, with a certain supply of goods to be sold, merchants must place the prices at a level that will carry off the *final or marginal* units of it. To get rid of a whole crop of wheat, farmers have to sell it all at a rate per bushel that will induce the public to buy and use the last and least necessary part of it. So, in order to lend the whole of a great fund of capital, the owners must accept a rate of interest that will induce business men to borrow and use the last

and least necessary part of it. There is some elasticity in the amount which almost any one of them can find use for. A manufacturer can always add to his facilities for making shoes, or cotton goods, or jewelry, or steel, and so turn out a greater quantity and a larger variety in the year. A carrier can add to his appliances for transportation, and a merchant can keep a fuller stock of goods and secure a larger volume of total sales. In some way most of the men to whom a loan is tendered can make more money in the year by the use of it; and such extra gains are due to this 'final increment' of borrowed funds. The value of that extra product is all that any one of them can afford to pay for the loan that enables him to create it. Interest always tends to equal the product that can be got from the marginal part of social capital. If competition is active, the rate of interest closely conforms to this standard; and it always fluctuates in the general vicinity of it. It is seldom much less, and never, for long, any more.

Let us now take the market as we find it, with interest-charges ranging at or near the amounts produced by the final units of capital; and in this condition let us put a tax on all instruments of production alike. It will take so much from the net return that an entrepreneur can get from any one of them. We shall make the user of an instrument pay a very small part of its value annually to the government, and this tax will diminish by a slight degree the amount of money he can make by using the instrument. We shall have made what may be called a 'horizontal reduction' in the product of capital, and users can no longer afford to pay the same rate of interest on it as before. With a slightly smaller interest-charge they will continue to use it; but if they must pay as much as before, they will let some of it go. The out-

come of the situation is that, as lenders find the market for capital weakening, they promptly reduce their charges. The capital all remains in use, and all of it, even the marginal part, recoups the users for what they now have to pay for it. Entrepreneurs' gains are not reduced.

There are few propositions of economic theory which a man may more safely undertake to defend than the one which asserts that putting a tax on every instrument of production and taking annually for the government a small percentage of the value it creates, takes nothing permanently from entrepreneurs. The burden must, in the end, all fall on the owners of the capital. On the original imposition of this tax, the rate of interest would not instantly respond to the new condition. A little time would be required for the adjustment, and the entrepreneurs would temporarily feel the tax; but the shifting of it, when once accomplished, would be permanent; the impost would rest on the capitalist forever, and no other class would afterwards share it with him.

We must be careful here. It is not unlikely that some one will say at once that a tax on producers is shifted in another direction. The prices of the products, it may be said, are raised, and those who use them pay the tax. Laborers, landlords, public officers, professional men, and capitalists alike pay more for goods than before, and the excess goes to the State. The producer is thought of as either wholly or mainly ridding himself of the burden.

Something like this is true where only a single product is taxed. The maker of it adds the impost to his prices, or all of it that he can consistently so add, and the public pays most of the bill. But what will happen if we increase very slightly the price of every product that the public uses? Can the people

somehow conjure out of non-existence the enlarged income with which to buy the products that are offered? On the contrary, their purchasing power is not affected. They are unable to buy *everything* at an increased price. The general volume of money is no larger than before, and that fact is inconsistent with an undiminished volume of business at enlarged prices. We must state these things more briefly than they deserve to be stated; but it is a safe proposition which says that the maker of one article can shift to the public the greater part of a tax on it, provided that other articles are not similarly taxed; but nobody could do this if the impost were universal.

This carries the important inference that laborers would not feel a tax imposed on the instruments that they use, provided that these are the property of other persons. The tools of trade would yield to their just owners a little less than formerly, and the users of them, in turn, would pay the capitalist a shade less than before; but the workers' entire position would be unaffected. There is no way in which employers could make them take any smaller wages than before.

A probable plan of procedure would be to leave unchanged the high rate of taxation which now rests on real estate, and thus to get a revenue which would grow *pari passu* with the increase of the value of such property. A very small rate would then suffice in the case of other varieties of material wealth. Bonds, stocks, promissory notes, and moneys on deposit would not be called for by the assessor, and the low and uniform tax on actual and visible 'capital goods' would be a welcome substitute, even in the capitalist's view, for the effort to collect a revenue from such mere titles to property. Low as the rate of the new impost would be, the amount of wealth which would be sub-

ject to it would make it yield far more than the unequal and exasperating taxes which now rest on a fraction of the fund; and the investor, escaping the whole inquisitorial process which now compels him to choose between marring his fortune by one line of action and marring his character by another, might well feel that he had escaped from a world of tribulation into something like the 'Happy Valley' of Rasselas.

But would not the assessment be difficult and laborious, and would it not take a very large force of expert assessors? Would these men not need to be honest as well as capable, and would not graft exist with any force we could command? It may safely be asserted that the difficulty of assessing productive instruments in actual use is less than that encountered in assessing imported merchandise; and that the detection of frauds in the former process would be easier than in the latter. But the purpose of this article does not require that we go into these difficulties at all. We

should rejoice when the objection to the proposed system takes this shape. If the choice lies between the system that rests on a wrong basic principle, even though it be easy of execution, and another built on the right principle but hard of execution, our choice is a clear one. No amount of energy and faithfulness can make a system succeed if its bottom principle is wrong; but a people should, and in most cases do, have enough energy and faithfulness to make any system succeed when its basic principle is right.

What we claim, however, is that the right tax is also the practicable one. A principle of ethics requires that the owner of invested wealth should pay the tax on it; and a principle of economics reveals a sure way to compel him to do it. An earnest effort to tax all visible instruments of production would have nature in its favor, and man would be a weaker creature than he is if, with such coöperation, he could not succeed.

## MUSICAL INDIGESTION

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.  
— WORDSWORTH: *The Solitary Reaper*.

### I

ON the way home from an evening of music why do we usually fall to humming or whistling some melody from last week's concert? The thing is so unnatural! It seems as if the normal mind ought to be reverberating the strains

to which the body is still sympathetically vibrating. Why, then, instead of mulling over the two symphonies, the three solos, and the overture to which our ear-drums have just ceased rolling an accompaniment, do we insist on turning so far back into the musical past?

After long puzzling over this problem I have come to believe that we are led to do so by much the same

causes that occasionally lead us after a hearty dinner to recall how greedy we were at luncheon. Reversion to last Saturday's treat after the Tuesday concert simply means that our musical digestions are days behind with their work.

The reason for this state of affairs is that concert programmes are too long. During the musical season their size keeps concert-goers in perpetual arrears; therefore most of the hearers, performers, and critics who form the bulk of the musical world, suffer from a chronic complaint which may be termed musical indigestion.

Most programmes to-day are vast museums of Tone; and those of us who stay till the last note are often affected as unpleasantly as was the dear old missionary with the beauty-loving soul who spent five hours inspecting every single statue and painting in the Vatican, and then tottered away, exclaiming that art was a mighty ungodly thing after all.

Musical indigestion is the worst enemy of the art of creative listening. One often notices how splendidly creative an audience is for the first hour, and how rapidly thereafter it grows destructive. The more 'resonant' the listeners are, the faster they use up their available supply of creative energy, the sooner they reach that condition to which Charles Lamb's amateur organist friend Nov— used to reduce that destructive listener after the first few pieces of his interminable programme.

'But when this master of the spell,' complained Lamb, 'not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive, — impatient to overcome her "earthly" with his "heavenly," — still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that in-exhausted German ocean, above which,

in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions Haydn and Mozart, with their attendant Tritons, Bach, Beethoven, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps, — I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end.'

This sort of thing was bad for Lamb, and for his amateur friend, too, although in general the player can with impunity partake more heartily than the hearer, because his music is to a certain extent predigested by familiarity; and because the fun and excitement of playing, together with his quickened intellectual activity, help along the assimilative processes.

For all that, long programmes often get musicians into a pitiable condition, and I can perfectly understand the action of my professional friend who was walking home once after having played in an orchestra for half the night. Yielding to an overpowering wave of disgust, he stuffed his trombone into the first drain he saw, with such vicious exultation that he had no small difficulty in recovering it the following morning.

The most wretched victim of indigestion is undoubtedly the music critic of the average metropolitan newspaper. He is treated on the Strassburg principle that the more you can cram into a goose, the more valuable you make the goose. 'Critics,' declared the uncompromising Tolstoi, 'have always been people less susceptible than other men to the contagion of art. For the most part they are able writers, educated and clever, but with their capacity of being infected by art quite perverted or atrophied. And therefore their writings have always largely contributed, and still contribute, to the perversion of the taste of that public which reads them and trusts them.' Now I think it unfair of the rugged Russian to blame

any one under present conditions for being a bad music critic. He should have emptied the vials of his scorn exclusively upon our system, for it can hardly fail to turn good critics into bad. It is a system which, if adopted by the wholesale liquor houses, would compel their tasters to consume at least a gallon of each variety before pronouncing judgment upon it.

One day at dinner little Anita had a third helping of beef before realizing with a groan of despair that there was ice-cream for dessert. Suddenly the despair vanished. 'The capathity of the human thtomick,' she was overheard to observe to herself, 'ith three pinth; — but it'll thtretch!'

So will the musical 'stomach, — but only with the gravest consequences. During the season a music critic in New York City averages ten performances a week. Now, a corresponding regimen for geese or tasters soon results in *pâté de foie gras* or delirium tremens. The journalistic process produces, at the best, various forms of musical indigestion, with one symptom common to all: an utter loathing for music in any form.

All glory and honor and laud be unto the small group of noble characters who, by some miracle, manage to remain good critics despite the disease which is undoubtedly tearing at their vitals. These hero critics represent the sheer triumph of spirit over flesh. They form a distinguished band of Scævola-like stoics who continue calmly delivering their illuminating discourses on the nature of the divine fire while burning their hands to a crisp in a mundane one. But these persons are all too rare. The average critic sinks completely under his affliction. Happy is he whose paper affects a savagely pessimistic pose. He can obey the promptings of his agonized inner man by laying about him and sparing not. He is per-

mitted to take out his sufferings alike on the just and the unjust, and sincerely to portray all music in the repellent terms which a Strassburg goose might use in composing an anserine menu.

Equally blessed is the satellite of one of those fashionable sheets whose philosophy of music-criticism is pre-occupied by the problem, 'Wherewithal have we been clothed?' From his column you somehow manage to receive the impression that the Rhenish Symphony began with a sunburst of incomparable brilliants, disclosed an exceedingly low-cut *scherzo*, a slow movement in creamy satin with pink pipings overlaid by gold net, followed by a broadly scored *finale*, two to two and one half yards in length. Most of the critics, however, have a far worse time of it. Their plight is aggravated by the necessity of working for those roseate journals whose advertising policy dictates that at present everything is disposed for the best in the best of possible worlds. So these wretched men are obliged to simulate perfect health and an insatiable appetite for music, and to flatter all musicians alike, because the first groan would lose them their weekly honorarium. But they know how to spare themselves.

One type slits his mouth into the perpetual grin of The Man Who Laughs. During a concert he tries to deafen his poor ears by concentrating his attention on some minor point of the performance and then writing about that point the quaintest, gayest, most lilting little essay imaginable. And next morning the public holds its sides and exclaims how true it all is and how deliciously The Man does hit it off, never realizing that a criticism of that concert is yet to be read. One scarcely knows whether this method is more unfair to the public or to the hapless tenor or fiddler or conductor who



happens to be the first handy ear-tab for The Man Who Laughs.

Another favorite defense against musical indigestion is for the critic simply to relax the muscles of his imagination and then set down on paper the shoes and ships and sealing-wax, — the anything and everything that happens to occur to him at the moment, as an interpretation of the 'meaning' of the music. Let it again be emphasized that the poor critic is more to be pitied than scorned. I ascertained this from a season's personal experience on a weekly, when I felt the fewest and lightest of the daily critic's pangs.

The moral of all this is: let us cease our orgies of gorging, and let us begin Fletcherizing. This will relieve the situation at once for hearers and performers. And the choring critics will lift up their voices (though a little out of tune, I fear) and call us blessed.

## II

The worst thing that musical indigestion accomplishes is to atrophy, or at least weaken, the musical memory. It is as hard for the ordinary man to emerge from the ordinary long concert, or from a debauch of music-reading, with a clear idea of any one thing that he has heard or played, as it was for our old missionary to emerge from his extended rush through the Vatican with a pellucid idea of the Laocoön. And, often repeated, this relaxing, confusing experience is apt to get one's memory, or latent memory, into the worst of habits.

Musical indigestion is therefore the chief enemy of the sport of amateur automusicianship, the practice of which is conditioned by a sound musical memory. Before going further it may be well to state that the automusician has no necessary connection with such automatic devices as the mechanical

piano. His only mechanical piano is more than likely to be inside of his own skull. This, however, is a superb and indispensable instrument. In fact, one is almost tempted to paraphrase Dr. van Dyke's *bon mot* about the two kinds of biographers, and to say that there are only two kinds of musicians: automusicians and aut-not-to-musicians. But this would, after all, be a rather too extreme way of declaring that it is harder to be a great musician without a capacious memory than for a rich man to see how the other half lives through the eye of a hypodermic needle.

Little will be said here about the value of a musical memory to the performer, because this every one concedes. But not every one knows that much of the player's most valuable practice is often done apart from music-book and even instrument. Happy the one whose memory so outruns his fingers that he may walk troutward-bound through Maine woods while slashing away at those Gordian knots into which Max Reger has tied every page of his sonatas. How three and four times blessed is he to whom it is granted to work out the *cadenza* of the Dvorak 'cello concerto on the seam of his trousers while the elevator is stuck between floors!

'We musicians know' that slavery to the printed note is often the final and most fatal bar to spontaneity in performance. Even without all this anxious groping of the eye among the ugly lines and spaces, the player's attention is distracted quite enough, God wot, by the base, physical properties of his instrument, by the acoustics, or a cut finger, or 'the unfit, contrarious moods of men' in the audience, or by a dozen things else. Woe unto him who is obliged to distract his attention still further from the real matter in hand by squinting at the

rude, inky symbols of the composer's meaning through that last straw — vision. It were better for his spontaneity that a millstone were hanged about his neck and fitted up with harp-strings, and he were allowed to improvise upon them, fancy-free.

Musicians feel the visual handicap so keenly that many orchestral conductors go to the extreme of committing their scores, which means remembering anywhere from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty notes a second for an entire evening, to say nothing of remembering which instrument plays which note, and how loud or soft, with what sort of bowing or tonguing or drumsticking, how the phrases are to be sculptured, how fast the composer intended each part to be played, and like details. One stands agape at the magnitude of such a task. But a moment's reflection will show that the very magnitude of that other, spiritual, task involved in the interpretation of an orchestral score, supplies one set of human faculties with quite enough to do without compelling the interpreter to be always racing with his eyes as well, and fumbling pages with his fingers.

Von Bülow, one of the most eminent conductors of his time, was so impressed by the drawbacks of the printed page that he actually tried to make each man in the Meiningen orchestra learn his own parts. If he had succeeded I think that he would have advanced orchestral art an epoch or so. But he failed. The men simply could not do it because, I suspect, they were all suffering from indigestion, brought on by overmuch reading at sight, and interminable programmes.

We are not talking here, though, about remembering music for pay, but for pleasure. Every one who does the latter — professional or not — is worthy to be called an amateur automusician.

But nobody should be thus honored unless he loves music well enough to master it, and make it his own for the pure joy of being able to start the inner machine at will, morning or evening, in bed, in the bath-tub, or up in an airship.

As for the listener, his memory is harmed by too much music far more than the old missionary's would have been harmed by too much sculpture twice a week. Because the full enjoyment of this art, more than of any other, needs the aid of memory. Except to the fortunate few who can appreciate a book of printed notes as others would a printed novel, music is an evanescent thing. It does not stay on forever like the Laocoön or the Last Judgment or St. Peter's. It does not even go on forever like Tennyson's brook (except perhaps for those who happen to live next door to a conservatory). It appears to us, a transient gleam, and then, —

Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,  
Lighting a little hour or two, —

is gone. 'And the place thereof shall know it no more,' — unless, indeed, one has had the presence of mind to treasure up a little of the precious, white powder in the private cold-storage plant we call memory. Thus, to speak of 'a melting melody' is, alas! to employ a *double entendre*.

This evanescent quality makes it providential that more of music can be remembered with a given exertion of memory than of the material of any other art, because music is more economical of its material. It can take one small form of notes and repeat it over and over again with various slight modifications, and finally build a whole piece out of it. How easy it would be to grow familiar with a streetscape by Whistler if it were composed in this thrifty musical fashion of nothing but the same strip of asphalt, seen from

various aspects and in a variety of lightings. 'Repetition is the fundamental principle in all musical construction,' writes Mr. Krehbiel (who is, by the way, one of the hero critics already referred to). 'While the exercise of memory is a most necessary activity in listening to music, it lies in music to make that exercise easy. There is repetition of motives, phrases, and periods in melody; repetition of melodies in parts; and repetition of parts in the wholes of the larger forms.' Beethoven began his Fifth Symphony with a motive of four notes which he described as Fate knocking at the door. Mr. Krehbiel has shown how these four notes, in a general way, might be said to run not only through the whole symphony, but also through certain other compositions of the same period. Thus it is evident that when one has mastered this tiny formula he has made more or less his own an entire cross-section of the master's career.

This, then, is a characteristic tendency of music: to sum itself up in one small motive, much as a nation sums itself up on some national holiday by flying its flag from every other window. By rare good fortune this tendency harmonizes beautifully with the ways of the human mind. The psychologists say that it is natural for us to simplify everything for ourselves,—to remember a certain dog, for instance, by a white spot on his left ear, or a certain symphony by taking a mental snap-shot of its few chief themes. In *The Origins of Art*, Yrjö Hirn declares that, 'the art of arranging great complexes of intellectual and emotional elements around single focal points, is not only natural to man, but may be greatly developed by exercise. Music lends itself most readily to this act of arrangement. It requires a very learned scholar to reconstruct, even approximately, from a foot a marble Hercules

that he has seen a score of times. But to reconstruct the Fifth Symphony in a rough-and-ready way from the Fate motive and a handful of other fragments is well within the capacity of not a few amateurs.

It is interesting to know that the act of creative listening is a powerful aid to the memory. The more we give out at a concert, the more we receive from it. And at the musical board there is never any extra charge for food taken away from the table. The more we resound the players' and composer's emotion back to them, the more are we aided in our unconscious efforts to pack the good things into portable shape for home consumption. For emotion not only makes the mental snapshot sharper: it also stimulates the summarizing instinct. The more emotionally a large work of art affects us, the more we are instinctively moved to sum it all up in a single impression which shall re-create the whole for us, just as we carry away the worth of the Mona Lisa in the memory of the haunting eyes alone; and just as the whole mystery of life is brought home to the poet by the flower in the crannied wall. 'The soul, of its own unity,' wrote Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*, 'always gives unity to whatever it looks on with love.'

To be without a musical memory; to be forever obliged to depend on some player, or even some machine, whenever you crave music, is like being so deaf that your only communication with the sons of men must be through the mediation of the valet whom you have hired simply on account of his Bull-of-Bashan voice. Or, if not as desperately situated as this, at least the musically oblivious stands to the man with automusic in his soul as the traveler who must depend on corporation steam stands to him who fares to the gay chug-chug of his own motor.

The automusician finds things so

convenient! He does n't have to wait for the musical train to rumble formally in and bear him away on precise iron ribbons only approximately where he wants to go, — or perhaps, indeed, in the opposite direction, — and with all manner of annoyances like a conceited, overbearing conductor, noisy fellow passengers, blockades, wrong signals, and so on. At any moment he may jump into his own crankless car, grasp the wheel and go exactly where he lists. He may drive through that bit of sunset-colored marshland a score of times, or bide ten hours motionless on the bank of the Rhine, if it please him. What is more, there are no traps, no regulations against speeding, to offset this kind of travel. He can arrive anywhere in no time, or in any other *tempo* he fancies. In his car he is practically omnipotent, — and omniscient, too, if contrapuntally inclined. His vehicle is even amphibious. The whole world stands open before him, where to choose, if we except certain neo-romanticist quicksands which only the most diabolically perfected memory-machines may negotiate.

The cultivation of the sport of auto-music is the only hope of emancipating the art from its present thralldom to performance, as the invention of printing emancipated the drama. In this reading age, we pity the illiterate who can enjoy Shakespeare only by paying for a seat in a stuffy theatre. And yet, until we can learn to revel in Beethoven while walking to work in the morning, or at least to hold him bound on our knees and enjoy him before the evening blaze, we shall remain as illiterate in music as the theatre-slave is in poetry. Ignorance and inertia alone are delaying that next great step in the development of music, — the complete coöperation of stage and audience, which can only come about when the latter turns creative. For memory

is one of the chief aids to the development of creativeness in listening, because it affords such unexampled facilities for the practice of the art. A man performing music mentally to himself is the only performer who is his own best hearer.

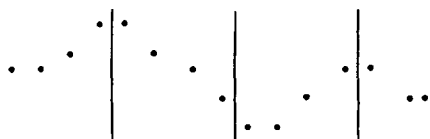
'Well, then,' some reader may ask, 'what must I do to be saved from musical indigestion, and to cultivate a musical memory?'

You must do four things to music: — read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it.

READ. Psychologically speaking, there are two types of persons: the 'visual,' and the 'auditory.' The first perceive best with their eyes; the second, with their ears. If you are of the visual type and have not yet learned to read music fluently, your greatest musical pleasure may be still before you. How do you know that — once you have become musically literate — you may not enjoy reading a volume of Brahms as much as you now enjoy a volume of Locke? And as for your memory, quite unwittingly you may have possessed all this time the musical retentiveness of a very Von Bülow, except that this faculty has required of you, not ear- but eye-service. Perhaps it has only been waiting to reveal itself until you pay it the small compliment of learning to read; because your memory is so constructed that it does not recall first how the notes sound as easily as it recalls how they look on the page. If, on the other hand, you are of the auditory type, you should learn to read, anyway; because nobody is *purely* visual or auditory. And besides, you need more than a bowing acquaintance with notation to be in a position properly to —

MARK. In a fraternity of creative listeners called the Ear Club, that used to attend the Thomas Orchestra in the old days, we developed a novel

system of 'marking' new melodies that took our fancy, which amounted to a rude but wonderfully simple method of musical shorthand. It did not pretend to furnish a finished record, but only a prop to memory. There was none of the scientific-looking paraphernalia about it that makes even a hymn-book formidable to a philistine; there were no lines or spaces, no clefs, accidentals, or tails to the notes. Each note was represented merely by a pencil dot. Its relative length was crudely shown by the horizontal distance between it and the next dot; its relative pitch, by its vertical distance from its neighbors. The measures might be indicated or not, at pleasure. Thus, if we wished to help ourselves remember the 'Hymn to Joy' from the Choral Symphony, we would mark on the margin of our programmes something like the following:—



More important than this sort of marking is the marking upon the tablets of your mind such things as how this motive or that plays hide-and-seek among the bars with its playmates, the various instruments. For the mere ability to tell which instrument of them is 'it' is a wondrous aid to memory. To do this you must learn a little about musical form and instrumentation. And once you have made yourself intelligent enough to *mark*, you will be convinced that a musical memory is one of the most delightfully entertaining things that the First Composer ever invented.

**LEARN.** Deliberately set your memory certain musical tasks to be completed within a given time. And, as a relaxation from work, play such memory-games as 'Whistle,' which was set

forth in 'A Defense of Whistling,'<sup>1</sup> or that anomalous sport, specially made for picnic parties, where you think of some melody and tap its rhythm on your neighbor's foot with your own, scoring one if he fails to guess it, and losing the 'serve' if he succeeds.

**INWARDLY DIGEST.** There is no other thing of beauty on earth that men dally with more, and think about less, than music. And this, despite the fact that one small liqueur-glassful of Chopin prelude thoroughly digested, made bone of a man's bone and flesh of his flesh, holds for him infinitely more pleasure and profit than a Heidelberg tun of Tone to be drained at a sitting; or — to change the figure — than a cloud-burst of ninety and nine symphonies that slip his memory because he has put on his mental oil-skins.

There is something both laughable and repellent in the spectacle of concert-goers sitting year after year and swallowing their musical roast-and-boiled whole, as though it were quite predigested and required no further exertion from them; as though, in fact, we had already arrived at the state of things predicted by some European savant, when science will kindly replace these very fallible organs of ours called stomachs with neat, hygienic ones of German-silver, so that, instead of solemnly gathering thrice a day about the family board, we shall when hungry simply turn a German-silver stop-cock in our left wrists, and insert a pellet of concentrated turkey-with-cranberry-sauce, and, in a single drop from a medicine dropper, administer to ourselves the essence of a quart of (dealcoholized) Tokay. When this time comes, the sweet influences of the Pleiades will doubtless be captured and used to flavor chewing-gum, and phonograph records of the bands of Orion will be on sale at all music

<sup>1</sup> In the *Atlantic*, for September, 1910.



stores, and musicians will have learned to save the public time, as well as energy, by playing a symphony not horizontally but vertically, in one massive but predigested chord.

Under our primitive twentieth-century conditions, however, it is well known to the learned few that cake is none the less in need of Fletcherizing because it happens to be angels' food, and that the man who supposes that he has digested music before devoting as much time to thinking about it as he has devoted to hearing it, is not only befooling himself and ruining his digestion, but absolutely affronting the creator of this beauty, and the player who has been re-creating it, and the creative listener in the row behind who has been re-recreating it. The sooner people discover that the musical world was never exempted from the primal curse — or blessing — of toil, the better. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou become musically well-bred.

In order to achieve this end, the first thing to do is to restrict yourself to hearing no more music than you are sure of being able to digest. Until programme-makers have learned to send their audiences away still ready for one more course, it might be a wise plan to begin by leaving the hall in the middle of every concert, and taking yourself on a quiet, musical walk in order to re-construct as best you may what you have just heard. And do not forget to take along your whistle. In these digestive strolls that convenient amateur instrument is at its very best. A habit like this will guard you from a glut of Tone, and insure you quite as much time for meditation as for listening.

If, for any reason, you are unable to leave the hall betimes, it is much better even to take forty winks than to make a glutton of yourself. In this respect old Peter the Great was far in advance of modern practice. He once took a

nap at the Opera and, on awaking, was asked if the performance had wearied him.

'Not in the least,' replied Peter; 'on the contrary, I liked it to excess. So I went to sleep from motives of prudence.'

Doubtless the monarch indulged later on in a good-night stroll, and gave the act or two which he had heard a thorough thinking over.

The prudent napper will, however, be very careful not to exert a destructive influence on the performers. He will either retire to the rear of the box, or else decline so low in his orchestra chair as to become invisible from the stage.

Under a sparing regimen like that just outlined, the musical memory will grow by leaps, and will soon be found one of the most delightful assets vouchsafed to mortals. Memory in hand, you can go back and lord it as in the days of Haydn and Mozart, when the best music the world over was the perquisite of royalty and nobility alone. For you will find your memory as good as a whole emperor's retinue of orchestras and singers, while less cumbersome, and far easier on the feelings of the performers.

You will come to know one of the joys that make leisurely browsing in a library such a delight to the book-lover with the well-stocked brain — the joy of discovering relationships. You will know what a lark it is to trace the genealogy of some Debussy or Loeffler idea back to Brahms, and from Brahms to Mendelssohn, from him to Schubert, and then back to Mozart and Bach, and Buxtehude and Palestrina, and so on until it grows dim in the mists of dawn. This and a hundred other joys will come to you, until you are convinced that music never, never renders up its deepest pleasures, its profoundest help in time of need, its

sublimest messages to men, until they have learned to remember and to digest it. Then you will be one of those fortunate ones

Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

I said just now that a musical memory was as good as a whole retinue of players and singers. In many ways it is far better, and especially on account of the perfection of the performance, — its sensuous wonder, with all the ugly shortcomings hidden and all the excellences glorified. It is at one of these retrospective concerts that we mortals receive in full measure the benefit of that divine law which always mars, however slightly, the perfection of any actually present pleasure in order that it may endue the distance with what Ruskin calls, 'that sweet bloom of all that is far away.' For a performance on the stage of memory is able to include all the virtues and expunge all the vices of past music. This is the most beautiful thing about a vigorous musical memory, that it lets us enjoy the far away at the closest possible range, with all its bloom fresh upon it.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter.

The critic who ridiculed 'unheard melodies' as 'a contradiction in terms' was having a sadly unimaginative moment. For who does not know that the poet meant those ditties which have 'no tone' for any ear save that inner one 'which is the bliss of solitude'?

It was my good fortune to learn about the perils of musical indigestion and the pleasures of memory from the members of the Ear Club. For very much as Keats, in a delicious letter to Reynolds, once advocated a 'sparing touch of noble books,' did these truly creative listeners preach musical temperance. And many of my rarest

memories of the old Thomas Orchestra cluster, not about the Auditorium, but about the shores of Lake Michigan where I would take my single symphony or overture, to 'wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect from it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it'; to pipe it to the choir of the winds, to hum it to the gentle string-murmur of the ripples, or with some heavy theme strive to out-roar the drum-battery of the breakers.

One Friday afternoon gleams out above all. First on the programme came the lovely Symphonic Variations of Dvorak. Next appeared Nordica. But before the first note of her aria I was off for the old haunts on the shore, fairly 'evaporating' Dvorak, as Stevenson would say. Undaunted by any wide demand, memory ran blithely, and soon the piece became but one variation of a larger set in which the rich undertone of the great city, the serried ranks of saffron clouds, the swooping gulls, and the emerald field of foam-flashing waters bore part. And for the *finale* the sun, slanting through the towers of the metropolis, seemed by some divine chemistry to draw forth all the nobility and beauty hidden beneath, and to waft them, a broad crimson harmony, out toward the shoreless horizon.

As we grow older and perhaps a little harder of hearing, we notice that the heard melodies begin to lose some of their old, piquant charm. But, as more than compensation, those unheard seem to grow sweeter and sweeter. Perhaps it was not such a harsh fate, after all, that closed Beethoven's ears to the crude strumming and scraping and tooting of his own day, while opening them more and more to those ineffable strains which he wove into his swan song.

Never again, I suppose, shall we

scattered members of the Ear Club be so susceptible to the mitigated pleasures of the heard melodies as in those young years of the virginity of sense. And no orchestra may now thrill us quite so deeply as a stroll in the happy autumn woods of memory, where each yellowing leaf flutters in an old programme-book. Gone are the discordant influences of the Philistine, forgotten all the flaws of rendition. Unalloyed and ideal those soundless symphonies

float out upon the pure ether of the past, dross-purged in the kindly reaches of the years. As the inner eye wanders over that beloved section of the Auditorium there appear, through the tense atmosphere of Tone, visions of the dear familiar faces. The air of 'Waldweben' commences its soft stirring in the depths of the enchanted forest, and the bird begins the same old song it sang to Siegfried when all the world was young.

## SEA BURIAL

BY MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG

LAY him not in the earth with whom the earth  
Has dealt so harshly; there no peace is found,  
Where tree-roots blindly pushing in the ground  
Would clasp his coffin in their moving girth;  
Or where the soil, in labor at the birth  
Of some fierce city, would molest the mound  
Of his low tenement, or muffled sound  
Of tunneling mole trouble the dreamless dearth  
Of sleep eternal. Rather lay him deep  
In that low grave undigged of any spade,  
— Where never sable mourner comes to weep  
And tend with pious hand the flowers that fade, —  
The many-peopled grave down in the free  
Untrodden cemeteries of the sea.

# THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OF ROBERT E. LEE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

LEE had, of course, a liberal education, though we do not know much of his early studies. Those pursued at West Point were largely technical; but before going to that institution he must have had a good grounding in the classics, for long after, when he was President of Washington College, he used to visit the Greek classes and astonish the students by his familiarity with that language. His general ideas as to educational matters were both broad and solid. During his presidency, while sustaining as far as possible the old traditions of culture, he seems to have taken decided steps in modern directions, that is, toward practical training and individual development, — steps which meant far more in the South than in the North. ‘Nothing,’ he wrote after the war, ‘will compensate us for the depression of the standard of our moral and intellectual culture.’ And again, ‘The education of a man or woman is never completed till they die.’

If Lee had written his proposed memoirs, we should be better able to judge whether he had literary gifts. As it is, his only bit of formal writing is the brief sketch prefixed to his father’s autobiography. Here, as in so many other things, we see curiously the inheritance of the eighteenth century, its dignified finish, its determination to clothe even common things in lofty phraseology. The elder Lee takes cold because ‘a slight, but driving snow which was falling, insinuated itself among the wrappings encircling his

throat.’ Where it is more appropriate this breadth of expression often attains to real beauty and grandeur, as in some of the addresses and general orders to the army. ‘Soldiers! You tread with no unequal step the road by which your fathers marched through sufferings, privations, and blood to independence. Continue to emulate in the future, as you have in the past, their valor in arms, their patient endurance of hardships, their high resolve to be free, which no trial could shake, no bribe seduce, no danger appal; and be assured the just God who crowned their efforts with success will, in His own good time, send down his blessing upon yours.’

The reports, and especially the despatches written in the field, contain no such literary effort. They are terse and clear, saying what is needed, and only what is needed. The familiar letters are less successful as mere writing. They are loose and hasty, and not always correct in grammar and syntax. They are charming, however, when they show the intimate character of the man, and they have often a peculiar grace and playfulness which prove that, serious and earnest as he was, Lee had a keen sense of the comic side of life. ‘Would you like to hear of Dick’s apparel? A little short-sleeved, short-waisted, short-skirted, brown linen coat, well-acquainted with the washboard, and intended for a smaller man than our friend; a faded blue calico shirt; domestic cloth pants; a pair of commodious brogans; and a hat torn,

broken, and discolored. Now, hear him laugh, as he presents himself for a dance, arms akimbo, and you have him before you. . . . He complains bitterly of his present waste of life, looks thin and dispirited, and is acquainted with the cry of every child in Iowa.'

In spite of his deep respect for education, I do not find that Lee had any great love for books or for things purely intellectual. In later years he expressed 'his lifelong regret that he had not completed his classical education (in which, however, he had a respectable scholarship) before going to West Point'; and he thanks Worsely for the translation of the *Odyssey*, in terms which indicate pleasure in the perusal of the original. Among English authors he is said to have been partial to Macaulay, especially the essays, which can hardly be called the mark of a literary temperament, and in writing of his father he once quotes Burke. But it is really remarkable that in so varied and extensive a correspondence there should be so little reference to literature, even in its historical aspects. This seems the more curious when we turn to the letters of Harry Lee — surely as much a man of action as his son — and find a spirit keenly alive to literary questions, ready to criticize Racine and to delight in Sophocles.

So with science. In Lee's army the soldiers discussed Darwin, and concluded that 'Marse Robert' was sufficient proof that man was not descended from apes. But I find no evidence that Lee himself ever gave a thought to the vast speculations that were unheeding the world. Perhaps it is worth while to refer in this connection to Mrs. Putnam's shrewd remark that the Southern slave-holding planter was almost obliged in self-defense to adopt this attitude toward all modern ideas.

Even as to his profession, there is no record of Lee's making it a passionate

study. He stood well at West Point, and results would certainly indicate that he did more. But nothing is said of his ever spending feverish days and nights, as did Jackson, over the campaigns of Frederick and the battles of Napoleon.

Nor do I see that he was in any way sensitive to æsthetic pleasures. While one child assiduously tickled his toes and another narrated the story of *The Lady of the Lake*, he would occasionally break in with the recitation of long passages of the poem, disconcerting the narratress and boring the tickler. This shows that he liked the poetry of Scott. (Mark Twain, by the way, believed that Scott's false chivalry was largely responsible for the Civil War.) But of other poetry no mention and no trace. I do not remember that the name of Shakespeare occurs once in all he wrote. Novels he disapproved of, as many of us do — for others. 'Read history, works of truth, not novels and romances. Get correct views of life, and learn to see the world in its true light. It will enable you to live pleasantly, to do good, and, when summoned away, to leave without regret.' The world would, indeed, be much less regrettable if there were no novels in it. With painting and with music it is as with poetry. Lee may have enjoyed such things, but he makes no mention of his enjoyment.

The nineteenth century had one æsthetic delight peculiarly its own, the appreciation of the beauty of nature. This seems to have made somewhat more of an appeal to Lee; yet even here his language certainly gives no indication of ecstasy. A quiet Virginia farm, life in the fields and woods rather than in cities, pleased him best — that is all. 'You do not know how much I have missed you and the children, my dear Mary. To be alone in a crowd is very solitary. In the woods I feel sym-



pathy with the trees and birds, in whose company I take delight, but experience no pleasure in a strange crowd.' 'I enjoyed the mountains as I rode along. The views are magnificent — the valleys so beautiful, the scenery so peaceful. What a glorious world Almighty God has given us. How thankless and ungrateful we are, and how we labor to mar his gifts.'

In short, the bent of Lee's character was absolutely moral and practical. It is not to be inferred from this, however, that he was a man of no passions, or that his staid decorum resulted from a lack of sensibility. Longstreet thought his weakness as a general was an excessive fury of combat. At any rate, there is plenty of evidence that he had a good hot temper which came to the surface on provocation. Colonel Venable says, 'No man could see the flush come over that grand forehead and the temple veins swell on occasions of great trial of patience, and doubt that Lee had the high, strong temper of a Washington.'

He disliked very much to have officers with a grievance allowed to make their way to him. At times this would happen, however. Immediately after one such occurrence 'General Lee came to the adjutant's tent with flushed face, and said warmly, "Why did you permit that man to come to my tent and make me show my temper?"' In the same way he had a great 'dislike to 'reviewing army communications,' and his aides spared him when they could. On one occasion Colonel Taylor had made matters as easy as possible; but the general 'was not in a very pleasant mood; something irritated him and he manifested his ill-humor by a little nervous twist or jerk of the neck and head, accompanied by some harshness of manner.' Taylor became impatient and showed it; whereupon the general said, 'Colonel Taylor, when I lose my temper, don't let it make you angry.'

It is a curious coincidence that one of Lee's few violent explosions of wrath occurred when he found an artilleryman brutally abusing a horse, and that one of the rare recorded outbreaks of Grant was owing to the same cause. It was *à propos* of Grant also that Lee once spoke sharply after the war, although not in the connection we should expect. One of his university faculty had been criticizing the Union general rather harshly. 'Sir,' said Lee, 'if you ever presume again to speak disrespectfully of General Grant in my presence, either you or I will sever his connection with this University.' A particularly interesting example of Lee's indignation, because we see it, as it were, bursting forth and passing at once under control, is his reference to the desecration of Arlington. 'Your old home, if not destroyed by our enemies, has been so desecrated that I cannot bear to think of it. I should have preferred it to have been wiped from the earth, its beautiful hill sunk, and its sacred trees buried, rather than to have been degraded by those who revel in the ill they do for their own selfish purposes. You see what a poor sinner I am, and how unworthy to possess what was given me; for that reason it has been taken away.'

It was by considerations of this nature that Lee dominated his passions and secured the high temperance and triumphant control which were among his most marked characteristics. His temperance, however, was no less a spiritual grace than a moral victory. Here again the resemblance to Grant is striking. Every one knows Grant's quiet comment when someone prefaced a dubious story with the familiar remark, 'I believe there are no ladies present.' 'No, but there are gentlemen.' It is said of Lee also, 'I dare say no man ever offered to relate a story of questionable delicacy in his presence.'

His very bearing and presence produced an atmosphere of purity that would have repelled the attempt.'

Evidence of Lee's supreme self-control in other directions is hardly needed. The final disaster, surely as overwhelming as could befall a man, did not break his calm or wring from him a complaint except for others. In good and evil fortune alike he strove to maintain the same stoical—or no, I should say, as he would have wished, Christian—fortitude. A striking instance of this is narrated by Taylor. Doubtless it could be paralleled in many other lives. Something similar is told of Stuart, of Cox on the Union side, and may remain untold of many a private soldier in the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia. It is none the less noble and beautiful in Lee. 'At the usual hour he summoned me to his presence to know if there were any matters of army routine upon which his judgment and action were desired. The papers containing a few such cases were presented to him; he reviewed and gave his orders in regard to them. I then left him, but for some cause returned in a few moments, and with accustomed freedom entered his tent without announcement or ceremony, when I was startled and shocked to see him overcome with grief, an open letter on his knees. That letter contained the sad intelligence of his daughter's death. . . . His army demanded his first thought and care; to his men, to their needs, he must first attend, and then he could surrender himself to his private, personal affliction.'

The force of will which appeared as self-control in great matters, showed in little as exactness, system, accuracy. It is said that in his youth his mother taught him rigid economy; and throughout life he continued to practice it. He was as scrupulously punctual as Washington, for himself and for others.

When young men called on his daughters, he began his locking up exactly at ten o'clock and the callers were expected to take notice. A member of his faculty once came to his office and asked for a certain paper. Lee told him where it could be found. Afterwards he said to him, 'Did you find the paper?' 'Yes, General.' 'Did you return it to the place where you found it?' 'Yes, General.' Mrs. Lee said of her husband that 'he could go, in the dark, and lay his hand on any article of his clothing, or on any particular paper, after he had once arranged them.' This minuteness seems to have been inborn. At any rate it appeared in early youth. 'His specialty was finishing up. . . . He drew the diagrams on a slate; and although he well knew that the one he was drawing would have to be removed to make room for another, he drew each one with as much accuracy and finish, lettering and all, as if it were to be engraved or printed.' The biographer quotes this as an admirable trait; but I have my doubts. A high authority has said, 'Never finish a thing after it is done.' And I am inclined to think that a prime attribute of greatness is disregarding the unnecessary.

In commanding the Army of Northern Virginia for three years, Lee must have sacrificed a world of intellectual if not moral scruples, and it is the more remarkable in him, since he certainly had the germs of what is sarcastically termed the New England conscience. Imagine Cromwell or Napoleon, shortly after such a battle as Gettysburg, writing the following: 'I have been much exercised as to how I can pay my taxes. I have looked out for assessors and gatherers in vain. I have sent to find collectors in the counties where I have been, without success. I wish to pay the amount as a matter of right and conscience, and for the bene-

fit of the State, but cannot accomplish it. . . . In addition, I own three horses, a watch, my apparel, and camp equipage. . . . See if you can find someone that can enlighten you as to what I am to pay.'

The same self-control, precision, economy of resource, marked Lee in speech as in other things. There is no abandon in his letters, no freedom, no outpouring, and this unquestionably makes them somewhat colorless. So with his reports. He avoids the first person, wherever possible, and says, 'It was decided,' 'It was thought best.' How different this from the vivacity of Hooker or Sherman. Very rarely does he use brusque expressions: 'It may be only a Yankee trick'; or criticize his opponents freely. 'His [Grant's] talent and strategy consists in accumulating overwhelming numbers.' Even his recorded conversations contain little that seems like unrestrained confidence. Thus one is startled when one finds him reported as saying, 'I have never understood why General Sherman has been commended for that march, when the only question was whether he could feed his army by consuming all the people had to eat.' And the tone of his remarks to Badeau is even more unusual: 'He spoke very bitterly of the course of England and France during the war, and said that the South had as much cause to resent it as the North; that England especially had acted from no regard to either portion of the Union, but from a jealousy of the united nation and a desire to see it fall to pieces. England, he said, had led the South to believe she would assist them, and then deserted them when they most needed aid.'

Bancroft speaks admirably of 'the wonderful power of secrecy of Washington, in which he excelled even Franklin; for Franklin sometimes left the impression that he knew more than he

was willing to utter, but Washington seemed to have said all that the occasion required.' Lee, I think, resembled Washington in this and had an excellent faculty, when he was interrogated, of seeming to say much and saying little. Thus he answered a question about McClellan, — 'I have always entertained a high opinion of his capacity, and have no reason to think that he omitted to do anything that was in his power.' And when one of his officers tried to draw him out by speaking rather freely about another, Lee answered, 'Well, sir, if that is your opinion of General —, I can only say that you differ very widely from the general himself.'

Reserve of this character is always liable to be misinterpreted, and so we get what foundation there is for Badeau's charge of duplicity. His complaint of this in reference to Lee's reports seems rather absurd, for the unhappy necessities of war always involve some departure from candor, if not from veracity. But Badeau also criticizes Lee's last correspondence with Grant, probably read and reread as much as any letters ever written in the world. To accuse Lee of intentional deception in any of these is preposterous; but the letter especially singled out by Badeau, that of April 8, 1865, is certainly not direct, simple, and straightforward, any more than is the other important letter in which Lee discusses Jackson's share in the tactics of Chancellorsville.

So far as Lee's reserve is concerned, however, it must not in any way be attributed to haughtiness or aristocratic superiority. It is true that he, like Washington, found it difficult to throw off his dignity, to mingle freely with his fellows in common intercourse; but there never was a man who believed more heartily in American liberty, in the absolute equality of all men before

the law and before God, who would have more entirely accepted Mr. H. D. Sedgwick's noble definition of democracy—noble especially because it levels by exalting instead of lowering: 'Democracy is the belief that our highest pleasures are increased by sharing them.' Lee hated parade, display, and ceremony, hated above all things being made an object of public gaze and adulation. His idea of high position was high responsibility; a superior was simply one who had larger duties, and the mark of a gentleman was a keen sense of the feelings and susceptibilities of others. No one has ever expressed this attitude more delicately than he himself, in a memorandum found among his papers after his death. 'The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman. The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, and employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be but the past. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.' It reminds one of Dekker's—

The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

The thing that puzzles me, as it has doubtless puzzled many, is how much personal ambition had Lee under this

august reserve, this firm moderation, this constant sacrifice of self to duty. What led him into the army first? He is reported to have said in later years, 'The great mistake of my life was taking a military education.' Why did he make that mistake? Was it merely the desire to follow his father's profession? Had he a love of adventure and excitement? Did he in his early days cherish long dreams of distant glory? Glimpses of such a passion may be caught in Washington's youthful letters. I find no trace of it in Lee's. When his friends display anxiety for his advancement, he discourages them: 'I hope my friends will give themselves no annoyance on my account, or any concern about the distribution of favors. I know how those things are awarded at Washington, and how the President will be besieged by clamorous claimants. I do not wish to be numbered among them.' Again: 'Do not give yourself any anxiety about the appointment of the brigadier. If it is on my account that you feel an interest in it, I beg that you will discard it from your thoughts.'

By the time the Civil War came, this indifference to honors had grown to be a fixed habit. No one can doubt the sincerity of Lee's repeated expressions of willingness to serve in any capacity where he could be useful. It is said that when Virginia first joined the Confederacy, he made arrangements to enlist as a private in a company of cavalry. Later he observed to a restless subordinate, 'What do you care about rank? I would serve under a corporal, if necessary.' And to Davis he wrote, after Gettysburg, 'I am as willing to serve now, as in the beginning, in any capacity and at any post where I can do good. The lower in position, the more suited to my ability and the more agreeable to my feelings.'

But there is a harder test of self-

sacrifice in these matters than even the willingness to forego rank; and that is patience under criticism. Here, too, Lee is conspicuous. To be sure, Grant asserts that his great rival was not criticized. Less than some others, perhaps, but surely enough. And I think his immunity from it was partly due to the temper in which it was received. One of the finest passages in all his letters relates to this. 'My whole time is occupied, and all my thoughts and strength are given to the cause to which my life, be it long or short, will be devoted. Tell her not to mind the reports she sees in the papers. They are made to injure and occasion distrust. Those that know me will not believe them. Those that do not will not care for them. I laugh at them.' And laughing at them, in his own sunny, kindly way, he told B. H. Hill that the great mistake of the war was in making all the best generals editors of newspapers. 'I am willing to serve in any capacity to which the authorities may assign me. I have done the best I could in the field, and have not succeeded as I could wish. I am willing to yield my place to these best generals, and I will do my best for the cause editing a newspaper.'

The more widely one reads in the literature of the war, the more one appreciates the greatness of Lee's indifference to glory, his absolute freedom from jealousy and self-justification. Doubtless there were other eminent examples of this on both sides; but one grows heartsick over the petty disputes, the ignominious wrangling which indentifies a grand cause with a little man. In many cases injured merit is only trying to get its rights and perhaps does not deserve blame. But here is precisely the hardest lesson of all. To abstain from justifying one's self at the expense of others, when one is wrong, is not always easy. To ab-

stain when one feels one's self to have been right — that is the labor and the difficulty indeed. Even in this Lee succeeded, when so many failed.

As to his love of adventure and excitement, that, also, rarely appears. All the more significant is the Fredericksburg phrase, 'It is well that war is so terrible, or else we might grow too fond of it.' Side by side with this I like to put the quiet words, written after the war and very different from what we should expect from a soldier homesick for far-off battle and glory: 'I am charmed with the duties of civil life.' Altogether, a man to whom the ambitions of this world meant very little. Yet it was he who wrote of his daughter, 'She is like her father, always wanting something.' I wonder what he wanted.

It is said that Darwin confessed that all he required for happiness in life was his scientific pursuits and the family affections. It might equally well be said that all Lee needed was the family affections and religion. And now, what about his religion?

Assuredly it was not a religion of sect. It was broad enough to go even beyond the bounds of Christianity and recognize earnestness of intention in those of a different creed altogether. 'An application of a Jew soldier for permission to attend certain ceremonies of his synagogue in Richmond was endorsed by his captain: "Disapproved. If such applications were granted, the whole army would turn Jews or Shaking Quakers." When the paper came to General Lee, he endorsed on it, "Approved, and respectfully returned to Captain —, with the advice that he should always respect the religious views and feelings of others."'

Lee was an Episcopalian, but he had no narrow belief in the power of rituals or formulas. One of his friendly ene-



mies, General Hunt, records that at the time of the excitement over Puseyism, efforts were made in the parish to which Lee belonged to enlist him on one side or the other of the controversy. He resisted these steadily, and on one occasion, when the appeals were especially urgent, he remarked audibly to Hunt, 'I am glad to see that you keep aloof from the dispute that is disturbing our little parish. That is right, and we must not get mixed up in it; we must support each other in that. But I must give you some advice about it, in order that we may understand each other: Beware of Pussyism! Pussyism is always bad, and may lead to unchristian feeling; therefore beware of Pussyism!' He seems to have had ready always in controversy, whether religious or military, some pleasant little turn of this kind, which assuaged bitterness and broadened bigotry. Thus, when a lady once complained to him that little Lenten food — fish, oysters, and the like — was obtainable in Lexington, he said to her, 'Mrs. —, I would not trouble myself about special dishes; I suppose if we abstain from special sins that is all that will be expected of us.'

Nor was Lee's religion a matter of dogma or theology. Some speculative doubts appear, indeed, to have beset him in his earlier years, and it is intensely curious to find the shadow of Unitarianism hinted at by one of his devout biographers as keeping him for a long time from the church. 'Although at that time, and for a score of years thereafter, his estimate of his own unworthiness, and some mistaken views of Christ, perhaps, prevented his making an avowal of the Christian faith and becoming a communicant of the church, he was, nevertheless, all the while guided and restrained by belief in the Bible, reverence for its Author as revealed therein, reliance *more or less*

*implicit* upon the Saviour, and prayer secret, but sincere.' (The italics are mine). When once these difficulties were overcome, however, his acceptance seems to have been complete and unquestioning. He liked sermons to be simple and practical. 'It was a noble sermon, one of the best I ever heard — and the beauty of it was that the preacher gave our young men the very marrow of the Gospel.' He liked prayers to be brief and to the point. 'You know our friend — is accustomed to make his prayers too long. He prays for the Jews, the Turks, the heathen, the Chinese, and everybody else, and makes his prayers run into the regular hour for our college recitations. Would it be wrong for me to suggest to Mr. — that he confine his morning prayers to us poor sinners at the college, and pray for the Turks, the Jews, the Chinese, and the other heathen some other time?' He avoided the discussion of speculative points, whenever possible. Someone asked him once whether he believed in the Apostolic succession. He said he had never thought of it; and on another similar occasion, 'I never trouble myself about such questions; my chief concern is to be an humble, sincere Christian myself.'

That humility is the key to this as to many other problems in Lee's character is indisputable, — genuine humility. Others might explain the universe and probe the mysteries of God. Surely he need not. Indeed it is recorded that he was reluctant to commit himself on any general matter of intellectual interest. 'He studiously avoided giving opinions upon subjects which it had not been his calling or training to investigate; and sometimes I thought he carried this great virtue too far.' Too far, perhaps. But there are so many in these days, in all days, who do not carry it far enough. I

think it is this perfect and unconscious humility of Lee's that saves him, more than anything else, from the wild doings of some of his biographers. He has no thought of his own excellences, or of intruding them upon us. No one would have shrunk more than he from being held up as a model of perfection.

Even in military affairs, where he knew his ground, the humility is always obvious. 'I could not have done as well as has been done, but I could have helped and taken part in a struggle for my home and neighborhood. So the work is done, I care not by whom it is done.' But in matters of the soul the great warrior's self-abasement is as touching as it is manifestly sincere. 'As we were about to leave his tent, Mr. Lacy said, "I think it is right that I should say to you, General, that the Chaplains of the army have a deep interest in your welfare and that some of the most fervent prayers we offer are in your behalf." The old hero's face flushed, tears started in his eyes, and he replied with choked utterance and deep emotion, "Please thank them for that, sir — I warmly appreciate it. And I can only say that I am nothing but a poor sinner, trusting in Christ for salvation, and need all of the prayers they can offer for me."'

Lee's religion was, therefore, mainly practical. He was most devout and constant in all religious observances, though his son does not conceal a human propensity to slumber during sermon time. He was ardent in prayer both private and public. Such a curious religious democracy as prevailed in his army has probably not been seen in the world since the days of Cromwell. On one occasion he was hurrying with his staff to battle. The firing had begun and the shells were flying. But the cavalcade happened to pass a camp-meeting where some ragged veteran

was holding forth in prayer. Instantly the commander-in-chief dismounted, and he and all his officers, with bared heads, reverently took part in the simple worship. Again, as the army was being moved rapidly across the James in 1864 to meet Grant at Petersburg, Lee, with a thousand cares and duties on his shoulders, turned aside from the road and knelt in the dust beside a minister, to ask for guidance and blessing.

All that I have written of Lee has indeed been written in vain, if it is necessary to point out that his religion was practical, not only in form and observance, but in the deeper touching and moulding of the heart. Perhaps the final test of this is utter and perfect forgiveness of those who have injured or are trying to injure us; not the forgiveness of the lips ('I forgive you as a Christian,' said Rowena. 'Which means,' said Wamba, 'that she does not forgive him at all'), but the forgiveness of broad tolerance, of perfect understanding and sympathy, that is, of love. After the war a minister expressed himself rather bitterly as to the conduct of the North. 'Doctor,' said Lee to him, 'there is a good old book which says, "Love your enemies." . . . Do you think your remarks this evening were quite in the spirit of that teaching?' On another occasion a general exclaimed, 'I wish those people were all dead!' 'How can you say so?' answered his chief. 'Now I wish they were all at home attending to their own business, and leaving us to do the same.' And he summed up the whole matter more generally: 'I have fought against the people of the North, because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South dearest rights. But I have never cherished bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them.'

The belief that 'our highest pleasures are increased by sharing them' certainly finds application more completely in religion than in anything else. No missionary ever had more ardent zeal than Lee for bringing the knowledge of God to all about him. Not that he had any air of being holier than others, of that reaching down a saving hand from vast heights of perfection which evokes almost a perverse determination not to be saved. Here, as elsewhere, his sweet humility averts any charge of a too aggressive saintliness. 'He one day said to a friend in speaking of the duty of laboring for the good of others, "Ah, Mrs. —, I find it so hard to keep one poor sinner's heart in the right way, that it seems presumptuous to try to help others."' Nevertheless, one almost feels as if he cared more for winning souls than battles, and for supplying his army with Bibles than with bullets and powder. Even this solemn aspect of things he could color occasionally with the gentle sunshine of his humor, as when he remarked, on hearing that many of his soldiers were taking part in a revival, 'I am delighted. I wish that all of them would become Christians, for it is about all that is left them now.' But under the smile there was a passionate earnestness which appears not only in his private talk, but in his public orders. 'The commanding general . . . directs that none but duties strictly necessary shall be required to be performed on Sunday, and that all labor, both of men and animals, which it is practicable to anticipate or postpone, or the immediate performance of which is not essential to the safety, health, or comfort of the army, shall be suspended on that day. Commanding officers . . . will give their attention to the maintenance of order and quiet around the places of worship, and prohibit anything that

may tend to disturb or interrupt religious exercises.' These might be general orders of Cromwell or of Moses.

When it came to the guidance of the young at Washington College, in later years, Lee's fervor became even more marked. 'We had been conversing for some time respecting the religious welfare of the students. General Lee's feelings soon became so intense that for a time his utterance was choked, but, recovering himself, with his eyes overflowed with tears, his lips quivering with emotion, and both hands raised, he exclaimed, "Oh, doctor! if I could only know that all the young men in this college were good Christians, I should have nothing more to desire."' You will remember that this man surrendered a great army and saw a nation sink to dust without a tear.

The central fact of all religion is doubtless the personal relation to God, prayer. And it is here that I have followed Lee with the deepest interest. In our modern busy life we set God so far apart that we are in danger of losing sight of Him altogether. This springs largely from reverence. We are afraid of soiling sacred things with the dust of every day. The mediæval Christian had no such timidity. God was his companion, his friend, to be called on every hour, every moment, if needed. Go back two thousand years to the sweet, simple piety of an Athenian gentleman, Xenophon, — some call it degrading superstition, — and see how he summons the divine to direct his comings and goings, to cast down his enemies and support his friends. Just so Lee. God gives the victory. God permits the defeat. God sends rain to mire the Virginia roads. He sends his sunshine to make them passable again. If God is appealed to passionately enough, devoutly enough, humbly enough, we win. If we lose, it is be-

cause we have not honored God sufficiently. But — but — what if your cause is wrong and the other right? What if millions on the other side are praying too, as honestly, as humbly, as zealously as you are? To set out to kill, to pray God to help you kill those who are devoutly praying God to help them kill you — it inevitably recalls the eternal contradiction put so vividly by the poet, —

For prayer the ocean is where diversely  
Men steer their course, each to a several coast;  
Where all our interests so discordant be  
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

These are old difficulties, but war always gives them a fierce and startling significance. I trust it will be believed that I do not bring them up in any spirit of mockery. My one interest is to know what Lee thought of them. Did he meet them? Did he consider them? Or did he put them aside with the simple concreteness of his practical temperament? 'I had taken every precaution to ensure success and counted on it. But the Ruler of the Universe willed otherwise and sent a storm to disconcert a well-laid plan, and to destroy my hopes.' Does he never ask why? 'I hope we will yet be able to damage our adversaries when they meet us. That it should be so, we must implore the forgiveness of God for our sins, and the continuance of His blessings.' Does this never sound strange? Apparently not; since he repeats it, and repeats it with an inexhaustible and, I cannot help adding, an at times exasperating piety.

As to prayer on its more spiritual side, Lee's use of it is naturally less revealed to us. That a relation to God so constant and so intimate should be turned to only for worldly advantage and material benefit is wholly unworthy of a nature so finely touched, and we must believe that the sweetest part of his religion lay in the high rapture and

forgetfulness of spiritual communion. He was not one to speak of such experience, however, or to write of it. And we are only told that 'he was emphatically a man of prayer, and was accustomed to pray in his family and to have his seasons of secret prayer which he allowed nothing else — however pressing — to interrupt'; and again: 'I shall never forget the emphasis with which he grasped my hands as, with voice and eye that betrayed deep emotion, he assured me that it [knowledge of prayer] was not only his comfort, but his only comfort; and declared the simple and absolute trust that he had in God and God alone.'

So I think we may say that the cardinal fact of Lee's life was God. Schleiermacher said that Spinoza was God-intoxicated. It would be indecorous to speak of Lee as intoxicated with anything. But everywhere and always he had God in his heart: not so much the God of power, or the God of justice, or even the God of beauty, but the God of love, tempering the austerity of virtue, sweetening the bitterness of failure, above all breathing loving-kindness into the intolerable hell of war. There have been fierce saints who were fighters. There have been gentle saints who were martyrs. It is rare to find a soldier making war — stern war — with the pity, the tenderness, the sympathy of a true follower of Christ. It seems suitable to end with an anecdote, not perfectly authenticated and in some points questionable, but too characteristic of Lee to be neglected altogether. It is told by a Union soldier: —

'I was in the battle of Gettysburg myself, and an incident occurred there which largely changed my views of the Southern people. I had been the most bitter anti-Southern man, and fought and cursed the Confederacy desperately. I could see nothing good in any of

them. The last day of the fight I was badly wounded. A ball shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As they came along, I recognized him, and though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as I could, "Hurrah for the Union!" The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came towards me. I confess that I thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up, he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon

his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping it firmly and looking right into my eyes, said, "My son, I hope you will soon be well." If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression of General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me, I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground.'

## A POSSESSION

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THERE were times when a sudden passionate realization of preciousness in the fleeting moment swept her and shook her like a hand across a dull, strong instrument. At sunset, she would pass the big west window in the long upstairs chamber, and would seem to be smothered with the thick light that made the homely carpets gem-work of Arabia, and the old pictures flash back golden suns and splendors. As she looked out past the black pine trees and the distant blurring hills to that seething-pot of sunny flame, a great yet desperate joy would possess her: a moment's knowledge of perfection, and an unpremeditated leap into the future. It was a curious mingling of conscious possession and loss. She seemed to know in some wise, eternal way, how the sunset, the home-

ly happy room, and all that the warm moment stood for, belonged to her so utterly that no terror of change could take it from her; and yet to feel sure, with an almost morbid premonition, that the things themselves, in that special and precious combination, would presently be lost to her forever.

Indeed, as she walked the corridors and looked from the windows of the old house, almost daily she stopped in her work or play to feel for an instant the content of the present, the vague horror and yet assurance of the future, — that it was all very good, and that some day she would be remembering how good it was, still possessing it, in the eternal way, but lacking it utterly, in time and space.

After this fashion, she would sit sewing in the cheerful yellow room



whence she could watch many doves flashing about the white church bell-fry and many elm-leaves twinkling, — and would hear from the study her father's pleasant voice, rumbling along in conference with some questioning parishioner; from one room the clack-clack of her brother's typewriter, and up and down the narrow hall the other brother's slow stride, as he thought out a queer point at law or imagined a queer text for a sermon. Perhaps the chink of silver from the dining-room let her know that Theresa was doing her already thrice-done duty. And as she would sit there, in the sun, — the white curtains blowing a little across the sill, the chair before her piled high with mending, her brother sometimes stopping in his stride to give her an extract from his brief or a comic interpretation of the scriptures, the street before the house bustling with wheeled-gear, from farm wagons to motors, and all the world apparently busy, happy, and innocent of time and change, — it would all grow suddenly very close and valuable to her, even the ragged, hopeless shirt in her hands; even the rattlety-bang of the flat-wheeled trolley outside; and she would know, without once stopping the to-and-fro of her needle, that this was dear and not to be foregone without hurt; that she had it, and would always have it, but that people would think, some day, that she had lost it forever. She would be sure, yet without credulity, that she *would* lose it. When, or how, she could not tell, but the sense of imminent loss was always in it, — not sadly; perhaps triumphantly.

The day came, and with no long delay, when the corridors and large rooms of the old house were empty save of presences too closely felt and never seen.

VOL. 108 - NO. 4

At every window there stood a kind yet troublous shadow. In haste, with a heart shut fast from memory and hands feverish to work, she dismantled room after room, from dusty book-crammed garret to sunny purring kitchen, saying no farewells, but bringing away her treasures without many thoughts — to set them up in a strange place, where they courteously gave her the old greetings with a new smile.

Then presently, out of all the confusion and weariness and languor of spirit, an unawaited joy came to her: for she proved, at last, that it was true. Her possessions, so rare, could never be taken from her. The sunsets, the still times when she lay watching the dawn creep up the wall, the sounds of doors that stuck, of boards that creaked, of steps and voices that could not be mistaken, the windows that were shadowy or sunny, 'or from which one saw the moon, the corners where she could read and dream, — these and a thousand odd sweet, or bitter-sweet, appearances and echoes, were truly her own. They had become parts of her; and being passed from material sense, they grew more sweet, and she knew that they could never pass again.

No one came to inherit her sunny windows. The old house was deserted, until strange hands made havoc with it, and it ceased to be. But she, who had loved it and lived in it, knew no change. In those far moments of passion, of realized content and fear and assurance, she had felt more pain than afterwards it was possible for her to suffer. The old house, and all that it had meant to her (which was youth and home, and that which underlies all happy living), was her possession, most utterly. It was all her own, forever; and that was much to know.

# CAVOUR'S LAST VICTORY

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

## I

THE first symptoms of the redemption of Italy were seen in the abortive revolutions engineered by the secret societies, chief among which was the Carbonaria. Then Mazzini arose, as the prophet of unity and republicanism, and founded Young Italy, which worked, perforce, through conspiracy. The great upheaval of 1848-49 seemed to promise independence and a federation, but its collapse left the princely rulers of the seven states, into which Italy was cut up, thoroughly discredited. Piedmont, however, under her 'Honest King,' Victor Emanuel, and her statesman, Cavour, soon became, for Italians and foreigners, a proof that the race which was supposed to be hopelessly effete had, instead, the sap of new life.

After 1850, Piedmont was the refuge of persecuted Italians, and the leader of the National Cause. To attain independence, Austria, mistress of Lombardy and Venetia, and virtual protector of all the despotic rulers, had to be driven out. Recognizing that the Italians by themselves could never expel the Austrians, Cavour secured the alliance of Napoleon III, and together France and Piedmont waged the War of 1859 against Austria. The immediate result was the liberation of Lombardy, the revolt of the Duchies, Legations, and Tuscany, and their annexation to Victor Emanuel's Kingdom.

In the spring of 1860 the Party of Revolution organized an expedition to

Sicily, which Garibaldi reluctantly consented to lead. But its course resembled a triumphal progress; the Bourbon armies dissolved before it; and in a few weeks Garibaldi was dictator of the Island. Meanwhile Victor Emanuel's government, by Cavour's adroit diplomacy, had prevented the Great Powers from intervening in behalf of the Bourbon King. It was imperative that the control of the National Movement should remain in the hands of the Constitutional Monarchy. Garibaldi's Republican advisers, however, urged him to defer giving up his dictatorship until he had liberated not only the Neapolitan mainland, but also Rome and Venice. Long before he could have achieved that, Austria and France would have interfered, and the newborn Kingdom of Italy would have been rent asunder by Monarchist and Republican feuds. To prevent these calamities, Cavour planned his supreme audacity of sending Victor Emanuel and an army corps to Naples. On the approach of the King, Garibaldi consented to the annexation of the Two Sicilies, resigned his dictatorship, and, finding the King wisely indisposed to continue him in command of his army of Volunteers, with full powers over the South for an indefinite period, he retired to Caprera on November 9, 1860.

But before departing, he called on his Volunteers to be ready in the spring to join him in attacking the Pope and the Austrians; and he let the Royal Government understand that,

unless his Volunteers were treated with lavish consideration, he should call it to account. For months the great problem before Italy, a problem which involved the very existence of the young nation, was whether the Party of Revolution would succeed in forcing the Monarchy into new expeditions—if, indeed, it did not actually undermine the Monarchy.

By far the most pressing duty, before setting out to redeem Venetia and Rome, was the consolidation and conciliation of the Kingdom which already acknowledged Victor Emanuel as sovereign. Although the national cause had triumphed, each of the new states contained minorities which still cherished the old régime, and would oppose more or less openly the effort to nationalize them. In the former Papal States and Naples brigandage, financed and directed from Rome, had by April swollen into a wide-spread insurrection. The relations between the King's Government and the country had to be defined. The ingrained individualism of the Italians, expressed for centuries in their political particularism, must be overcome, if there were to be real national unity; on the other hand, it must be treated with such deference that the citizens of the former States should not feel that, in becoming Italians, they had lost their identity.

Among French or Germans, the Tuscan wished, indeed, to be recognized as an Italian; but among Piedmontese or Sicilians or Romagnoles, he was a Tuscan. Such deep-rooted instincts could not be suddenly outgrown; least of all, could they be removed by statute. To discover the happy mean between centralization and local autonomy, was therefore the task. In every department similar problems had to be met. The finances must be reorganized. The army, the judiciary, the diplomatic service, must

be enlarged or remodeled. Public works—railways, telegraphs, steamship lines, post offices—had to be planned on a national scale. New taxes were called for. Many of the recently emancipated Italians had supposed, in their ignorance, that Unity would mean Utopia—a happy state in which there would be no work, or imposts, or police, or restraint on their personal desires. After a few months of Unity, they began to perceive that free government cost more than despotic, besides laying upon them civic obligations which they did not understand and could not discharge. They felt deceived; they were inclined to cast the blame of this deception on their liberators, instead of on themselves.

No other statesman in the nineteenth century had to face such a complication of internal difficulties as challenged Cavour in the spring of 1861. Reconstruction with old materials is tenfold harder than construction with new. To William de La Rive, who invited him to visit Pressinge and refresh himself in that Swiss air, moral and physical, which always restored him, he replied, regretfully, 'I greatly fear that, unless the Parliament which is about to meet [should] overthrow me, it will be impossible for me to cross the Alps. My task is more laborious and thorny than in the past. To constitute Italy, to fuse together the divers elements of which she is composed, to put North and South in harmony, offers as many difficulties as a war with Austria and the struggle with Rome.'

Even while he was writing, the tempest which had long been gathering was about to burst.

## II

Garibaldi had passed the winter at Caprera, not wholly in bucolic peace of mind. Having turned his war-horse out to pasture and planted his seed-beans,

he had much leisure, between one meal of salt codfish and another, to ruminate over his wrongs. The more he thought upon them, the more his heart grew wroth. His own patriotism loomed before him like a vast and shining cloud over-topping and dimming the exploits of everyone else. He was obsessed by the loss of Nice, as Achilles at being robbed of Chryseis. His own magnanimity made the ingratitude of the Government seem inexplicable. Had he liberated a kingdom, merely to see it pass into the control of Cavourian place-men? Had he told the world that in March he should return to lead half a million Italians against Rome and Venetia, only to learn that the Government would neither permit the enrolling of Volunteers in time of peace, nor hand over to self-constituted autocrats the direction of international relations which the Constitution imposed upon the Ministers, subject to Parliament? And when these grievances ceased to gnaw him for a moment, resentment at the slight put upon his Southern Army nettled him. And throughout the winter, every boat brought to Caprera visitors bursting with complaints and letters breathing indignation and revenge.

Probably, Garibaldi honestly imagined that he had sacrificed his personal grievances and was moved only by those of his companions-in-arms. To understand his conduct we must remember that he had just achieved the most glorious feat of modern chivalry; that the whole world was showering him with praises and laurel; that he was fully conscious of the magnitude of his achievement; that he believed that, just as he had known better than the Government how to free the Two Sicilies, so he, and not it, should be followed in regard to Venetia and Rome. Majestically ignoring that Cavour, by warding off diplomatic intervention, had enabled him to triumph in the

South, he defamed Cavour as a truckler to diplomacy, a timorous intriguer, if not a traitor, who danced attendance on the most loathsome monster living — Napoleon III. Garibaldi's scorn of the regular army, and especially of the War Office, equaled his scorn of diplomacy. Had he not proved that volunteers were more than a match for disciplined troops? Field-m Marshals and corps commanders had gone down before his own superior military genius, and their army before his nondescript legions: *ergo*, the art of war must be revolutionized. The more he thought it over, the more outrageous it seemed to him that the Ministers, instead of accepting his merest suggestion as a command, actually paid no heed to him. Never doubting that he himself was infallible, he regarded their negligence as a proof of their lack of intelligence not less than of their honesty.

He had had, in truth, to suffer treatment which might have tried the temper of a Socrates. Farini and even the King had slighted him, he believed intentionally, before he quitted Naples. What purpose served a royal retinue, which holds etiquette in greater reverence than the Decalogue, if it failed, not in tact only, but in common courtesy towards the popular hero who, above everyone else, needed to be kept in good humor? Not even slaves are callous to contempt; much less hypersensitive Garibaldi, who discovered contempt in every act. When some of the Liberal press both criticized his Volunteers and went so far as to insinuate that he owed the victory of the Volturmo to Piedmontese succor, his indignation knew no bounds. The publication by the French Government of a reference to the Chambéry interview, in which Farini was reported, and no doubt correctly, as urging upon Napoleon III that Piedmont was going to interfere in Umbria in order to check

'the Revolution embodied in Garibaldi,' further enraged the Paladin: for, although the definition was literally accurate, he liked to imagine himself as the incarnation of all Italians — except the hated Cavourians and the Papalists.

The disbanding of his Southern Army inevitably fed his wrath. The problem was indeed thorny. Victor Emanuel, who often promised more than his Ministers could perform, had assured Garibaldi in their last talks at Naples, that his Garibaldian army should be preserved on an equal footing with the regulars. The Cabinet, however, declared this to be impossible, and Victor Emanuel, being a constitutional King, bowed to their decision. The Minister of War, Fanti, — next to Cavour the man most detested by Garibaldi, — was an admirable organizer, a soldier of conscience, but rigid and uncompromising. He was right in protesting that the regular service would be seriously impaired, if thousands of red-shirted guerillas, unused to discipline and restive under it, were distributed among the regiments. To perpetuate an independent corps of Volunteers would destroy that uniformity in the personnel and training which are indispensable to an army; but even this arrangement, intended to be provisional, was accepted by the Ministry in order to appease Garibaldian clamors. A joint commission examined the records of the Volunteers. When Garibaldi retired in November his rolls bore 51,000 names! Of these some 16,000 were of men who had seen little service or none. Barely 25,000 of the remainder had made up the real army with which, in Sicily and on *terra firma*, he conquered the Bourbons. He had issued commissions with such recklessness that his officials numbered 7002, of whom 3736 remained in the reorganized army — an indication that the weeding-out was not excessively thorough.

A special corps of Italian Volunteers was created, and the Garibaldian soldiers had the choice of enlisting in that or of being mustered out with six months' stipend (162 francs) and sent home free of expense. Within two months all except 238 subalterns and common soldiers had disbanded. A few officers of proved ability — like Medici, Bixio, and Cosenz — received generals' commissions in the regular army. The disbanding of the Bourbon Army, with provision for the reënlistment of the rank and file as well as for the immediate reception into active service of certain men of high rank, went on at the same time. The Garibaldian sympathizers denounced Fanti for treating the Bourbon troops as if they merited the same consideration as the Southern Army. If the Neapolitans were henceforth to be regarded as Italians, however, justice demanded that their oath of allegiance to Victor Emanuel should be recognized as entitling them to equal consideration with the natives of Lombardy or Piedmont.

That mistakes were made in this reorganization cannot be doubted. That Fanti was strict, and sometimes harsh, was inevitable. Among both Garibaldians and Bourbons, impostors, scamps, and deserters swarmed. Fanti's general plan, which aimed at nationalizing the army in its personnel and at bringing it under a uniform system of instruction and discipline, does not need to be defended. His sternness, where he had so many rascals to deal with, was warranted. But the genuine Garibaldians had unique claims to national gratitude; like their leader, they were not deterred by patriotism or modesty from urging those claims, and they preferred to see ten fraudulent claimants rewarded rather than one honest Garibaldian slighted. The lugubrious Sir-tori, Garibaldi's agent in the transaction, repeatedly acknowledged that the



Royal Commissioners' charges were irrefutable, but he censured those commissioners for pressing them. 'They treated us like enemies,' he declared in Parliament; and Medici made a similar complaint. Later, when the issue had cooled, they were both less inclined to condemn unreservedly.

As news of this business came to Garibaldi, his resentment grew hot. It was bad enough for the Liberals to refuse to hand over the government to him and his; it was worse to try to rob the Garibaldians of their glory; it was infamous to deprive them of those honors and rewards which they had earned with their blood. Garibaldi had reached that familiar stage of obsession when he no longer attempted to reason, but attributed all his injuries to Cavour. He could not be persuaded that Cavour had not instigated the royal chamberlain's snub at Naples, or the uneffusive greeting of the King's *entourage*, or Fanti's inflexibility. Like other victims of the persecution mania, he found a simple explanation for his persecutor's conduct. Cavour was jealous of his fame and influence. Unable to hold in longer, Garibaldi decided to go to Turin. 'Let not thine hand draw the sword,' said bright-eyed Athene to his Homeric prototype, Achilles, 'yet with words indeed revile him.' Garibaldi's counselors urged his going, because they too for a year past had kept pouring into his heart hatred of Cavour: some honestly, being as unreasoning as himself; others, the larger number, from personal or partisan reasons.

During the last week in March a delegation of workmen visited Caprera, bearing an address which reeked with pessimism over the condition of Italy. Garibaldi replied that perhaps the situation was not so gloomy as they painted it. They still had Victor Emanuel for a pivot; but, he added, no nation ought to depend on one man. And the

King, he went on, 'is surrounded by people without heart, without patriotism, by men who have created a dualism between the regular army and the volunteers. . . . These wretches have sown discord and hate, have checked the work of fusion and of unification so well initiated by us. . . . But, I repeat, the King is deceived; he desires Venice to be free, and we desire to crown him in Rome.' Garibaldi assured his hearers that he relied on the horny right hand of men of his condition, and not on the fallacious promises of the political intriguers. Having previously refused to be a candidate for parliament, he suddenly changed his mind, and on March 31 he telegraphed to Naples that he would stand for the first college of that city. On April 1 he crossed to Genoa, where he was irritated at hearing that the police had visited the rooms of a patriotic committee, and where his friends inflamed him further by their tale of wrongs. The next day he reached Turin — by invitation, one newspaper stated, of Count Cavour, a statement which Garibaldi promptly denied. Yet so natural was it to suspect his sudden movements that the French journals insisted that he and Cavour were in collusion, an error which the Emperor seems for a moment to have shared.

### III

Fearing an explosion, the King sent for Garibaldi, only to perceive that he was angrier than ever with Cavour for ceding Nice and Savoy. The King repeated that if he himself could bow to the loss of the cradle of his race, Garibaldi might do as much: but the Paladin was in no state to offer up his darling feud as a willing sacrifice on the altar of concord. That cession, he told Victor Emanuel, was the wickedest of all Cavour's acts. Among his friends,

during the next few days, he let his tongue play without restraint, attacking nearly everyone except his intimates. He forgot, however, that he was no longer dictator at Naples, beyond reach of criticism. His irresponsible arraignments — he even branded the deputies as a parcel of lackeys — could not pass unchallenged in the capital of the Kingdom. One citizen there was, the fittest of all, to call him to account in Parliament, the place where every Italian was amenable to the law.

That challenger was Bettino Ricasoli, the man of iron will, of self-control, of downright speech. On April 10 he rose in the Chamber of Deputies, a Puritan patrician, austere in dress, gloved, unruffled in demeanor, with the poise of a man who can never be thrown off his feet, but who shuns rather than seeks an expression of his opinion. Ricasoli had saved Tuscany and Emilia the year before: a positive achievement, second only to that of Garibaldi in the South. No one could question, therefore, his service; only the half-educated imagine that victories on the battlefield are nobler or more difficult or more important than those victories which statesmen may win.

Ricasoli spoke without rhetoric and without recrimination. He said that the conscience of every deputy had been wounded by words attributed to General Garibaldi — words which offended the majesty of Parliament and the inviolability of the King. But he refused to believe that Garibaldi could have uttered them. In the summer of 1859 he and Garibaldi promised each other to fulfil their duty to the country. 'He has done his duty, I have done mine.' It cannot be, Ricasoli continued, that Garibaldi could insult either the King or Parliament. The King being the Liberator of Italy, there was under him no first citizen and no last. If two or three or half a dozen had

been privileged to perform their duty in a wider sphere of action, they ought not therefore to arrogate to themselves special glory, or to set themselves above the law, but humbly to thank God for granting them the larger opportunity, and for allowing them to declare: 'To me belongs the example of abnegation and of modesty; the example of showing others how everyone ought to obey the law.' It was impossible, therefore, Ricasoli concluded, to believe that Garibaldi had spoken the words imputed to him.

Never was sarcasm used more properly, seldom with better effect than on that day. Ricasoli's unadorned sentences seemed as irrefutable as a self-evident axiom in geometry. They captured his audience, not by their sarcasm, but by their truth. The nation drew a long breath of relief, because it felt that one of its greatest citizens dared to announce that no citizen, not even Garibaldi, was above the law, above Parliament, above the King. When the session broke up, Cavour grasped Ricasoli's hand and said, 'Were I to die to-morrow, my successor is marked out.' Massimo d'Azeglio, the amateur of genius, who had grown pessimistic during the last twelve-month, wrote, 'Bravo, Betto! May God bless you! There was one post — the best and most useful in my opinion — to fill in Parliament. That of vindicator of the law, of the moral law, as well as the political and every other. This post is now no longer vacant. You occupy it, and you deserve to occupy it. Now I begin to hope.'

Suffering from rheumatism, Garibaldi delayed appearing in the Chamber. But he improved every hour of these days by conferring with his Radical friends. They hoped to use him to overthrow Cavour, and he was more than eager to aid them. As usual, they shrewdly allowed him to suppose that

he, and not they, led. They proposed to accept the Monarchy, as the symbol of unity, but to insist that they should shape the foreign policy of the Government. Thus they should decide when to attack Rome, or to liberate Venetia, or to declare war on France in order to win back Nice. With Cavour out of the way, they might even hope to control the kingdom itself. They regarded their moderation as most magnanimous; for they held that the Revolution, which freed the Two Sicilies, had a supreme claim to Italy's gratitude and obedience. In their secret conferences Rattazzi, Depretis, Brofferio, and others joined, whose primary interest was, not to set up a Mazzinian republic, but to get rid of Cavour, in order that their own ambition might have the right of way.

While waiting until he felt able to attend, Garibaldi, quite after the fashion of a sovereign communicating with his parliament, sent to the deputies a letter which Rattazzi, their President, laid before them. In this, after thanking the Prime Minister for postponing the debate on the Southern Army until he could be present, Garibaldi stated that he should protest against the disbanding of his old comrades, and that he was displeased to learn that his private remarks about the King and Parliament had been discussed by Ricasoli. He concluded by repeating, in a tone which many found patronizing, that his trust in the person of Victor Emanuel was known of all. This letter failed apparently either to relieve his own mind or to satisfy the large majority of deputies who had been roused by his virulent speeches. Accordingly, he wrote again to Rattazzi, to inform the Chamber that he still approved of the King, but that his conscience forbade him to condescend to justify himself either towards the King or the Parliament; that he was moved to indignation

at the condition of the South and the abandoning of his comrades in arms; but that, in the presence of the holy National Cause, he should trample under foot any individual quarrel whatsoever. He enclosed suggestions in regard to the Southern Army, the foremost being that he should be appointed royal commissioner in the South for an indefinite period.

#### IV

On April 18, the day set for the debate, Garibaldi limped into the Chamber, accompanied by Macchi and Zuppetta, two of his Mazzinian friends. The deputies met at half-past one, but he put off his coming till nearly two, as if to be sure of a royal reception. Long before he reached the Chamber, his progress was marked by the cheers of the crowds in the streets. Instead of taking the main entrance into the hall, he chose to slip in by a small side door, which connected with the topmost row of seats occupied by the Left. In this most conspicuous position, all eyes were at once turned upon him. While the members of the Left and the Garibaldians in the tribunes cheered him for five minutes, the rest of the House waited expectantly. He was dressed in his legendary bizarre costume, — red shirt, gray Scotch plaid poncho, and little Spanish hat, with its inverted teacup-and-saucer effect. Although his face was flushed, he bore no signs of illness, but he appeared older to those who had not seen him since he sailed from Quarto. The lion aspect 'was sobered by a profusion of gray about the long mane.' The 'usual benignant, calm, supremely dignified look,' which magnetized high and low, shone in his face. That air of self-confidence and relish of the fight which he always wore in battle, could be discerned in his glances to the right and left. Order being

restored, he took the oath as deputy and sat down between his friends.

The debate on Fanti's army bill, interrupted by Garibaldi's theatrical entrance, was resumed. Ricasoli spoke. He exhorted the Chamber to concord, and declared again that the remarks recently attributed to Garibaldi must be calumnious. In questioning Fanti, he referred to the Volunteers in phrases which irritated the Garibaldians, but he equally irritated the War Minister by his criticism. Fanti read a long reply, — a businesslike presentation of the undesirability of maintaining in time of peace a corps of volunteers side by side with the regular army. He gave his reasons for each step frankly, so frankly that when he described many of the promotions in Garibaldi's army as 'fabulous,' the Left, and especially Garibaldi himself, grew restive. If Fanti's general scheme had been referred to an unprejudiced expert, like General von Moltke or General von Roon of the Prussian Army, it would have been upheld without a question. No military connoisseur, indeed, could approve of the creation of a corps of volunteers in a country where military service was compulsory. But for Garibaldi and his friends, sentiment and wounded vanity, mingled with a quivering sense of patriotic wonders performed and of threatened injustice, shut out a dispassionate consideration of the best military system.

Before Fanti had finished, Garibaldi, in spite of his outward calm, was near the point where he must speak or burst. Crispi and Bixio suggested that Fanti's report be printed for public distribution, but to this both the War Minister and Ricasoli objected. Then Garibaldi rose. Deputies and spectators in the galleries, and the ministers at the table just below the President's chair, knew that the storm, which had been visibly gathering, was about to break.

Garibaldi, from his topmost tier, could be seen clearly by all the deputies; for the Chamber was not large. He held in one hand several sheets of paper on which was written — by Rattazzi, many believed — the speech he intended to deliver. In order to read, he put on his glasses. Although he began pacifically, every one suspected that he was barely holding himself in. His rich and beautiful voice filled the hall; he spoke slowly, as an orator does who intends that his emphasis shall express neither more nor less than his exact idea. After the first few sentences, however, he hesitated for his words, tried to read them on his manuscript, failed to catch the whispered promptings of Macchi and Zuppetta, and then plunged into an extemporaneous invective. Having thanked Ricasoli for bringing the question before Parliament, he repelled the charge that he was responsible for the 'dualism' which existed. He had heard, he said, proposals of reconciliation — but only in words, for acts were always unconciliatory.

'I am a man of deeds,' he continued. 'Whenever this dualism might have harmed the great cause of my country, I have yielded, and I always shall yield. And yet, considering me as not Garibaldi, but anybody you please, I appeal to the conscience of these representatives of Italy to say whether I can offer my hand to him who has made me a foreigner in Italy.' Cheers of approval from the Garibaldians in the galleries caused the President to give warning that he should have the tribunes cleared if there were further disturbance.

Having now thrown discretion to the winds and scattered his written speech on the desk in front of him, Garibaldi proceeded, angrily, 'Italy is not split in two; it is whole; because Garibaldi and his friends will always be with those

who battle for it.' Then he addressed himself to Fanti, whom he charged with asserting that he had to go to Central Italy to put down anarchy. After a brief dispute over Fanti's phrase, he swept on to take up his real theme — the Southern Army. 'I ought, above all,' he said, 'to narrate very glorious feats. The prodigies wrought by it were overshadowed only when the cold and hostile hand of this Ministry caused its maleficent effects to be felt. When for love of concord, the horror of a fratricidal war, provoked by this very Ministry —'

At these words, a cyclone of passion whirled through the Chamber. The deputies jumped to their feet and beset the President with calls to order. Rattazzi, having rung his bell without avail, tried to speak: 'I beg the honorable General Garibaldi —' His voice was drowned by the hubbub.

Cavour, who had listened with growing indignation to Garibaldi's tirade, sprang up as if stung at the words 'fratricidal war,' pounded on the ministerial table and called so loud that many heard him in spite of the din: 'No one has the right to insult us in this manner! We protest! We have never had such intentions. Mr. President — cause the Government and the nation's representatives to be respected.'

At the first partial lull, Garibaldi, with characteristic egotism, said that he thought he had earned, by thirty years' service to the country, the right to tell the truth to the Chamber. Rattazzi requested him to express his opinions so as not to offend any deputy or minister present.

In a flash Cavour protested: 'He said that we provoked a fratricidal war. This is very different from the expression of an opinion.'

More outcries; more rushing to and fro, more gesticulations.

Garibaldi, who stood the effigy of glo-

rified rage, wholly unabashed, bellowed unrepentantly, 'Yes, a fratricidal war!'

From the Right came cries of 'Order! Order!' he has insulted the nation!' while voices from the Left replied, 'No! no! let free speech be respected!'

The uproar broke out afresh, not to be controlled. Rattazzi, after frantically ringing his bell to no purpose, put on his hat, the sign that the sitting was suspended. Then, as is the Italian fashion, the deputies poured down the aisles into the small semi-circle below the President's dais, as close as they could to the Ministers. One Garibaldian supporter, beside himself with excitement, tried to strike Cavour, but was intercepted and carried out of the Chamber to cool off. Groups hemmed the Prime Minister in, approving, expostulating, advising, or merely yelling.

'The *mêlée* in the centre of the hall, round the Minister's table, was truly appalling,' says a looker-on. 'In the midst of it all, Crispi was seen bawling, gesticulating like a maniac.' Friends surrounded Garibaldi on his upper platform, some to applaud, and some to pacify. The sanest deputies of every faction perceived that an outrage on parliamentary dignity had been committed: worse still, if the scene were renewed, irreparable harm might be done. The Red Shirts in the galleries had reached that pitch of resentment where, if they could not get what they demanded for themselves, they would gloat over the injury Garibaldi was inflicting on the Monarchy.

But the patriots of the Left joined with their least agitated colleagues of the Right to urge peace, and at four o'clock, after a quarter of an hour of pandemonium, Rattazzi, who with characteristic slyness pretended to be faint and had kept himself out of the way, called the Chamber to order.

Garibaldi still had the floor. Rattazzi neither reproved him, nor requested



him, in the name of the Chamber, to retract his unparliamentary words. Garibaldi himself was perfectly unashamed. He had enjoyed the luxury of speaking his mind regardless of consequences — a performance in which the victim of obsession has a strange sense of discharging a public duty. Having once broken through the inhibitions of self-restraint, the danger that he would let himself go again was increased tenfold. And he had still much venom to rid himself of. He stood there defiant, with almost a peasant's insensibility to the havoc he was creating.

To some his manner seemed leonine, to others theatrical. Oblivious of the larger issues, he was not to be diverted from the two objects he held to be paramount — the venting of his grievances against Cavour, and the defense of the Volunteers. He attacked again Fanti's law for disbanding the Southern Army. Those Volunteers, he said tauntingly, won two kingdoms for you: why accept the kingdoms and reject the army that gave them? He went still further, and demanded that the Government should arm the nation, creating perhaps half a million volunteers, who would outnumber the regular army three or four to one, and form an invincible weapon for the Paladin to use against Rome or Venetia. He urged that, without such a bulwark, Italy lay at the mercy of France and Austria.

Fanti replied that he could not agree with General Garibaldi's views. The air grew thunderous again. Then Bixio, the fiery and impetuous Nino, the Second of the Thousand, rose 'in behalf of concord and of Italy.' He made a very noble appeal that party and personal quarrels be sunk for the sake of national union. He said that, although the regular army must be respected, even in its prejudices, the element of strength offered by the Garibaldians

ought also to be cherished. He deplored as a calamity that a multitude of mischief-makers had sown discord between Garibaldi and Cavour. 'I would give my family and my own person,' he concluded in a burst of patriotic emotion, 'if I could see these men, and those who, like Signor Rattazzi, have directed the Italian Movement, grasp each other's hands.'

## V

Bixio's appeal was not in vain.

Cavour rose instantly to speak. His face still showed the effect of the terrible agitation through which he had just passed. Never had a prime minister resisted a greater temptation than he that afternoon. Attacked in his personal honor, accused of being a traitor, charged with fomenting a fratricidal war, — all this but the culmination of nearly two years of calumny and malice aforethought, — his first impulse was to hurl back his assailants, cost what it might. But to do this, though the great majority of Italians might justify him and Europe approve, would lead straight to civil war. The unification of Italy, to which he had devoted thirty years of his manhood, would be shattered. To avert that, by a titanic exertion of will, he held his passion as in a vise. 'If emotion could have killed,' he said afterward, 'I should have died during that hour.' Mingled with his patriotism was a noble pity for Garibaldi, the man of heroic stature in one field, the dwarf in others.

On rising Cavour paid due tribute to Bixio's generous words. Then he confessed that he had been profoundly moved by the accusation leveled at him, especially because his accuser was Garibaldi. But who, he asked, created the Volunteers whom he was charged with wronging? Was it Garibaldi? No, it was Cavour himself, who more than

two years before had summoned Garibaldi from Caprera to organize that corps. It was he who, despite the opposition of the War Department, despite also grave political difficulties, had seen the Volunteers equipped for the War of 1859. Garibaldi made no attempt to deny this. Cavour acknowledged the great service rendered during that war by the Hunters of the Alps, because they showed Europe that Italians from all sections knew how to fight and die for the cause of Liberty. Having created and upheld this corps on his own responsibility, he felt the more keenly the injustice of certain accusations. 'In spite of that,' he said with great feeling, 'I will be the first to accept the appeal made me by General Bixio. For me, the first part of this sitting is as if it had never been.' Prolonged cheers greeted this magnanimous avowal. Four fifths of the deputies breathed easier, hoping that the worst had passed. Garibaldi, however, sat immovable through it all, nor could he 'be got to say one generous word.'

Cavour went on to explain the plan of military reorganization. He showed how impossible it was to continue the Southern Army in active service as a volunteer corps. The Garibaldians had enlisted for no specified term: at Garibaldi's call they rushed to battle; the fighting over, they as quickly dispersed; they neither were qualified for routine service nor did they desire it: their strength lay in their very mobility. The Government proposed that the Volunteer Corps should consist of skeleton regiments, each having a permanent staff which should summon the Volunteers in time of war. Another reason forbade adopting Garibaldi's scheme: to continue the Garibaldians under arms would be almost equivalent to a declaration of war; and he stated emphatically that the Government would not countenance that.

Garibaldi followed Cavour, but without a hint of retraction or apology or of meeting half-way the Premier's conciliatory speech. Confronted by arguments which he would not accept and could not refute, he fell back on that store of grievances which was his obsession. He accused the War Department in 1859 of having taken all the able-bodied volunteers for the regular army, leaving him only the hump-backed and the halt. Cavour might have retorted by asking how it was that at all times, except when he was attacking the Ministry, Garibaldi boasted that these alleged cripples — to wit, the famous Hunters of the Alps — were the finest soldiers in the world. But Cavour refrained from sarcasm, merely stating that whilst the enrolment was going on, Garibaldi had frequently expressed himself as well satisfied. He explained that the ordering of Garibaldi and the Hunters of the Alps into Valtellina was made against his express advice, and that, to avoid a similar blunder, he himself sent them to the Mincio, where they might take part in battle against the Austrians. The Paladin had cherished this grievance as one of the early proofs that Cavour was jealous of him, and wished to shelve him; he now professed to be satisfied with the explanation, but he continued to perpetuate the falsehood to the end of his days.

Cavour prefaced his explanations with the words: 'I do not indeed flatter myself that I can bring about that concord to which the honorable deputy Bixio invited us. I know that there exists a fact which creates between General Garibaldi and me perhaps an abyss. I believed that I performed a painful duty, the most painful of my life, in advising the King and proposing to Parliament to approve the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. By the pain I felt, I can understand what

General Garibaldi must have felt; and if he does not forgive me for this fact, I shall not bear him a grudge.'

To Garibaldi, however, the idea of forgiving Cavour for the crime of ceding Nice never occurred as a possibility. In his reply, he remarked that he did not doubt that Cavour also loved Italy; and that the disputes between them could be quickly removed if the Prime Minister, accepting Garibaldi's project for arming the nation, would send the Southern Army back to active service in the Two Sicilies. 'That,' he said, quite as a sovereign might, 'is my desire.' In other words, Garibaldi yielded nothing, felt no thrill of magnanimity, had no glimmer of realization of the jeopardy in which his violence was placing Italy. At the end of the debate, as at the beginning, he clung with bull-dog stubbornness to the demand that justice as he saw it should be done to his Volunteers, and that his will must prevail, cost what it might.

After adjournment, as he was walking home, Cavour remarked to a companion, 'And yet, if war came, I would take Garibaldi's arm in mine, and say to him, "Let us go and see what they are doing at Verona."' So habitual was it for him to subordinate personal passion for the good of Italy!

The next day and the next the discussion was continued. Orators of the Left attacked Fanti's plan from many angles; Ministerialists defended it. Garibaldi introduced another resolution, to the effect that the Ministry should recognize the commissions issued by him as dictator, and should call out the Volunteers as early as it deemed best. On both sides there was much latent heat, with occasional explosions, and the purpose, evident although tacit, to avoid an open rupture. On the twentieth Cavour spoke twice, answering objections and restating with great clearness the intentions of

the Cabinet, in order that, under the momentary glamour of assumed conciliation, there should be no misunderstanding. On April 21, the Chamber passed Ricasoli's resolution by 190 votes to 79. Garibaldi's policy was thus overwhelmingly repudiated by the representatives of the nation, to whom he had appealed. 'Who Garibaldi is,' Ricasoli wrote to an intimate friend, 'is shown in these last debates; but what whoever was absent could not see is the expectation of all honorable hearts, after Cavour's generous and chivalric words, that Garibaldi would withdraw his resolution, and quitting his seat would go and grasp Cavour's hand.'

## VI

That afternoon General Cialdini sent to the newspapers an open letter to Garibaldi. Garibaldi despised parliament men; Cialdini was a soldier. Garibaldi was the sworn enemy of Cavour and Fanti; Cialdini had been his friend, his loyal admirer. Garibaldi regarded the Piedmontese as banded together in a conspiracy against him; Cialdini, though he had long served in Victor Emanuel's army, was a Modenese. And now Cialdini wrote:—

'Your reply to the address of the Milanese workmen, your words in the Chamber, caused me a very painful but complete disillusion. You are not the man that I thought, you are not the Garibaldi I loved. With the breaking of the spell, the affection that bound me to you has vanished. . . .

'You dare to put yourself on a level with the King, speaking of him with the affected familiarity of a comrade. You mean to place yourself above us, presenting yourself to the Chamber in a very outlandish costume; above the Government, branding its ministers as traitors because they are not devoted to you; above Parliament,

heaping vituperation on the deputies who do not think as you do; above the country, desiring to drive it whither and how pleases you best. Very well, General! There are men disposed not to tolerate all that, and I am with them. The foe of every tyranny, whether it be clothed in black or in red, I will combat even yours, to the end.

'I know the orders given by you, or by yours, to Colonel Tripoti to receive us in the Abruzzi with musket volleys; I know the words uttered by General Sirtori in Parliament; I know those spoken by you; and by these successive tracks I travel surely, and I penetrate the intimate thought of your party. It wishes to get control of the country and of the Army; threatening us, otherwise, with a civil war. I am not in a position to know what the country thinks of this, but I can assure you that the Army does not fear your threats — it fears only your government.

'General, you achieved a great and marvelous undertaking with your Volunteers. You have reason to be proud of it, but you are wrong in exaggerating its true results. You were on the Volturno in the very worst conditions when we arrived. Capua, Gaeta, Messina, and Civitella did not fall by your work, and 56,000 Bourbons were beaten, dispersed, and made prisoners by us, not by you. Therefore, to say that the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was wholly liberated by your arms is inexact. . . .

'I will end by telling you that I have neither the pretension nor the mandate to address you in the name of the Army. But I think that I know it well enough to count on its sharing the feeling of disgust and of pain which your own intemperance and those of your party have roused in me.'

This letter came as a godsend to multitudes throughout the country, who were either disgusted with Garibaldi's vanity, or alarmed at the pro-

spect of civil war. The inner circle of his intimates read it with justifiable rage. There was even talk among them that the deputies of the Left should resign in a body. But the saner heads saw that they had already gone too far. Garibaldi himself began to suspect that his Radical friends had misused him. There were neither resignations, therefore, nor retractions. But Garibaldi addressed to the doughty Cialdini this reply: —

'I too was your friend and the admirer of your deeds. To-day I will be what you choose; not being willing certainly to condescend to justify myself so far as regards what you point out in your letter as indecorous on my part towards the King and towards the Army: strong in all that, in my conscience as soldier and as citizen. As to the style of my dress, I shall wear it until I am informed that I am no longer in a free country where everyone wears what he pleases. The message to Colonel Tripoti I hear for the first time. I know no other orders than that given by me — to receive the Italian soldiers of the Army of the North as brothers; although we knew that that army was coming to combat the Revolution personified in Garibaldi (words of Farini to Napoleon III). As deputy, I think I have exposed to the Chamber the very smallest part of the wrongs received by the Southern Army from the Ministry. The Italian army will have one soldier more when there is question of fighting the enemies of Italy — and that will not come as a novelty to you. We were on the Volturno on the eve of our most splendid victory, obtained in Southern Italy before you arrived; and quite otherwise than very badly off. So far as I know, the Army has applauded the free and moderate words of a deputy-soldier for whom Italian honor has been a religion during his whole life. If, however, anyone takes offense

at my manner of procedure, I, speaking in my own name only, and alone responsible for my words, await calmly a demand for satisfaction on account of them.'

It would be unjust to many soldiers to call this a soldier's letter. Put in a nutshell, it announced that Garibaldi refused to recognize that any one had the right to criticize his words, acts, or dress; that whoever insinuated that the Garibaldian Army was in a bad condition when Victor Emanuel's corps reached the Volturno, lied; that the Dictator would prove these things by fighting a duel with the first person who challenged him.

The public, to whom Garibaldi's letter seemed weak, waited anxiously for the next move. Early on the twenty-fifth, the Dictator himself, restive at being in an unpopular position, sent his future son-in-law, Canzio, to inform Cialdini that they must fight. Meanwhile, friends of both worked to prevent a meeting. Through Trecchi the King had had news of Garibaldi's intention. Trecchi intimated, however, that if appearances could be saved, the Paladin would not decline a double reconciliation. At noon Cavour saw the King, who told him that that same evening Garibaldi would meet him in the Royal Palace. Cavour replied that, as a public man could not refuse to see anyone, he consented to the interview. At seven o'clock they met in one of the ground-floor rooms of the Palace. Garibaldi was polite, if not affable. Cavour treated him with much courtesy, and once more outlined the general policy of the Government towards Rome, Venice, and Army reorganization. Garibaldi reiterated his demands for the Southern Army and for national armament. They parted amicably. Knowing that Garibaldi had sworn that rather than take Cavour's hand he would chop off his own, Cavour made

no advances. He did not wish to expose himself to a refusal, nor Garibaldi to the obligation of carrying out so foolish a vow. A few hours later, at Pallavicino's palace, Garibaldi and Cialdini made up with an effusiveness that appeared to be genuine.

## VII

Garibaldi's onslaught had failed. Someone described him as having the heart of a child and the head of a buffalo, a creature which, when it sees a red object in the distance, charges it with indiscriminate fury, and gores and tramples it, though it be his red-cloaked master, the farmer, or the farmer's little daughter picking flowers. Equally insensate was Garibaldi's fury in this final duel with Cavour, and in his conduct for nearly two years previous. He might plead that he honestly believed that Cavour was persistently trying to destroy him; yet serious judges can have no respect for a public personage, wielding a mighty influence, who does not feel the obligation of verifying his accusations, and even dispenses with reason. Statesmen and soldiers may engage in life-or-death antagonisms over vital principles, but when they are impelled by personal pique, or vanity, or ambition, they cannot expect history to absolve them.

Garibaldi's ostensible purpose in attacking Cavour on April 18 was to secure what he regarded as justice for his Volunteers. Grant that they had cause for grievance, grant that he had not received the full measure of official recognition which he hungered for, was it patriotic to precipitate a conflict which might shatter his country? Is Achilles, who sulks in his tent, or hurls taunts at his opponents, or threatens to blast the national cause unless he is gratified — is this barbarian product of the youth of Greece the best model



of patriotism for civilized men? Garibaldi's Red Shirts risked life and fortune on their splendid enterprise: was it becoming that, even before they had finished their task, they should begin to clamor for rewards? Was it edifying in them to attempt through Garibaldi's agency to seize the state by the throat and bid it yield or perish? Why is it that the very men who, in an ecstasy of devotion, sacrifice everything in order to save or create a nation, will not sacrifice their selfish claims to it after they have weathered the crisis? Better, a thousand times better, like Leonidas and his Three Hundred, to sleep in glory on the field of a lost battle, enshrined forever in the gratitude of mankind, than to go forth under the spell of patriotism at the call of duty, and having performed deeds of undying lustre, to come back and pose as heroes, demanding pensions and honors and offices, and by vanity and greed to make patriotism odious!

But the indictment against Garibaldi goes deeper than his hatred of Cavour: it concerns Italy itself. National unification was achievable only through the coöperation of the two elements — the Monarchy and the Revolution. By promoting the National Society, and by enlisting Garibaldi on the side of the Monarchy, Cavour secured this indispensable coöperation. Garibaldi undertook to lead the Revolution in the name of the Monarchy, but, though loyal at heart to the King, he rebelled against the policy of the King's Government. Dictatorial by nature, he neither understood nor respected the prosaic working of a constitutional régime. Relying on his emotions, with hardly the reasoning power of a child, he despised or resolved to ignore facts which, like his bugbear, diplomacy, incommoded him; as if a bridge-builder should find the law of gravity troublesome and go to work disregarding it.

When tested by the touchstone of patriotism, Garibaldi's outbreak in Parliament must be unqualifiedly condemned. He made the interest of his few thousand Volunteers paramount to the welfare of Italy. If they had been treated unjustly, they might have waited to have their wrongs redressed. But Garibaldi, in order to secure commissions for his officers, and pay and a billet for his soldiers, was ready to wreck his country. What Italy needed above all was harmony: his speeches to his friends, his harangues to visiting delegations, every sentence that he uttered in the Chamber, was a warning that there should be no harmony until the Garibaldian demands were appeased. With Sicily and Naples in a state of insurrection, and the possibility of a reaction still in sight; with all the new provinces eying each other and Piedmont suspiciously; with the Austrian army increased and mobilized on the Venetian frontier; with the Pope intriguing among the Catholic Powers to recover his lost territory; and with the intentions of the French Emperor uncertain, Garibaldi decided that the most patriotic thing he could do was to stride into the Parliament of his just-created nation and threaten ruin unless the minor projects on which he had set his heart were granted him. He held further that, instead of welding together the twenty-two millions of Italians, — peoples as mutually unrelated as Scotch Highlanders and Cornishmen in the days of the Stuarts, — instead of even ascertaining whether they could be welded together, this new, tentative Italy must be put in jeopardy in order to rush to the liberation of three million Venetians and of four hundred thousand Romans. The annals of patriotism have no counterpart to this Garibaldian outbreak, because it was not patriotism; as must appear if we ask, How would Hamp-

den or Washington, Lincoln or Vettor Pisani, have acted?

The best excuse we can find for Garibaldi is that, like the small boy who does a great injury, he did not mean to. His obsession of hatred for Cavour, his innate megalomania, his inability to reason, from which came his lack of historical perspective, his accessibility to flatterers, and his unwavering devotion to whatever plan he adopted, predestined him to threaten the very existence of Italy in April, 1861.

But more was involved than the explosion of his personal wrath. The Party of Action, which made him their tool, hoped, under the cover of his immense prestige, to shape the foreign policy of the new Kingdom, as they might have done had their move for the enrolment of a half-million volunteers, to be led by him, been successful. Garibaldi was their willing dupe. In resisting him and them, at the risk of his own popularity and, as it proved, of his life, Cavour performed the best service that a patriot could perform at that crisis; he taught that under a constitutional régime no man, not even the monarch, is above the law; and that was the lesson which the Italians, and Garibaldi above all, most needed to learn.

That admiration of Garibaldi is best which admires him for his noble qualities, not that which idolizes his failures, his blunders, his defects. He belonged by nature to the simple, Homeric brood, but Fate placed him in the complex nineteenth century, amid rotting tyrannies and an effete ecclesiasticism. He loved liberty, he loved the ideal of country, with a consuming passion. Not understanding the intricacy of the modern problem, he plunged ahead and expected that the system which had sufficed for patriarchal or tribal life,

*VOL. 108 - NO. 4*

would suffice still. So he lacked that tact for the possible which is the first mark of a statesman, and saves those who are privileged to achieve inestimable benefits from doing irreparable harm to their countrymen. But he infused into the Italians a passion for his sane ideals. He let the world see that the youth of Italy could fight. He bequeathed to the story of his country's redemption the aureole of a legendary exploit.

After lingering a few days at Turin, still muttering threats and imprecations, Garibaldi returned to Caprera, where he slowly calmed down. On May 18, he wrote Cavour a friendly letter, urging him to declare a dictatorship, to summon to the standard of Victor Emanuel the half million or more volunteers who were straining at their leashes to fight, and to rest assured that Italy would not only free herself in a twinkling from Papal and Austrian trammels, but take her place among the Great Powers. This letter had scarcely reached Turin, when Cavour, who had never recovered from the ordeal of April 18, was seized with a sudden illness. In a week, thanks to numerous bleedings and other medieval medical practices, he died, on June 6, 1861.

Little though he suspected it, the person to whom that death proved the greatest calamity was Garibaldi himself. For without Cavour's real but unacknowledged protection, the Paladin's subsequent enterprises — snuffed out ignominiously at Aspromonte and at Mentana — were a menace to Italy; and his words, growing more and more lawless, were brands of discord which have not yet been quenched. To be indispensable to the glory of Garibaldi — though unrecognized by him and even spurned — marks both the masterfulness and the generosity of Cavour.

## THE URBAN TEST

BY MARGARET LYNN

UNCLE HENRY was talking to my father down by the yards one evening. I was hanging on the gate and I heard him.

'It's all right for you and Mary,' he said. 'You seem well enough satisfied out here. But what about the children? You can't let them grow up ignorant. They really ought to be having proper advantages.'

I turned my head and seemed to be looking inattentively the other way. At an interesting point in a conversation it was customary, I had learned, to devise some errand for any children within hearing, and I did want to hear what my father was going to say. But he only looked thoughtfully across at my brother Henry sitting in the open door of a low barn-loft, his legs dangling happily in space.

Uncle Henry's young son Ahthuh (only we said Arrthurr, except when we were making fun of him behind his mother's New England back) was seated painfully aloft on our tall old Jude, his knees hugging Jude's lean sides; and Henry was joyfully daring him to dismount by the natural method. But Arthur looked fearfully at the distant ground and curled his feet up higher. Finally he urged Jude slowly up to a convenient fence, stretched an exploring foot to find the top rail, and slid carefully off. Henry meanwhile produced a long stick from the hay behind him, pole-vaulted airily down from his perch, and came over to join us, pausing on his way to give a proprietary dig to the well-rounded side of his pet calf.

'What did you name your calf, Henry?' asked my father, leaving Uncle Henry unanswered for the moment, to my disappointment. That interesting discussion was evidently to be deferred until there were fewer children about.

'Eurydice,' said Henry simply.

Uncle Henry adjusted his glasses and looked with interest at the spotted myth, at this moment engaged in securing unmythical sustenance, bunting the maternal side, and stamping and whisking in an ecstasy of appetite.

'I never saw a calf named Eurydice before,' he said; 'does she come?'

Henry obligingly experimented with a half-screech, half-whistle, a wild travesty of lyric notes. The calf waved its tail blandly, but did not look round.

'Sometimes she does and sometimes she does n't,' he said. 'That's why she's Eurydice.'

'Who was Eurydice?' asked Arthur.

But he was unattended, because Henry was saying jeeringly that I had named my calf Zenobia Joan-of-Arc Victoria, and I was answering spiritedly, — having brothers helps to nourish one's spirit, — 'Well, I only had one calf.'

Uncle Henry laughed, more than I thought was needful. Every one knew that it was our privilege to name the animals on the place, if they were distinguished enough to deserve names, and the spring crop of beasts wore evidence of all our winter's reading. So there was really nothing much to be amused about. Of course in the result

strange companions were housed side by side. Daniel Boone espoused Cleopatra, and Silas Marner nosed his feed-trough in belligerent fellowship with Æneas or Elaine. For a while we named animals after relatives and acquaintances, but that custom led several times to embarrassing episodes and They bade us desist, even when tempting resemblances clamored for recognition.

We usually had a waiting list of names, and quarreled regularly over the privilege of godparenting the blinking new occupants of the yards and stables. Henry and John said Mary and I had no sense of fitness of names — colts should have a different kind of names from kittens. It is true that my confidence did have a blow occasionally. After I had bought, with my half of one of Maldy's turnovers, the authority to name a pet chicken Felicia Hemans — Henry wanted to call it Ivanhoe, but I had just committed *He Never Smiled Again* and I was firm; and Felicia grew up to be the most quarrelsome gamey old rooster we had — I became less assertive of my rights and judgment. When the appearance of his first tail-feathers bore an appalling truth to me, I tried to meet the circumstance by cutting them back to an appropriate feminine length. But masculinity will tell in spite of dress. I could cut off the tail-feathers, but I could not eliminate the crow, the right and sign of his sex. So I only made Felicia Hemans ridiculous for life, and myself so for nearly that long.

But, after all, the naming of animals is a mild amusement, and no one but ourselves saw much fun in it. Arthur did not care for it in the least, nor did any of our other childish visitors. And after Uncle Henry got through laughing at me he walked away with my father. I gave up following them as I had first thought of doing, and let their

conversation go unheard. Arthur, apparently with a sense that he had been appearing to disadvantage, began to tell us of a dog-and-pony show he had seen. We had never seen a dog-and-pony show, and Arthur's familiarity with one seemed, in his mind at least, to compensate for his inability either to stay on a horse or to get off one. In fact, it somehow appeared to be a credit to him to have seen one, and before he had finished his account his recent mortification was forgotten, and he was patronizing us and condescending to us after his usual fashion. There is no superiority so superior as that of the ten-year-old.

It was a superiority we often met. It was really exasperating, the attitude toward us and our experience assumed by children who came with their parents to visit us. Usually visitors who came on the train left their children at home, having dark fears and suspicions concerning this strange and unproved land to which they were coming. Actuated by the vague but powerful apprehension that 'something might happen,' they left their offspring within the safe confines of the long-sanctioned East, where we were allowed to suppose that nothing happened, and risked only themselves to the possibility of an experience they had never had before, and the undesirable chance of a new sensation.

But occasionally an adventurous and Providence-trusting parent brought a child or two along, to expose them to the prairie, as it were. We hailed them always with delight, for there were none too many children to play with out on the prairie, and such as we knew were often either inaccessible or forbidden. The little broken-speeched Germans on the east of us, and the little sandy Irish on the west, were as impossible as the little aborigines in the hollow, who came from the

bluffs and had underwear made out of discarded flour-sacks. Undemocratic Maldy thought them beneath us, and all but forbade them the place. We were but meagrely furnished with companions of the right age, and that is why our parents used to urge visiting friends to bring their children with them.

The experiment had variable results, though it always started with the same promising beginning, — from our shy welcome of our guests in the presence of the elders, to the moment when we dexterously segregated them from the hampering grown-up society and took them to the outdoors, the only place where acquaintance could really begin. Before the end of the first day something was defined, usually; the subtle adjustment of eastern sophistication and western immaturity, to use a euphemism, was begun. But let no one think that such an adjustment was easily accomplished. Two such combinations of elements required nice balancing. On the one hand was the God-given superiority, modestly but inevitably expressed, of the comers from beyond the Alleghanies. Coupled with this was the misbegotten but wholly natural vanity bred of contact with street-cars and grade-schools and ice-cream sodas and electric lights and fire-companies, and the augmented importance of the recent three-days' trip on the train, with all its experience. It is hard for the most modest person to go three days from home and not derive added importance from the circumstance.

Beside all these glories what had our meagre experience to show? We were on our own ground to be sure, but when it comes to matching tales, that is not an unmixed advantage. We could ride our ponies like little Indians, but our visitors could tell of a Wild West Show. We could beat them out

and out at chess and such things, but they knew roller-skates and skating rinks. We were regular little Tom Twists, but they had seen League games, even football games. We had read more books than they had looked into, commonly, but they had been to vaudeville. Our disadvantages are plainly to be seen.

Our little resources and amusements used to shrink and seem colorless before their critical eyes, and had it not been for some degree of contrariness in ourselves, we should have been almost ashamed of our meagre sources of entertainment. The little city-bred visitors did not see any fun in our many-roomed playhouses, with pursley for doormats; or in our rival farms staked off elaborately in the orchard, with fields for all kinds of grain and small potatoes for cattle in one pasture and grains of white corn for sheep in another, and tiny rustic houses constructed on a basis of crotched twigs. They did not enter with sufficient zest into the half-dozen games in which tumble-weeds played a part, for they did not see the possibilities we did in the erratic elusive globes, bounding alertly over the ground with a life of their own, — frolicsome teasing things, that invited and then avoided, and put the very impulse of play into one. Why has no one sung the lyric of the tumble-weeds? But our visitors put themselves altogether in the wrong by seeing in them only dry weeds.

Nor did such visitors follow us very sympathetically in our borrowings from books to enliven actualities. They did not care for long games of chess in which Macbeth was pitted endlessly against Julius Cæsar, or for the daily reproduction of the Punic wars in every sort of contest, from berry-picking to forbidden races on the lumbering farm-horses. That was an affair that never ended — there



really was no reason why there should not be a thousand Punic wars as well as three. It was our way of exercising the delight of partisanship, which every one must find in some form. Henry, with large masculine vision, helped to his conclusion by the *Supposed Speech of Regulus*, insisted that the success of Rome was better for the world, and I did n't see what that had to do with it. For my part, my imagination was fired by Hannibal's vow, made at an age that seemed to put him in our class, and by the ever-dramatic descent into Italy. My imagination was at fault, however, for I fear I never quite lost the impression of an early picture I formed of him seating his army neatly on a glacier and sliding nobly down to the gates of Rome.

Anyway, rivalry on such an epic scale had a great fascination for us, and for one whole summer we gave life to everyday matters by weaving it into them. But we found it hard to interest our grade-school visitors in it. They knew more dates than we did, but they did not know how to snatch the dramatic from the historic for their own delight.

We were not very good hosts, I am afraid, for we frankly tired of continual activity and returned to our books for hours at a time. It is a severe test of the virtue of hospitality to be obliged to give up one's personal habits. And who would want to give up the long afternoons when we lay stretched on the grass under a box-elder tree, two reading from one book which neither could wait for, with elbow to elbow and shoulder to shoulder and no word between us but 'Ready to turn?' Who could give up reading like this, even for company? We did n't always, I am sorry to say, and were frequently snatched back from happy isles with the chiding reminder that we must be about entertaining our guests. The spir-

it in which we returned to our social duties was no credit to us.

Some of the children caught the spirit of our games and so endeared themselves to us. But some of them, very ill-trained from our point of view, could find no use or charm in any toys that did not come out of a store, all adapted for a specified purpose. They did not know the joys that we knew in using things for purposes for which they were never intended; and it is a joy that cannot be taught. One little slender-legged maiden would not play out of doors at all, because we had no sidewalk and the ground hurt her feet.

But there was one point in which they all found delight. That was in telling us about the things that they had and we did not have. The field was large, but I must own that the expositors did justice to it, for no department of it was left unvisited. I think they had not known how great their opportunities and advantages were until they came to see us, who had not had the same. Then, upon discovering their own distinction, they spread themselves like little bay-trees, with every leaf a brazen horn, and boasted loudly of everyday matters which they had always before taken for granted. It must have been a very great descent for them when they returned to their own kind and lost this transient factitious importance. I suppose that they then, with the easy inconsistency of childhood, began to boast of their western trip.

It was not that we objected to being told things. In fact, we rejoiced in every picture of a world outside our own. But it was the manner of telling that irked us. In our own plain language, we could n't stand bragging. We disliked Arthur's assumption of proprietorship of everything east of the Mississippi. Being still very young,

we did not know how hard it is for one to go away from home and not take credit to himself for everything of merit or interest in his habitat. We could not know then that even we should in time be arrogating to ourselves all the virtues and charms of the West.

When they could keep the element of personal satisfaction out of it, we listened to their account with the greatest delight. There was nothing we did not want to know. We had never seen Coney Island or Central Park or parades or floats or soldiers or theatres or elevators or water-works — or a thousand things that we were most willing to hear about, if the account were properly given. No wonder the limitations of our knowledge invited illumination.

It was this painful lack of experience on our part that Uncle Henry referred to in his talk with my father, and that led him, before he and Arthur left that summer, to make his Great Proposition. He would take us benighted younglings to the nearest city for a day and put as much enlightenment as could be into twelve well-spent hours. He could not bring up all the arrears of a neglected education in that limited time, but he could at least show us some of the things that were worth while, like elevators and illuminated signs. And incidentally he could treat himself to the never-to-be-outgrown delight of causing surprise and giving a sensation. One likes to cause amazement, even in a child. That interpretation of his motive, however, is a surmise of later years.

But anyway the elders yielded a dubious assent, and Henry and I — the rest were too young or too old — were to go to the City for a day, under convoy of Uncle Henry, with Arthur as *aide*. And ah me, the things that we were to see! — things we had heard of

and read of and dreamed of, but had only glimpsed occasionally on trips with our parents. Arthur's elaborate tales could not surpass our imaginings. Uncle Henry was a benefactor of benefactors!

To go to the city meant to rise at a period of the night that children hardly know exists, — in fact, scarcely to go to bed at all, — and to drive away through the still darkness to take a train that gathered us up and carried us on toward a faint, faint streak of the early summer dawning. It was all a tremendous experience. To be called out of sleep and to see midnight for the first time in our lives, so far as we knew, and find the elders all walking around and doing things that are done in daytime; to discover that cocks crowed in the middle of the night, and to sit down, in the echoes of Felicia Hemans's retort to a rooster across the creek, to a meal that was neither supper nor breakfast but had all the best elements of both — that *was* a beginning! Even to have Them solicitous that we should eat enough, gave a rare sort of introduction to the whole affair.

Then came the swift ride along the prairie roads behind our fastest horses, and we faced the midnight charm of the sky, and saw the pale, useless thread of a moon glide under or out from the thin clouds, while the constant spat, spat, of the horses' feet went steadily on.

My mother's last solicitous words had been, 'See that they don't fall out if they go to sleep.' Arthur did promptly go to sleep, after wishing that we had some arc-lights along the road; and Henry, too, finally yielded. But sleep never touched me on all that long ride. Everything was too wonderful for that. Whatever great things we were to see on the morrow, the Dark was enough for me now. I seemed never to have known a real dark before.

Sometimes the clouds gathered and swept up almost threateningly, and everything was hidden but the faint line of road ahead of us and a vague suggestion of the stretches of land on each side. We crossed a long bridge that seemed to span Nothing. I could have found a horror in it all if delight had not made that impossible. There was no need to people the gloom with horrors of any sort. The darkness was living enough. I had sometimes wakened for a moment in the night and found in the blackness of the room a mere negation which I had given quality to by fancying the Things in the corners, before I dropped back into sleep again. But this darkness needed no mere fancies. When we went through some bits of timber and the man driving pulled the horses down to a slow cautious walk, I met a Dark I had never known to exist. The shadows of the trees could not accentuate it; the places where thick shade lay in daylight had lost their distinction. I stared into it with all my might, trying to explore its degree. But nothing met me, only its assertion of itself. My eyes ached with staring, but I did not for a moment tire of its uneventful blackness.

But we would come out from the woods again, and the clouds would scatter and grow thin, and the prairie would lie spread out in the pale light. For we were following bias folk-roads, that wound along ridges, skirting farms, or dipped into an occasional hollow to cross a little stream. Everything lay in a faint, almost unmarked, gray. But it was a gray that was warm and distinct, for under it lay the living green of the prairie, or of the young crops on a farm. It faded off into mist on an indistinguishable horizon. The same cold night-mist lay in the hollows by the streams. I breathed hard to get the full effect of its coldness. I

had not dreamed that the prairie held such mystery as the night gave it. The steady baldness of the day was gone. The very fact that it could so change its appearance and present itself as a thing strange to me, made it into a wonder.

Arthur and Henry slept on through all the jog and jostle of our quick ride, and Uncle Henry and the man who was driving us talked about the price of land. Men were always talking about the price of land. So far as I could tell they were always saying the same thing. I believe that their talk affected my notions of the prairie, unprecocious though I was, and helped to make it the unromantic thing it seemed to me. A man could buy up miles of prairie — a whole landscape, in fact — at so much an acre, and write his name on a little strip of paper to pay for it all. I had seen it done; and while I admired the man, comparing his resources with the loose-rattling contents of my little iron bank, I could n't help thinking less of the prairie, thus handed about as a chattel. All the triple-laid gold of a hillside of sunflowers, or the generous waves of the slough-grass, could be transferred from man to man in a five-minute transaction. After I had seen it done, beauty seemed less an absolute thing than before.

After the ride came the train, where we all cuddled down and slept for hours. And after the train and breakfast came — the City.

'You'll be surprised to death,' said Arthur for the fourth time, as we emerged from the station hotel, our feelings in leash for the great experience.

We had already been surprised, though we had not mentioned the fact, by certain peculiar flavors in the hotel breakfast, and by the difficulty of sitting down in a chair while it was being pushed under us. We had looked with

interest at the liquid called cream, and the solid called potatoes. They were novelties to us. But these were mere details, and we put them aside for the moment, to consider fully at a later time, and came out of the dining-room all alert for the world. We *longed* to be surprised, even to the point of spasms.

'There's a policeman!' exclaimed Arthur as we finally emerged on the street; and Uncle Henry looked expectantly at us.

We looked the policeman over. We had been familiar with his figure ever since we had had one in an early box of toys, and we had seen, first and last, some dozens of pictures of policemen, all of them exactly alike. This was undoubtedly a policeman. We recognized his well-filled blue suit and his supine majesty.

'That thing he wears is a helmet,' said Arthur, 'and that stick is his billy. It's awfully heavy.'

As we had not been trained in the conventions of conversation it did not occur to us to reply to the obvious, and we remained silent. A policeman was an interesting object and his moveless grandeur was very impressive, but unless he would obligingly arrest some one before our very eyes we saw nothing to say about him.

They kindly passed over our silence as due to our rustic stupefaction, and we moved on.

'That building is fifteen stories high,' said Uncle Henry respectfully, as we turned the corner; and he led us across the street to where we could take in its full magnificence.

'It's pretty high,' we said, throwing appreciation into our voices, as Uncle Henry waited for our awed comment. But really it looked just as we had known it would. Having seen a one-story building, we could easily imagine a fifteen-story or even a hundred-story one, for that matter. It was merely a

process of multiplication, and our imaginations had been stimulated by a course in mental arithmetic.

Well, details are embarrassing. Even now I don't like to go over the events of that day. Uncle Henry was most devoted, and Arthur was an indefatigable cicerone. If we did not see the whole of the impedimenta and artillery of the army of industry it was not his fault. He even dragged us off after dinner to see a park. Fancy showing a pathetic made park to country children, even prairie children. We did not think much of it. We saw buildings and buildings, and streets and streets, and fire-boxes and letter-boxes, and surface cars and elevated cars, and wonderful stores and a fine hotel and a fire-station and elevators and the central post office and an opportune funeral and the Salvation Army and a boy that was begging, actually, and a blind man and a sandwich-man — and everything else worth seeing. And we had an ice-cream soda and saw part of a *matinée* vaudeville.

But on the whole the day was not a success. Uncle Henry found us dull little stupid to play the guide to. He, I privately suspect, had seen himself in the rôle of a beneficent and well-informed fairy, showing off the city to us with urban toleration of our ignorance, and amusement at our excitement. But instead of being entertained — and indirectly flattered — by our wondering and ecstatic comment and deliciously amusing blunders, which he could repeat to the people at home as illustrations of western ignorance, he found us stolid and inarticulate. We failed to wonder in the right place or we admired in the wrong place, and Arthur said over and over, 'Well, you certainly are queer kids!'

Once when Uncle Henry met an acquaintance and they talked apart a few minutes, I heard him say, 'Yes,

it's surprising what a difference there is between city children and country children. Now, my Arthur —' I was more inarticulate than ever when he rejoined us.

But really we were not seeing such novelties as he supposed. For the most part we were merely identifying the material forms of things we had heard about and read about and seen pictured, all our little lives. We were delighted enough to see them, but we were not in the least surprised. They fulfilled our expectations — or if they did not we thought it impolite to say so, as Uncle Henry took such a proprietary interest in them. But there was nothing much to say about them. So we merely looked and were ready to pass on. And no guide, not even one paid by the hour, would like that.

The fact was, it was as much a disappointment to me as it was to Uncle Henry. I don't know what I had expected, but I had thought things would be different. I suppose the mystery of the night-ride was a bad preparation for the matter-of-factness of the city day. Perhaps if Uncle Henry and Arthur had not known so much and rattled off so many facts and explanations, things would have gone better. But they didn't leave a single possibility unprovided for. When they got through, a street-car was simply a street-car, and an elevated road merely an elevated road — not a thing for strange unknown people to go to strange wonderful places on, for all sorts of unguessed purposes. Mysterious buildings changed before our very eyes, to steel and brick and stone, and what went on within them became a negligible thing.

But, on the other hand, there were the people, and no one could tell us about them. I wished they could. What were trolleys and tall buildings and elevators? The crowd was the

thing. I stumbled along, upheld by Uncle Henry's coercive hand. He thought my eyes were on store windows and street-cars and beer-wagons and such things; but they were not. Where were all the people going, and where did they belong, and who were they, and who lived at home with them, and what were they *doing*? Every one of them might belong to a kind of life I knew nothing about. When I stumbled or pulled loiteringly at Uncle Henry's overtaxed arm, it was usually because I was following some face of a quality I had never seen before, or trying to catch flying bits of talk as speakers passed. This was the stuff that stories were made of — if I could only get at it. I was divided between rapture and poignant perplexity. The world was all there, but I could not touch it.

A carriage stopped in the street and a gentleman handsome enough to be anything came to it and talked deferentially to a lady inside. And to this very day I want to know what he was saying. Two ladies in wonderful dresses and more wonderful hats waited on a corner for a car, and they talked so earnestly that they let their car pass — so I gathered from their gestures. And what were they talking about? And in another place a carriage drove up in a great hurry and a man jumped out and dashed into a building, an uninteresting building with nothing in the windows. But why was he in such a hurry?

Once a lady that was visiting us had with her a copy of one of Mary J. Holmes's novels, and I surreptitiously began to read it. But before I had reached the end of the first chapter the lady departed and her novel with her, and I have never yet had a chance to finish it. It is a tragedy almost without parallel to have the full cup of a luscious novel snatched away from you



when the first sip has barely passed your lips. Not all the other novels in the world will ever compensate for that lost one. That experience was multiplied a hundred times that day. No later assurance of the probable stupidity of those people and the flatness of their lives can ever console me for the things I did not learn. Why did that man hurry into that building? And what were the storified ladies talking about? I still want to know.

But there was no answer to such questions. I was as much outside things as I was on the prairie at home. I think I was glad when we were taken back to the gloomy, ugly station; and doubly glad when the train carried us away across the jolty, clanking, smoky, railroad yards, and we finally left the city behind. We left Uncle Henry and Arthur too, for they were going on east. Arthur's last words were, 'But you just ought to see the New York Central!'

Some time after midnight the conductor put us off the train at our own little station, hardly discernible in the dark — and so back along the roads, to find Felicia Hemans welcoming us and daylight in one raucous hurrah,

and Mally getting ready the earliest breakfast we had ever known.

That second ride in the dark, with the faint color of dawn finally growing out of the gloom, seemed to drop a curtain over the day's experience and shut it off into a space of its own. It seemed to be a thing that was completed for all time, with nothing following it. I meditated on the contradiction of things; for lo, I seemed, as we rode across the prairie, to be coming back to the book-universe, instead of turning my face away from it. One could see more in the city, but one could imagine more in the country. The city did not epitomize books, as I had thought it would — only newspapers and trade-catalogues and advertisements, and other things that were really a waste of the noble art of print. I was no nearer my desired verse-world and story-world than I had been before. But somehow that ride helped to reestablish my faith in it. Even the sweet darkness of the prairie and the soft pink line of dawn gave an assurance of its reality, for that very dimness had a mystery and a presence that belonged to nothing I had seen that day. For the first time I found in me some love of the prairie.

# WHEN I AM DEAD

BY EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

'So I spoke, and the spirit of swift-footed Achilles departed with long strides across the fields of asphodel, pleased that I said his son was famous.'

— *The Odyssey*, PALMER's translation, book xi, lines 539-540.

WHEN I am dead I make no plea  
For wakeful immortality  
Among the spirits of the blest.  
Nor would I, an unbidden guest,  
Return to earth, once being free.

But I would lie beneath the lea,  
Knowing nor hope nor memory —  
What matter then the futile quest  
When I am dead?

Yet should the silence broken be  
E'en thus: — 'Thy son, whom thou didst see  
A baby at his mother's breast,  
Unto thy ungained goal hath pressed,' —  
Ah, that were bliss enough for me  
When I am dead.

# THE ONLY SON OF HIS MOTHER

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

When desire was a longing, and absence a thorn,  
and rejoicing a word without reason.

— SWINBURNE.

## I

'DEAD! Kyr Apostoli dead!' Barba Manoli opened his eyes wide and pushed out his lips. 'When — What are you telling, neighbor?'

'It is the truth. Life to you, Barba Manoli.'

'When did he die? Where did you hear it?'

'Those who came in the steamer this morning from Hydra told us. He died there last Friday evening. The priest was just finishing the Salutations when they called him.'

'It must have been a stroke,' said Barba Manoli, gathering his brows together. 'Kyr Apostoli was a strong man and a healthy one when I knew him, but they tell me he had grown over fat of late. It must have been a stroke surely; he was never ill a day, that I can remember.'

The men were standing in the little market-place, under the shade of an old eucalyptus tree with a deep stone trough built round it. Close by them two horses and some kids were tied to the weather-stained marble pillar, which is over the fountain. Tumble-down dark shops and sheds formed the three sides of the square, and the sea was on the fourth.

Mastro Petro, the hunchback shoemaker, sat down on an upturned pannier and stroked his thin legs contemplatively.

'Never ill!' he repeated, 'never ill! That is well — but his years! Do you not count them?'

'Why,' said Barba Manoli, 'his brother Yoryi, who died, was younger than I am. Was Apostoli much older than Yoryi?'

'He might have been his father,' answered the little shoemaker. 'When he took Yoryi's boy Andriko away from here, to live with him in Hydra, he must have been close on seventy and that is nigh seven years ago.'

'True, there is Andriko, his nephew. A man he must be by now. Well, he will have a good bit of money from his uncle. He had his own, had Kyr Apostoli; he had his own.'

'They say he left Andriko nothing, Barba Manoli.'

'Who says it? Impossible! He always said everything was to be the boy's. Why, whatever the mother may have done, Kyr Apostoli would never have got Andriko away from her, if he had not promised to let him be as his son, and inherit all he had. Bah! do not tell me such things.'

Barba Manoli's face grew purple with excitement, his white moustache worked nervously up and down, and his baggy blue breeches shook in all their many folds as he stamped his foot to emphasize his words.

'Nevertheless it is as I tell you,' persisted the hunchback. 'He leaves the boy nothing; all the money and the house goes to some one else. A woman, I think they said it was. If you do not believe me, ask Kyra Sophoula who

knows all about it. Capetan Leftheri was telling her everything this morning.' Then in a second he added, 'Speak of the song and you see the bird! — there is Kyra Sophoula herself. Wait, I will call her. Kyra Sophoula!' raising a shrill cracked voice; 'Kyra Sophoula, come here for a minute;' and he beckoned to a thin little old woman who, emerging from a dark arch at the back of the marketplace, was crossing the farther end, her red earthen pitcher under her arm. Then, as she approached, 'Tell Barba Manoli here what you heard about Kyr Apostoli, Yannoula's brother-in-law. Is it not true that he leaves nothing to Andriko after all his promises?'

'Not one *lepton*,' answered the old woman, setting down her pitcher on the edge of the stone trough and crossing her arms; 'not one.'

'But how is this thing possible?'

'They did not get on well together, the old man and the boy, for some time now,' related Kyra Sophoula. 'Why? God only knows: for Andriko could flatter and use sweet words enough when it suited him. At least he could when I knew him. Perhaps he got tired of waiting, for they say the old man kept him very tight. Perhaps the old man repented of his promises, once he had got what he wanted. Anyhow, Capetan Leftheri tells me that when Kyr Apostoli was near his end, they brought the holy ikon from the Monastery of St. Nicholas, that has cured so many, and when they laid it on his breast, he opened his eyes wide and made the sign of the cross, and cried out, "Bring my daughter-in-law here"; and of course she came running. It is that Panayota, you know, that creature he had never forgiven his son for marrying. Even when his son was dying, he had never gone near them; and now he told her to fetch the notary, that he would leave everything to her.

She lost no time you may be sure. The old man could still put his name to the paper when the notary came, but he died an hour afterwards. She says now, this Panayota, that it was the holy ikon's mercy and grace that made Kyr Apostoli recover his good senses at the last. Though, it does not enter my old head how even a miraculous ikon can bring back what was never there!'

'So he leaves nothing at all to Andriko?' said Barba Manoli. 'Ta — ta — ta, who would ever have said it?'

'He should not have done such a thing,' pronounced Mastro Petro decidedly. 'Andriko was of his own blood.'

Kyra Sophoula set her pitcher carefully under the running water before speaking.

'Yes,' she said at last, 'he was of his own blood, and perhaps he was wrong by the law. But I, for one, am glad. Serve Andriko right. Does a boy leave his poor mother who has borne him and suckled him, and toiled for him, because foolish people speak evil words of her, — and go off with the first stranger who wants to take him?'

'A stranger!' exclaimed the hunchback. 'What are you saying, Kyra Sophoula? A stranger? When it was his own uncle, his father's brother. Besides, how could the boy foresee what happens to-day? He expected without fail to have money later on; and that is a good thing always. Also many people said those were not clean doings of Yannoula's at that time. A woman is a secret thing. Who knows the truth?'

'I know it,' cried Kyra Sophoula angrily; 'and you, Mastro Petro, measure your words better, if you ever want to put a patch on a shoe of mine again.'

'What will Andriko do now, I wonder,' inquired Barba Manoli hastily. He was a quiet man and loved peace.

'Do I know?' said Kyra Sophoula shortly, taking up her pitcher, out of

whose narrow neck the water was overflowing.

'Perhaps,' said Mastro Petro in an apologetic tone of voice, 'he may come back here to his mother now.'

'If he thinks she has anything to give him, perhaps he may,' snapped the old woman.

'Why will you think evil?' asked Barba Manoli. 'A man's head is not as a child's. Things past are past. It does not seem unlikely to me that he should think of returning to live with his mother now, and of working for her.'

'The head may change,' said Kyra Sophoula, shouldering her pitcher, 'the heart never. I have known Andriko from a child, and never have I seen him think of aught but what might fill his belly or tickle his fancy. He will not begin now. — Good-day to you.'

She walked off as she spoke, and left the men looking after her.

## II

This lad Andriko, of whom they had spoken, and his mother Yannoula, had been familiar figures on the island some years before.

The woman had been left a widow early. When this happened she had paid all due observance to Poros etiquette, sending for the professional mourners to wail over the deceased and chant his virtues, not stirring from her house for the prescribed number of days, and covering all her furniture in thin black drapery. Still, as her husband had been distinctly a ne'er-do-well and not even a lovable one of the kind, she had been undeniably better off after his death. His elder brother Apostoli, who lived in Hydra, and was known to be well off, had come to Poros for the funeral. He was a stern, forbidding-looking man, of whom Yannoula was afraid, so that after his return to Hydra there was no further commun-

ication between them. The poor write few letters. Also, Kyr Apostoli had a son of his own, and Yannoula did not expect help of any kind from him. She was a quiet, hard-working, self-contained woman, with a low voice for a Poriot. Only this one child, Andriko, had been born to her, and all the strength of her nature was centred in him.

Certainly he was a lovely boy. He had gone back for his type to the ancient days of the land, and had the broad low brow, the straight nose, the short upper lip, the rounded chin and the closely curling hair of the Olympian *Hermes*. Countless foreign and barbarian invasions have blurred the purity of line of the old race. The blood has been mixed, and intermixed, till the classic type has become all too rare, especially in the towns. Yet at times, and oftenest in the islands, it is still possible to meet in the flesh the prototypes of Praxiteles, and Myron, and Polyclethus.

Peasants as a rule are not lovers of beauty, but the most stolid of them would turn to look twice at Andriko. The women when he was a little fellow would, when they saw him, spit on the ground to ward off the evil eye from him; Pappa Thanassi the priest always chose him to hold the tall candle at weddings or at christenings; and even once a boy of his own age had given him a new bright red handkerchief for his own, because when he had tied it round his head, he had been 'so good to look at.'

He was a fine lad too, broad, strong, and straight as a young cypress. He ran about bareheaded and barelegged in the sun and the wind, and in summer-time was oftener to be found in the sea than on land. He throve passing well on his fare of bread and olives, with a little white cheese or a sardine sometimes thrown in when he happened to



run an errand for Kyr Michali the grocer.

Yannoula toiled early and late at any work she found to do. Nothing came amiss to her, — field work, lemon-picking, olive-gathering, picking raisins for drying; each and all in their seasons, and her hand-loom for all spare days when work was scarce.

When she had earned enough to buy a strip of land over on the mainland, with a few lemon and olive trees on it, she looked proudly at her boy as at a future landed proprietor. Being the only son of a widow, she knew also that he would be exempt from service in the Navy. He never lacked anything she could possibly get for him: Christ-bread at Christmas and New Year, and red eggs at Easter always, whether her earnings had been large or small.

They lived, the mother and son, in a little pink-washed house next to Kyra Sophoula's, down by the dark arch, beyond the market-place. A vine grew over the rickety wooden balcony, pots of sweet basil flourished on the stone ledges of the terrace, and an ancient fig tree growing in the courtyard darkened the windows when it was in full leaf.

It was on the terrace watering her pots of sweet basil that the English strangers found her one morning. The old lady and her son, who were staying at the little hotel near the Column, and who had often employed Andriko as guide in their excursions, had come to look at the place where he lived. Mrs. Lee had been curious to see whether the boy inherited his beauty from his mother. But she was disappointed. Few would have glanced a second time at the woman who came forward to greet them, and to ask them in with the innate courtesy of the Greek peasant. Her hair was plainly parted under her widow's kerchief, and deep-set eyes looked quietly out of the thin sunburned face.

Conversation between them presented serious difficulties. Mrs. Lee tried to tell Yannoula that she also was a widow, and had this one son only. But there the likeness between them certainly ceased. The Englishwoman was tall, with white hair, her black dress was relieved by touches of white lace and the gleam of a long golden chain, which hung to her waist. Her son, Randal, was a naval officer on sick leave. They had wintered in Athens, and when, after a long drought, the dust of the city had proved unendurable, they had come away to the sea and the hills for a few days. But the charm of Poros was upon them, the days had become weeks, the weeks were growing into months, and they were still on the island. They had become familiar figures there, the white-haired mother and the young man, clean-shaven and sunburned, always so gay and bright, laughing at everything, as the women noted with wonder—they whose boys are grave long before manhood.

Mrs. Lee did not often care to come into the village itself, finding it more picturesque and pleasant in all ways when seen at a distance. Still, even while climbing over the sun-baked rocks, or stumbling over stones and rubbish heaps in the narrow streets to find Yannoula's house, she had constantly stopped to draw Randal's attention to wonderful bits of Southern coloring. Sometimes it would be only the corner of a red-tiled roof jutting out against the incredible blue of the sky, or a white pigeon preening its feathers on a terrace against a background of green vines or flaming hibiscus blossoms.

Farther on there were rows of orange-colored pumpkins drying on stone ledges; and at the end of every steep incline, across every tumble-down balcony, between the last houses of every steep street, the same radiant blue sea and paler blue hills beyond.

Yannoula had listened in respectful silence, and not a little wonder, when her native island was being ecstatically praised; but when with halting words but eloquent looks and gestures Mrs. Lee had begun to talk of Andriko, of his looks, his strength, his quickness, his daring, *then* she understood well, and her smiling eyes agreed to all, though her code of manners compelled her to answer, —

‘But what are you saying, lady? You are very good, but the lad is as all the lads are.’

Mrs. Lee had been a keen lover of beauty all her life long. The day after her arrival in Poros she had singled out Andriko from among a group of boys always standing about the quay, and for very love of his perfect Greek type had forthwith instituted him their guide and carrier in all their excursions by land and by sea.

They were out every day, and nearly all day long. Randal’s sick leave was all but over; he was quite strong again now, and after a long separation in the past, and another that was looming very near in the future, the mother and son were trying to crowd into the remaining time as many open-air days and lovely memories as they could.

Andriko, nothing loath, had been with them everywhere, leading the way, swinging a provision basket on his arm, or carrying a pitcher for fresh water on his shoulder. As he bounded up the rocky paths before them and they watched the freedom of his movements and the play of his wonderfully modelled limbs, with their constant indication of the pure physical joy of existence, he seemed to them to be the very reincarnation of prehistoric, mythological Greece. ‘The god Pan in early youth’ Mrs. Lee christened him; and when the provision basket left in his charge would be found unduly lightened of part of its contents, or the ready excus-

es rolled rapidly off his lips to account for some delay or neglected order, she would smile indulgently. Randal, man-like, was not so easily appeased. ‘The young cub wants a good licking,’ he would say now and then.

‘No, no, Randal,’ his mother would answer; ‘don’t be so terribly British and nineteenth-century-minded! You really must not expect ordinary everyday morality and humdrum honesty from the god Pan: it would be a terrible anachronism!’

There were few parts of Poros and the mainland that they left unexplored. Together they climbed the hills and looked down over the sea and over valleys where the young pines grew; over groves of gray-green olives, over rich red earth crumbling between gray rocks covered with ilex and lentisk, over walled-in gardens of lemons and mandarins, over ruined chapels with their solitary lamp kept ever burning, over ravines and dry torrent-beds overgrown with myrtle and pink oleanders; and above all was the divine blue of the Grecian sky.

Sometimes, to reach the greater heights, old Barba Stathi was told to bring his donkey, and on the donkey’s back Mrs. Lee would mount to the summit of the higher hills of the mainland, from where on the other side Hydra and Spetzai gleamed white in the distance. And in the cool of the afternoon they would descend by a shorter and steeper cut, sure-footed little Kitso firmly planting his hard hoofs on the slippery carpet of pine needles, and stepping triumphantly over the most jagged of rocks.

They went to the Devil’s Bridge, returning laden with maiden-hair ferns, by Damala and the old ruined tower of Theseus.

Once, to please Yannoula, they went with her to her strip of land and admired the well-cared-for trees: the old

gray olives, Athena's own eternal trees, and the lemon trees, just then in full bloom.

'Oh, Randal, look, look!' cried Mrs. Lee, standing before the masses of fragrant blossom, 'look at them; smell them! Look at that pure rich white against the dark shiny leaves.'

Yannoula stood by smiling, well content that the lady should be pleased, yet wondering a little that the everyday sight of a lemon tree in blossom should cause such evident delight.

'They are easily pleased, those strangers,' she said in the evening to Kyra Sophoula; 'do their lemon trees not blossom then, in their own country?'

For the Temple of Poseidon, up by the little spring and past the Chapel of St. Stathi, Mrs. Lee would choose the clearest days, when from the Temple they could distinguish, across the sea which lay below them, Athens and the Acropolis in the far distance.

But where they returned oftenest was to the Monastery.

There they spent long days, climbing up the broad shallow steps that lead up to it through the trees, wandering about in the vine-planted inner court, with its solitary tall palm waving its branches high above the red roof.

They would stand before the old tombs by the outer wall of the Chapel, reading with great facility the epitaph to the poor Italian girl Arcia Ceccoli, so young to die, — 'Meno di venti anni,' — whose artist father, 'genitore inconsolabile,' has immortalized her face in his picture of the Virgin Mother inside the Chapel, which, as the Greek inscription runs, he painted for the Monastery 'because of gratitude.' They deciphered the Greek letters on the tombs of some of the Hydriote heroes of 1821 under the arcade of the entrance to the Chapel: of Manuel Tombazis, with its epitaph in verse and its enthusiastic close, —

*VOL. 108 - NO. 4*

Glorious son of a glorious land!

But, perhaps because of the race-sympathy that moves us all, the mother and son would linger longest before the flat marble tomb let into the stone floor, just at the threshold of the Chapel, where in clear English letters it is set forth that 'Under this marble lie the mortal remains' of one Brudnell J. Bruce, an ensign in His Majesty's Foot Guards, who, having come to Greece with his Majesty's ambassador, 'unhappily' died of fever in Poros in 1828.

Inside the Chapel, she delighted in the old Byzantine and Russian ikons, wondering at the dark ascetic faces of the saints, with the heavy halos of dull silver nailed round their heads.

There was a curious ikon of the three Hierarchs, St. Gregorius, St. Basil, and St. John Chrysostom, standing upright in a row. Of the three she had a slight preference for St. Basil, but they were all terribly wooden. The Angel Gabriel painted on the side door of the Templon was also a quaint conception: an anæmic youth with flowing brown locks, one eye higher than the other, and clad in white garments whose texture, to judge by their massive folds, might have been of plaster.

Returning from the Monastery, they would time their start so as to get the best moment of the sunset just beyond the bridge, when the houses of Poros came into sight, and the narrow beach divided two golden seas by one dark strip of land.

The summer was nearly over, and Randal's time was getting very short, but Mrs. Lee was loath to leave before the vintage. So they spent long hours in the vineyards, with the fragrance of sun-ripened grapes around them, among the great panniers of heaped-up purple and yellow bunches.

At last, most reluctantly, they were forced to fix the day of their departure.

On the previous afternoon the heat

of the sun had been overpowering, and Mrs. Lee, seized rather suddenly with a violent headache, had returned very early to the little hotel.

About two in the morning Yannoula was aroused by a loud and repeated knocking at the outer door of her courtyard.

Midnight alarms were so rare in Poros that it was some time before her dazed senses awoke to the fact that the sound was a real one. When she at last opened her window on to the narrow street and looked out into the bright moonlight, she saw, to her utter astonishment, Randal Lee standing below and trying to shake open the wooden gate. He gave a gasp of relief when he saw her, and called to her to come, to come at once.

His explanation was not very clear, for his impatience made him lose the few Greek words he knew; but his gestures, his frequent repetition of the word 'mother,' at last made Yannoula understand that something was wrong, and that her presence was needed.

She hastily threw on a few clothes, gave one glance at the sleeping boy whom nothing had disturbed, and, hurried by Randal's repeated calls, left the house with him, without even tying her kerchief round her head.

As they ran down the moonlit streets, across the deserted market-place, and out on to the quay, Randal, for all his anxiety, could not help noticing how much younger she looked with her hair uncovered and hanging in two loose plaits as it had been done for the night. His mother was ill, he repeated, very ill; her head, tapping his own to be sure he was using the right word, was very hot, and there was no woman in the hotel. When they arrived the doctor was already there. It was a slight sun-stroke, he announced, — nothing to be seriously alarmed about, — the lady must keep quiet for a day or two, and

have cold compresses applied regularly. Strangers, he added, were always careless about exposure to the sun; they forgot that it was not the sun of their own climate.

Yannoula stayed with her all that night, changing the compresses and trying to keep wet linen rags cool by wrapping them round the water-jars.

Kyr Charalambo, the hotel-keeper, and the men-servants, stared at her uncovered head, and in the morning the former offered to bring his mother to look after the lady. She was very clever in sickness, he assured Randal, and wise in medicines. But the young man shook his head. No, they knew Yannoula; if she could stay, his mother would prefer it. So she stayed all the next day, sending one of the boys from the quay to her house to bring Andriko and her black kerchief.

On the second day Mrs. Lee was much better; on the third she was entirely recovered and able to travel.

They left by the steamer for Piræus with many expressions of gratitude and delight, and many promises of returning again the next summer.

They never returned, however, nor did Yannoula ever see them again, and familiar figures though they had become in Poros, it is probable they would soon have been forgotten, had it not been for a circumstance which kept their memory fresh for many a year, and which made the poor woman often curse the day on which they had ever set foot on the island.

### III

The trouble began with the generous pay that Andriko, or rather his mother for him, had received from the strangers, and the various presents which had been added as well. Among these was a wonderful English clasp-knife which Randal had given to the boy,

and a black winter dress that Mrs. Lee had written for to Athens for Yannoula, of such soft woolen texture as Poros had never seen before.

Andriko naturally boasted of all he had earned, and Yannoula herself, poor creature, made no secret of her good luck, and answered all questions concerning the stranger's generosity quite frankly. Jealousy was aroused. Comments became at first spiteful, and then openly hostile. What pay was this for doing almost nothing? If merely carrying a basket or a shawl up a hillside brought in so much, then all their boys had better stop rowing, or fishing, or digging, and run after all the town-folk who came to Poros every summer.

Yannoula, people remembered, had been a good deal with these strangers. She had taken them to her garden over on the mainland, and they had been seen at her house, too, more than once.

Who could tell, after all, how she had wormed things out of them?

A widow woman should not make so free. If it had only been the old lady, well and good. But there was the son as well. — And Yannoula was a young woman yet. He! — he! — who could tell? Women are secret things!

Generally it is impossible to trace the birth of a rumor: how the whispered hint of yesterday becomes today's open scandal. But in this case there was no difficulty.

Suddenly, one day, virtuous matrons and maids shuddered, young men tittered and old people shook their heads over an absolutely vouched-for story of Yannoula's having been seen in the middle of the night, half-dressed, with her hair flying behind her like a mad woman's, tearing through the streets alone with the young officer, the stranger.

All doubters were silenced at once. An eye-witness was prepared to swear

on the Cross, if need be, to what she had seen.

Old Kyra Marina had been sitting up all night with her granddaughter, whose baby had been born in the evening, and hearing a noise of running feet and strange talk in the street below, she had looked through the window and had seen this thing with her own eyes. Oh, they were good eyes yet, for all her age; and the moonlight had been as bright as day. No, no, these were not 'clean doings' of Yannoula's.

In vain her neighbor Kyra Sophoula brought forward the strange lady's sudden illness, and related all the incidents from the first hurried knocking at Yannoula's door. She was met by open ridicule.

Sudden illness! Bah! a terrible illness truly when the lady had been able to leave the next day. The third day was it? Well, it was all one. Besides, was Yannoula a doctor that she should have been fetched at that time of night? The hotel people had all seen her, had they? Well, what of that? She may have been there, but who could tell when she had received her midnight visitor, or for how long she had entertained him before they began their mad race together down the streets? — No, no; those stories were good for little children to believe!

The gossip did not lessen as the days went by. Nay, it even spread further. Kyra Marina had not been silent, and her tale lost nothing in the frequent retelling. It was a long time since she had been able to command the undivided attention of so many listeners.

The sole witness! Would it have been in human nature to keep silent?

Many pitied Andriko. A few men defended Yannoula: a fine woman yet, they said, and left a widow so early.

There were other young widows besides her, muttered the gossips severely; but they kept their eyes lowered under



their black kerchiefs as an honest widow should. Such a good name as Kyr Yoryi's had always been, too! Eh, eh, it was a pity that the lad was not a little older. *He* would soon have settled such goings-on, and would never have allowed his father's name to be shamed in this way. And voices grew shriller, while red pitchers waited their turn to be filled at the fountain.

The evil talk grew and spread — from the fountain to the market-place, and from the market-place to the quay.

Kyra Sophoula, coming out of Kyr Michali's shop one morning, where she had been for some dried beans, came upon three men relating the story, with the addition of various vile epithets, to some sponge-divers from Hydra, with the injunction that they should repeat it to Kyr Apostoli when they got back to their own island, so that he might not remain ignorant of his sister-in-law's fine doings, and that he might 'take his measures' as head of the family.

The old woman turned on them furiously, asking them how they were not ashamed to tell such evil lies of their own countrywoman.

Poros, lounging round Sotiro's coffee-house, smiled and said, 'Do not listen to them, Kyra Sophoula. What do *they* know? *You* do not eat straw; no one can deceive *you*, that is very certain.' And then when she had gone, it laughed out loud and added, 'She is a good advocate, she is. Who knows what her pay may be?'

Her pay was poor Yannoula's weeping gratitude as she sat crouching on the floor of her little house, wearied out with many tears, her head on the old woman's knees. For Yannoula was not strong-minded. She was utterly incapable of going about as usual, of braving public opinion, of living down the scandal. Her good name was gone, she moaned; it was an evil day on which

she had been born. Better, she cried, rocking herself backwards and forwards, that a vampire had sucked her blood than that she should have lived to see this hour.

Then with the first rains came the terrible news that the sponge-divers had faithfully delivered their message; that her brother-in-law, the stern old man, furious beyond words, was preparing to come to Poros to take her boy away from her, declaring that never while he was alive should his brother's son be brought up by a shameless woman who had willfully blackened their good name.

Half-mad with fear, trembling at every passing step, she waited for Kyra Sophoula who had run to consult the schoolmaster on the subject. When the old woman returned she assured Yannoula that she might be easy, that there was no fear at all; Kyr Vangheli had said such a thing was quite impossible: that the law would never allow a child to be taken from its mother by force.

But when Kyr Apostoli arrived from Hydra and summoned his nephew to come away with him, no force was required.

Andriko's mind had been slowly poisoned long before his uncle's arrival. Stray words had been let drop before him. Disparaging remarks, at first timid, then bolder, had been made.

The older boys at school had repeated to him what they had heard from their elders. Yes, beyond doubt, his mother had been too often with these strangers, she had spoken too freely to them, for a decent self-respecting widow who should keep her black kerchief well over her eyes, and look down as she walked. The women even said — But the story generally stopped at what they said, for even the most hardened shrank from telling the boy all the foul rumors that had been twisted to

fit into that unfortunately overseen night errand of his mother's. However, their reticence did not avail her much. Definite accusations, which could be grappled with, might possibly have aroused some disbelief, some latent instinct in the boy to defend her, but the vague affirmation, 'She has made your father's good name a laughing-stock for all the island,' stung his vanity, and excited his anger as an unpardonable offense against the dignity of his budding manhood.

His uncle's promises of adoption, of future inheritance, were scarcely required as an inducement to go with him, although he remembered and counted on them in later years. His own sullen resentment against his mother, added to the change and novelty of the step, were all-sufficient. He was past the age when he might have missed Yannoula's care and tenderness. In fact, he had been getting impatient of them for some time past, as he had of any restrictions on his liberty. Work of any sort he loathed, and he foresaw that in a life spent with his mother there would be no lack of it. His uncle, for all his sternness, looked what he was, a distinctly prosperous man. So when he said to the boy, 'Come with me to Hydra; I will make you my son, and as for that woman who has blackened our good name, neither you nor I will look on her again,' Andriko went willingly, with no thought save an angry one for the mother he was abandoning.

Even the neighbors who had been the most relentless softened toward the miserable woman when at last her mind grasped the terrible truth that her boy had left her of his own free will, that he had not been dragged away struggling, that he had not even left a message or a single word for her. They gathered around her with help and advice and pity.

## IV

For many hours after the first shock she had lain in a sort of heavy torpor. But when speech and the power of movement returned to her, she refused to have anyone but Kyra Sophoula beside her, even for the first night. And above all would she neither then, nor ever, allow a word of blame against Andriko.

'Who knows what that bad man made him believe?' she said. 'After all, he is but a child. Perhaps as soon as he feels alone he will get away, and return to me; if not, when he is a little older he will be sure to understand.' Neither would she listen to the schoolmaster who came the next day to tell her that the law would certainly be in her favor, and who offered to help her to appeal to it. 'We have been decent people all our lives, Kyr Vangheli,' she answered, 'and never had aught to do with the law. Do you think I will ask it now to drag my boy back to me like a deserter with tied hands whom the soldiers push along by his elbow? No! when he comes, he shall come free.'

For two days after this she remained silent and listless, letting Kyra Sophoula fetch water for her, sit near her, lie beside her through the long weary night, never speaking except when spoken to, and never breaking bread or putting water to her lips, except when it was placed in her very hand. Then on the third day she rose early, swept the little house, made some black coffee, and when the old woman returned from the fountain, she put her hands on the bent shoulders and looked down into the kind old wrinkled face.

'Kyra Sophoula, you must go back now to your own house. It is time, and Maroussa is there alone. For all you have done, may God repay you a hundredfold. As for me, have no anxiety, I shall be well. Yes, yes; I shall eat and

I shall drink. Since it was written in my book of Fate that I should lose these years out of my life, it is needful that I should be strong, so that when my boy comes back to me, I may have more years to live with him.'

That was the refrain which recurred at the end of almost every sentence she spoke, in the days that followed,— 'when my boy comes back to me.' In time she heard from stray sources of Andriko's safe arrival in Hydra, of his having been introduced there as Kyr Apostoli's adopted son. Once, after many months, she heard that he was ill. It was nothing, they said, just a little fever, but she ran half-distraught to Kyra Sophoula.

The old woman tried to comfort her. 'He is a strong lad; do not eat your heart out, my poor one; God is great.'

'Yes,' sobbed Yannoula, 'yes, a strong lad, but now what may be happening there God only knows.'

When they told her he was well again, she went up to the Monastery and lighted a candle before the ikon of the Virgin, who had listened to her prayers and cured her boy.

Among her treasured possessions was a handkerchief with which Mrs. Lee had once bound up a cut on Andriko's hand. She loved the feel of the fine cambric, sun-bleached and thyme-scented, as only island-washed linen can be, and would sit for hours holding it against her face.

One comfort she had, rather rare in Poros,— a picture of Andriko,— a small amateur photograph taken by a young lady, who, as Yannoula told Kyra Sophoula, had once long ago stayed for a little while with the people of the red house on the hill.

'And how did she make the picture?' asked Kyra Sophoula, who had often heard the story before, but who was wise and knew when to talk and when to listen.

'She used to go about,' Yannoula answered, 'with a small black leather box, taking pictures of all sorts of things, just with a little click— so; you could not see the picture then at once, but after some days only, and then you could always recognize the people and the places quite well. And one day she took my Andriko. He was about nine then, and she looked at him for a long time, as all strangers did always, and spoke about him with the ladies of the red house who were with her, and then she told him to stand still, just where he was, beside an old boat, and she took the picture. I was close by, for I had just come with my pitcher from the fountain, and she asked me if he were mine. When I answered yes that he was mine, she said, "A beautiful boy truly; may he live to you." Then she said she would make two pictures of him, one to keep, and the other she would give to me. She brought it to me herself two days later, in this little frame as you see it. God make her years many! See how like it is! Look at my boy just as he stood there with his little hand on the side of the boat and his curls showing against the sky. — My little boy! Often do I go to sleep with this picture held fast to my breast, that I may perhaps dream of him, but nearly always do I dream of other things, not of him. Only last night, if you believe me, I dreamed of those Athenians who came by that new steamer on Sunday, and who took their food in baskets up to the Monastery: of that fat woman who laughed so loud, and of the girl with the red hair. What did I need,' she burst out with a sort of quiet rage, 'to dream all night of strangers whom I shall never see again in all my life!'

Kyra Sophoula spoke gently to her and soothed her, and the little photograph in its worn leather frame was hung again over the solitary bed.

## V

The weeks, the months, flew by. New Year came and went. The almonds blossomed first, then the peach and the cherry trees made the gardens white with their blossoms. Then came the great heat, with the figs and the grapes and the Virgin's Feast. Then it was autumn again, and the hills were covered with heather and cyclamen, and lastly the anemones sprang up and carpeted the land with violet and crimson and purple.

One evening in late November, Kyra Sophoula went next door to see whether Yannoula could lend her a little oil. She found her sitting on a low stool in the fast-darkening room, her head bent forward, her face hidden in her hands.

'What is it, my poor one?' she asked, touching her shoulder; 'is your heart heavy to-night?'

Yannoula lifted her face and looked at her, with trembling lips. 'It is a year to-day.'

The old woman started. 'A year? It is not possible. How do you know it?'

'He left,' said Yannoula, in a toneless voice, 'two days before his namesday. I had bought the sugar for the *kourambiedes*. To-day is Friday; on Sunday it will be the Feast of St. Andrea.'

'You are right,' assented Kyra Sophoula, after a pause. 'It is a year.'

'Kyra Sophoula, he cannot be away much longer now, can he?'

'No, my daughter, not much longer.'

'He will return before another year, Kyra Sophoula?'

'Surely he will return.'

But the next year on the same day, and the next, and for three more long years after that, the same questions were asked and answered.

'He cannot be away much longer now, can he?'

'Not much longer, my daughter.'

'He will return before another year?'

'Surely he will return.'

In the mean while Yannoula went about her work very quietly, growing a little thinner, a little paler, but not altering very much, listening gratefully to the smallest details that any one could give her about her boy: what he did, what he said, what he wore; constantly wondering, when alone with Kyra Sophoula, what had made him go, what made him stay, whether he often thought of her, of his 'manitsa' as he used to call her when he first began to talk; trying to imagine who could have poisoned his mind against her, and how he could have decided to leave her; but all this with never a trace of bitterness, only the great love that feels no need of forgiving, and the weary longing that ended always with the same question: —

'He will return before another year?'

And though the years rolled on and did not bring him, still the old answer comforted her: 'Surely he will return.'

When people heard of the old man's death in Hydra and of his having disinherited Andriko after all his fine promises, the news, strange to say, was received on the whole with expressions of satisfaction. Whether this was due to the sort of rough justice which sooner or later governs public opinion, or whether her former judges had been unconsciously touched by the mother's patient waiting, the fact remains that there were few who in one form or another did not repeat Kyra Sophoula's verdict of 'Serve him right.'

As for Yannoula herself, her first feeling was one of fierce indignation that the dead man should have dared so to deceive her boy, her next a wild joy that now at last misfortune might bring him back to her. There was no one to keep him away now. Surely, surely he would come at once.

Kyra Sophoula said little, but thought much. The feverish joy in

Yannoula's eyes almost frightened her.

'You must have patience, my poor one. Doubtless he has much to do before he can leave; remember he is almost a man now.'

'Almost a man,' echoed Yannoula, 'almost a man!' Then, stretching out her arms to the little faded photograph, 'Oh, my boy, who has become a man, come to me quickly! Come!'

But the days passed and he did not come.

It was Holy Week, and on the Thursday, notwithstanding Kyra Sophoula's persuasion, Yannoula resolutely refused to go to Church for the evening service. She could not stand so many hours, she said; her knees trembled.

So Kyra Sophoula heard all the twelve Gospels without her, and saw the tall Cross brought out and fixed in the middle of the nave.

On Good Friday, however, she made Yannoula promise to meet her at Church in good time for the Epitaphios service, which in the islands does not begin until very late in the evening.

Kyra Sophoula had left the house early, having a bundle of herbs to leave at the house of a sick woman who lived up near the ruined mill. So that when she got down to the church and could not discover Yannoula anywhere in the crowd of women, she was very disappointed and even slightly anxious.

However, she lighted her little yellow taper from the one held by the woman next to her, and carefully wrapping the unlighted end in her handkerchief for fear of grease-spots on her black skirt, settled down to wait, hoping that Yannoula might come in later.

The service with its sad chanting wound out its slow length. In Athens, where the congregation is fashionable and pressed for time, the priests often think well to skip some of the verses, but in the islands, never. Every single line of the three long funeral chants,

with their different intonings, is well known and expected in its turn.

Toward the end of the last chant, when the wail of the Virgin Mother by the tomb filled the church, 'Oh light of my eyes! oh sweetest of sons!' Kyra Sophoula bent her head and felt almost glad that Yannoula had not come.

The procession was formed; the Epitaphios was reverently lifted, and the bearers passed slowly between the serried ranks of low-bending men and women, who afterwards closed in behind to form the rear of the procession.

Tightly wedged in the dense mass of people, Kyra Sophoula was borne slowly onward, through the clouds of incense and the suffocating smoke of multitudes of little yellow tapers, toward the central door. She had purposely held back as much as possible and succeeded in slipping aside the moment the crowd issued from the church in the wake of the procession.

She turned to the right and walked slowly up a steep side street, letting her little black shawl slip off her head, for it was a warm night. She could hear the tramp of many feet from the road below, the deep chant of the priests and the shrill 'Kyrie Eleison' of the young boys' voices. Once through a break in the houses she saw the long flickering line of lights. The night was so still that her own taper remained lighted in her hand.

It was the first time for many years that she had not followed the Good Friday procession all round the village, along the sea, and back again into the church, and stayed there until the last Gospel, which so few stay to hear, had been read.

It was a sacrifice,—how great, only those may say who know how dull and colorless the hard-working lives of old peasant women can be; lives in which the Church ceremonies and the general



religious excitement of Holy Week are often the only bright spot of the year.

But Yannoula's absence troubled the old woman, and she toiled on to the little house down by the dark arch.

The door was open, and she passed straight into the small kitchen. It was empty and there was no answer to her knock at the inner door, so she pushed it open and entered.

Yannoula was not on the bed. The red cotton coverlet lay straight and uncreased over it.

The room was dimly lit by the tiny oil lamp hanging before the sacred ikon of the Virgin and Child, and in that trembling circle of light Kyra Sophoula could just distinguish a black crouching figure on the floor before the ikon.

She took a step forward with outstretched hands, but Yannoula's voice, low and broken, reached her, and she stopped short. A toneless voice that had exhausted its tears: —

'Ah, Holy Virgin! my little Virgin, have mercy upon me! Give me my boy. Let him come to me; let me put my arms round him just once, and then I can let him go again if he wishes it. Bring him to me, my little Virgin, and you shall have a white candle as thick as my arm to burn before your ikon. On foot I will bring it to you, up to the Monastery. Oh, most Holy Virgin, have pity on me! You who saw your Son on the Cross long years ago this very day. But *He* thought of your pain in the midst of his own; *He* spoke to you from there!'

Suddenly she snatched Andriko's little faded photograph from the bosom of her dress and held it out before the ikon.

There in the dim light, with her pale face under the loosened black kerchief, the reddened eyelids, the sad lines of the mouth, she was a far better type of the Sorrowing Mother than the cheap Russian ikon before which she knelt.

'See, Holy Virgin — here is my lad; when the Feast of St. Andrea comes again it will be seven years that I have only held him so to my breast! Oh, a great evil has found me! A great evil!' And then once more the weary cry, 'Have mercy, my little Virgin — have mercy!'

Kyra Sophoula crossed the room to where the ikon hung, and, stooping, lifted up in her weak old arms the poor creature kneeling there.

'My poor unfortunate,' she said, settling the kerchief on the disordered hair, 'you have prayed enough for tonight, you must rest now.'

Yannoula was not startled at finding Kyra Sophoula near her. Open doors are the rule, and privacy very much the exception, in Poros. She sank wearily upon the stool which the old woman dragged forward, and closed her eyes.

Later on she consented to lie down on her bed, but did not as usual try to persuade Kyra Sophoula to leave her. On the contrary she clung to her and talked much and feverishly, reverting constantly to Andriko's early childhood, to the time when he used to toddle about after her, and get into a passion, stamping his little feet if his 'manitsa' left him even for a few moments.

Toward dawn she fell into a troubled sleep.

## VI

Late in the afternoon of the next day Kyra Sophoula set out in quest of Kyr Vangheli the schoolmaster, who had promised to write a letter for her to Metro in Athens. She was also carrying six red eggs for Easter to little Tasso Kondelli, whose mother being in mourning had dyed none that year.

The weather had changed since the night before, and was damp and chilly. Heavy gray clouds lay low on the hills, and the rain was not far off. The

old woman shivered and drew the black shawl closer round her shoulders.

Suddenly she saw the schoolmaster himself in the distance coming toward her. He was hurrying along awkwardly with bent head, his hands clasped behind his shabby coat.

When he caught sight of her he broke into a sort of shambling trot. He had been looking for her, he said. There was something she must know without loss of time.

When she had heard his news her brown old face turned a dull gray, for he told her that Andriko had returned to Poros that same morning without warning or announcement of any sort. That, from what he had gathered from those who had seen and spoken to the boy, or rather to the young man, nothing was further from his intentions than to seek out his mother or to have any communication with her. That, sore and furious at his disinheritance, he had agreed to join a party of emigrants leaving for San Francisco, having been persuaded that in America the maximum of wages was obtainable for the minimum of labor. He would have left direct from Hydra, but that a fellow emigrant who had advanced him the passage-money, and with whom he was to leave, had wished to spend Easter with a brother who lived in Poros. They were to start for Piræus on the Monday morning.

'If only,' concluded Kyr Vangheli, 'if only it might be that the poor woman should not hear of it.'

'Is she deaf?' asked Kyra Sophoula fiercely, 'or do you think the Poriotes have no tongues?'

'I know, I know,' stammered the schoolmaster. 'I know it is very difficult; but then — what? It will kill her to hear this thing.'

'And,' added the old woman, 'if at least it killed her on the spot — but it will not.'

There was silence for a few seconds, then, 'Someone must find Andriko,' she continued at last, 'find him and speak to him. He will not want to listen, but one must make him.'

'Will *you*?' asked Kyr Vangheli.

'I? he would send me to the devil straight off. I have told him too many truths in my time.'

Kyr Vangheli frowned thoughtfully. 'Shall I get the priest to see him?'

'Pappa Thanassi? Ah, bah! That would be worse still; Andriko would run at the very sight of his black robe. No, Kyr Vangheli, it is you who must find him, and speak to him.'

'I? Will it do any good?'

'Perhaps not, but at least you may make him listen. There is no one else.'

'What shall I tell him about his mother? You knew him better than I did.'

'Tell him,' said the old woman grimly, 'that if he goes away without seeing her, she will die of her grief, and that if she dies thus, her spirit will surely haunt him afterwards. He was ever a coward, perhaps that may frighten him.' Then, as she saw the schoolmaster hesitating, she added, 'Let us find him first, and the moment will bring the right words. He will be at Sotiro's most likely, or if not they will have seen him there.'

'Come with me,' said Kyr Vangheli with sudden resolution; 'perhaps if we find him in the presence of others he may be ashamed to refuse.'

Kyra Sophoula shook her head doubtfully.

'Perhaps so, master — perhaps so.'

They walked on toward the quay. The rain had begun now and was falling softly, but neither of them noticed it. Through the mist, the joy bells were ringing for the coming Resurrection Service, and the first gunshots were heard in the distance.

As they neared Sotiro's coffee-house they saw a crowd collected outside.

A crowd which pushed and whispered and whose attention seemed centred on something in its midst. Then some one ran towards them: a woman with wide-open eyes and trembling lips.

'Kyr Vangheli,' she cried, 'come, come quickly. Andriko, Yannoula's Andriko, who came to-day, has been shot!'

The schoolmaster turned very white. 'Shot! How? By whom?'

'By mistake; some one who was firing for Easter; they do not know who it was. He is not dead yet, but the doctor says he is not for long.'

Kyra Sophoula ran forward, parting those in her way with both hands. 'Christ, and Holy Virgin! What is this?'

Three men were holding the tall limp figure, the arms trailed on each side, the head with its wonderful lines drooped on to the left shoulder.

They laid him down gently on the ground not far from the sea. Barba Manoli held him up in his arms and all pressed forward. The rain was falling fast.

'Courage, lad, it will be nothing.' His eyes were closed and one or two women even crossed themselves, saying, 'He is gone; it is finished.' But Kyra Sophoula, who had got close at last, knew Andriko was alive when she saw his face, though it was gray and smeared with wet earth; but she had seen many wounded men in her time, and she knew he would not be alive long. She turned wildly to the doctor, a short dark man who had placed his fingers on Andriko's pulse.

'Can you not keep him alive for half an hour yet? So young as he is, so strong as he must be!'

The ball had lodged in the bowels, the doctor said. There was internal hemorrhage. He might last ten minutes yet, perhaps; not longer.

Kyra Sophoula whispered a word in

the ear of one of the men who had carried Andriko. He nodded and started at a rapid run toward the market-place. Just then, suddenly, Andriko opened his eyes and looked up at Barba Manoli who was supporting him; but the lids fell again.

'Courage, lad,' repeated the old man, raising him with an effort a little higher in his arms.

Andriko's eyes opened and closed once or twice and he tried to lift his hand.

'Run for the priest,' cried a voice; and another added, 'Fetch his mother quickly.'

Then Andriko spoke; the voice was faint but audible.

'Let me — die in peace,' he said. 'Let Pappa Thanassi keep his chanting for when you bury me.'

'But your mother, Andriko, your mother! You must have your mother's blessing, my son,' put in Barba Manoli.

'I tell you to let me alone. Let my mother keep her blessing and her tears for those who want them! I will not have her near me. She blackened our good name.'

'Andriko!'

The name was cried out loudly by Kyra Sophoula, so that all turned to look at her. 'Andriko, will you die with such evil words on your lips? Do you not know it is a sin? Let all these lies be. Remember the years when you could not do for an hour without your manitsa; leave a good word for her.'

Suddenly the wounded man, with a violent upheaval, threw his whole body forward and turned fast glazing eyes to the old woman.

'I leave her my curse!' he cried. 'I was a young fool at that time. — I — was — a fool —'

Then his head fell forward, and the whole body suddenly bent at the middle.

The doctor who was still holding the

pulse motioned to the old man to lay him down.

No one spoke, a woman only stooped and mechanically wiped away the rain which was falling fast on the upturned face and trickling down into the short curls.

Then someone on the edge of the crowd called out, 'She is coming!' and all heads were turned to the figure which was running toward them, looking gray and blurred through the driving rain.

'Holy Virgin, have mercy upon her!' cried Kyra Sophoula, putting out her hands as though to ward her off.

But Yannoula came straight on with open arms.

'Andriko!' she said softly, 'Andriko, have you come back?'

Kyr Vangheli came quickly forward and stood between her and her son.

'Let me pass,' she said, 'let me pass — they have told me all. — I know there is but little time left.'

Then, as the schoolmaster still stood there, she shivered once, and asked very quietly, —

'Is he dead — my boy? Let me pass, please.'

Kyr Vangheli stepped aside then, and Yannoula fell on her knees and gathered up her child into her arms.

## VII

It was a long time before Yannoula looked up, and then it seemed as if she saw none of all the pitying faces around her. There was a far-away look in her eyes — almost a look of peace.

She held her boy again and rocked him to and fro — a sleeping child once more, as in days long past when she used to lay him down so gently, to let the little dark head touch the pillow, and to unclasp the little clinging arms; but they are little no longer and they trail limply on the wet ground.

'Andriko, my little child! my little child!'

'Kyra Yannoula!'

It was the schoolmaster speaking, but she took no heed.

'Kyra Yannoula!' his voice was firm, almost commanding. 'Listen to me for a moment, I must speak to you.'

Obediently she lifted her eyes to his.

'You have heard that your son arrived from Hydra to-day?' he asked.

She bent her head silently.

'You have heard that his uncle, after all that he had promised, took back his word, and died leaving Andriko without anything in the world, without even having taught him a trade to live by?'

Yannoula bent lower till her lips rested on the dead boy's forehead.

'I have heard.'

'But,' resumed the schoolmaster, 'what you have not heard —'

Kyra Sophoula seized hold of his hand, but he dragged it away and continued in a clear firm voice, —

'What you have not heard is that when this thing happened Andriko's first thought was to return here, and that he said to those he knew in Hydra, "I shall go back to my poor mother, *she* will never turn me away from her." He had understood at last, that all the evil things he had been told about you when he was but a child without judgment, were lies.'

In the deep silence which followed his words, Yannoula gave one little gasp and a strange light came into her eyes.

Kyr Vangheli took a step forward and laid his hand on her shoulder as she knelt there before him.

'You have lost your son, Kyra Yannoula, but the great comfort remains that he was returning to you. When you grieve for him you must always remember that he was returning to you perfectly sure of your love and forgiveness; and that however he was misled

formerly, he recognized his folly at the end. The last words he spoke here before he died were: "I was a fool, a fool!" He looked around him. 'You, all who heard him — is it not so?'

'Yes, — yes, surely those were his last words,' came in broken confirmation from all sides.

'My boy — my boy!'

His head was on her arm again, and her lips pressed to his face. After so many years of weary waiting and heart-sickness, her boy had come back to her.

'Not a fool,' she murmured, 'never a fool — only my little child, whom they deceived, but who was coming back to me.' Then, raising her eyes,

'God give you long years, you who stood around him and kept his last words for me.'

Later on, when the tears had come at last, and Kyra Sophoula had taken her home, Kyr Vangheli spoke once more to the bystanders.

'Remember all of you,' he said, 'remember as you would remember the last command of your dying father, — never let one word of the truth escape you, — *never*, not even to the priest. *I* will bear the sin.'

Poros is about as fond of gossip as any other island of its size, and the Porioties are not famed for their silence, but they kept this secret well.

## THE MAKERS OF PLOTS

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

MANY of us would doubtless confess, in despite of the canons of criticism, to a liking for certain stories which are not, properly speaking, stories at all, but lingering, anecdotal sketches of character, innocent of climax, uncertain as to "beginning and middle and end." The charm of good portraiture, human and other, which we find in *Rab and his Friends*, in *Cranford*, in Miss Jewett's delicately sketched New England types, appears in slighter degree in the work of many a minor writer, and our interest is in direct proportion to its fidelity. One wonders if, in those mythical days when literature is said to have come into being through the chanted exploits of heroes, primitive folk did not sometimes sit round their campfires telling hero tales when there were

no great deeds to tell, only characteristic little acts and minor happenings. Surely some of the slighter touches in the great epics are as full of power to interpret a distinctive personality as are the more conspicuous ones.

The character sketch is even more refreshing to us, perhaps, than in earlier days, now when, in our own country at least, machinery dominates the minds of story-tellers and story-readers, when any fresh invention floods the magazines with tales centring in the new mechanism. The motor-car has already monopolized our fiction to such an extent that the word 'action' has grown ambiguous, becoming almost synonymous with speed, and the aeroplane is threatening to make this change of meaning permanent. While



the new type is so conspicuously present, as in *The Sovereign Power*,<sup>1</sup> in which the human interest is strictly subordinated to the management of monoplane and biplane, it is a comfort to find a volume of old-fashioned tales, such as *Later Pratt Portraits*,<sup>2</sup> devoted to the delineation of character. A sane and gentle philosophy of life lies back of these sketches, which are full of humorous appreciation of oddities, and full of sympathy. After all, we say, in laying down a book of this kind, the workings of human nature are really more important than the working of brakes and levers.

An interesting interpretation of the life of young folk appears in *Phæbe and Ernest*,<sup>3</sup> a series of crisp sketches showing keen insight into boy and girl nature, and the power to trace, in close and significant detail, successive stages of growth.

*When Caroline was Growing*<sup>4</sup> brings before us a charming, imaginative child, who appeals to us deeply in the earlier sketches, but in the later tales, which are a bit more perfunctory and artificial, grows less poetic and original. The type is one which has frequently been rendered, but we are glad of every new interpretation in these days when modern educational methods are threatening its very existence.

We should welcome *The End of a Song*,<sup>5</sup> — the work of a college professor, — if for no other reason, for the evidence it brings that academic life does not always dry and corrode human nature. These are tenderly conceived

and delicately executed sketches of folk in a small Welsh village, and the blending of their lives with the lives of animals, of mountain and of stream, is suggested throughout. There are new and picturesque touches in presenting the old, old facts of human life and human affection, and the book is full of humor — humor that is often very near to tears.

Something of old-time charm is revealed in *The Corner of Harley Street*,<sup>6</sup> a series of letters purporting to be written by a London physician. In these letters to many people, Peter Harding sketches his own fine personality, his friends, his family, his London, so that, without any plot at all, a whole section of modern life is presented. The author, with his humanity, his simple affection, his humor, his lack of egotism, often reminds the reader of the beloved Dr. John Brown; but the finer instinct and the higher faith of the earlier physician betray a lack here. Again and again one is compelled to stop short at the blank wall of material things to which modern thought and especially modern science has led us, and one longs for the keener eye and the clearer vision of the Scotch physician. A chance literary observation on the part of the author illustrates the point as well as any phase of the story could do. 'Given Meredith's humor,' says Peter Harding, 'how Hardy, with his first-hand observation, his extraordinary detachment, and the beautiful lucidity of his English, would have loomed above the creator of Sir Wiloughby.' When one remembers Meredith's constant insistence on the triumphing struggle of spirit through matter, and Hardy's crass doctrine that matter is the whole of life, might not one be justified in saying that the author of *The Corner of Harley Street*

<sup>1</sup> *The Sovereign Power*, by MARK LEE LUTHER. The Macmillan Company.

<sup>2</sup> *Later Pratt Portraits*, by ANNA FULLER. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

<sup>3</sup> *Phæbe and Ernest*, by INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE. Henry Holt and Company.

<sup>4</sup> *When Caroline was Growing*, by JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. The Macmillan Company.

<sup>5</sup> *The End of a Song*, by JEANNETTE MARKS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

<sup>6</sup> *The Corner of Harley Street*. ANONYMOUS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

shows himself here, to use Meredith's own phrase, 'bull-blind to the spiritual'?

But enough of sketches! After all, the instinct for plot is an unappeasable one; and children keep us constantly aware of the depth and the fundamental nature of the demand that a story shall be a story. This, by the way, is the hardest thing to make it, and the student of fiction is constantly surprised to find how few are the great plots as compared with the number of the really great novels, so often does the causal chain of inevitable consequence break and fail in the dramatic type; so often does some favorite personage, growing almost too much alive, run away with the plot. Fiction, and especially English fiction, is, as we all know, far more distinguished by the creation of great characters than by the working out of great plots; and Thackeray's confession that the trend of his story often depended on the mood of the morning, he, if in good humor, being inclined to make his characters do admirable deeds, and if in a bad humor, being tempted to thrust them into villainy, may well be considered the unspoken confession of many another great novelist.

If we were to try to state what a plot should be, learning this wisdom not from critical treatises, but from treasured memories of novels, and from the reproving mouths of children when one fails to tell a story aright, we should say that the laws of plot are as simple as they are difficult to obey. The narrator should keep on telling the same story, in more or less the same fashion, about the same people; he should tell it all, and no more. If he must go back, let the past help and not hinder the present; if he must have more than one strand to his tale, let them be necessary to each other. Any one who, in a bed-time hour, has confused any part of

the tale of *Red Riding Hood* with that of the *Three Bears*, has failed to tell either in full, or changed the outcome, or has attributed to Jack's giant any of the characteristics of Bluebeard, must have learned from the small auditor precepts as deep as Aristotle ever taught about the requisites of plot, the reversal of fortune, the necessary consistency of character.

With something of the single-mindedness of children we older listeners delight in the writer of fiction who can plot well; who can separate, in the miscellaneous stuff of life, that which is essential to his purpose from the non-essential; can give us, through his presentation of the human spectacle, his thought of it. We ask of him, not only that his work shall be true in detail, but that he shall see the meaning of the facts that he depicts, and shall marshal them toward the outcome so that we shall know his interpretation. It is a hard task, almost the hardest that any artist has to face, to keep on telling the same story, in the same fashion, about the same people; to focus the interest on the chief personages, bringing out subtle interrelations; to choose only those phases of character that are essential to the tale, and to trace the flowing of character into action. When novelist or dramatist can present, in individual lives, the clash of great forces, following the line of cause and effect through the moment of greatest strain, the supreme crisis, on to the catastrophe, and can make us feel that he is giving us a profound interpretation of human experience, we know that we are in the presence of a master. It is hardly necessary to say that the fiction of the last six months gives us no example of the supremely great.

In these days when creative power is much less in evidence than is the power to analyze, when more and more in fiction the study of character and the

treatment of event are differentiated, the former tending toward the expository sketch, the latter toward hazardous adventure and external action, it is a pleasure to find a plot so deftly wrought as that of *The Patrician*,<sup>1</sup> with the dramatic *motif* kept clearly before you, unfolding story that is also character development, the inner issue and the outer being one and the same. In the tangle of motive, of emotion that clashes with class instinct, as Barbara, the daughter of a noble house, finds her interest too deep in a socialist reformer not of her class, as Miltoun, the noble son of the house, is overcome by passion for a woman not free to marry him, the informing idea is never blurred, though it is never expounded, save in a sentence at the end. By deft selection and subtle emphasis the author works out his theme, letting the reader watch the mental and moral bewilderment of the characters, but not making him share it, as is the way with many a lesser artist. The plot moves on inevitably toward crisis and catastrophe, as the moulding forces of tradition work out through character, and character flowers into action.

It is seldom that one finds to-day a novel that delights us, as does this, by its shapeliness, finish, form. A classic severity and restraint are combined with a poignancy of suggestion and depth of appeal known only to romantic work, and often the veriest trifle reveals the depths of silent passion at work under the calm surface of conventional life.

The grouping of the characters and the study of their growth shows an artist's skill. To take the two types, the patrician and the plebeian, not at their worst but at their best, as the author has done in Miltoun and Courtier, was

in itself a fine thing; and the ascetic Miltoun, with his ideals, his faiths, and his terrible concentrated passion, is hardly more real than the plebeian, whose fine act of choice in its loyalty and delicacy almost surpasses the patricians'. Just enough of Mr. Galsworthy's former tendency toward allegory remains to give the suggestion of type in each of these strongly individualized characters. In the clash between tradition and individual desire, you feel that they are patrician in least things and in great, in their demands and in their renunciations, for the old marching orders of caste are everywhere heard. Their consistencies and their inconsistencies bring them before us in the very complexity of life; their fate seems to lie in their own hands and destinies, for you nowhere feel the author manipulating them.

Not a little of Thackeray's old Lady Kew and of Ethel go to the making of Granny and of Barbara, yet the character studies are both vivid and original. The haunting charm of Barbara follows one long after reading the book: Barbara with her modern wisdom, her wit, her keenness, her bounded recklessness, her feminine helplessness. The tremendousness of the forces that make her suffer is all the deeper in effect because of her humor, and her illuminating, ironic sense of the whole situation. You cannot get rid of the feeling that she is sharing it all with you, in subtle sympathy, and one finds her, in her spiritual detachment, a fascinating companion. Hereditary courage shows in her revolt, as the hereditary sense of values ends it; and in all the book she is the most delicate gauge of the spirit and of the limitations of the patricians.

In its deft nicety of management, its fitness of word to place and person, its significant and dramatic trifles of speech and of action, *The Patrician*

<sup>1</sup> *The Patrician* (published serially in the *Atlantic* under the title *The Patricians*), by JOHN GALSWORTHY. Charles Scribner's Sons.

might well serve as a measure or standard in the art of making fiction; and it has — something rare in our contemporary work — distinctive style. There are deeper depths in life than it betrays, greater hurts and greater consolations; but within the limits that the author sets for himself he handles his theme superbly well. Like Barbara, he enjoys the irony; he is an amused spectator of the game of the gods, — hurt too, but perhaps not hurt enough to be stung into that action of the spirit that means searching out the interpretation. It is a pity that, with such power to make you feel the inevitability of the tragedy, of character that is destiny, he has so little of the Shakespearean power of making you feel that the tragedy is not in vain. There is no gleam of light at the end of the struggle.

With memories of the leisurely pleasure derived from *Nathan Burke*, one welcomes Mrs. Watts again to the world of fiction. *The Legacy*,<sup>1</sup> like *The Patrician*, deals with hereditary forces, presenting the development and the inner crises in the life of one Letty Breen, child of an American family of long tradition, now beginning to fall into poverty. It is also a study of social growth and change in a city on that border line where the poorer class begins to encroach on the old preserves of the aristocracy; and a mild and pleasant social satire is worked out through the study of the ramifications of the family pride, and in the emergence of the washerwoman's son into the multimillionaire who ends by marrying the daughter of the proud but decaying house. Mrs. Watts makes you feel social complexities and interrelations; and her sketching of the family as a whole, with all the varieties and the contradictions in the dominant traits, as that which is strength in one proves

to be weakness in another, shows many a subtle stroke.

The book, with all its quiet humor, is serious and gives pause for thought. Mrs. Watts seems to be saying: This somewhat enigmatic woman, with the heritage, from the great-grandmother whom she resembles, of much that is wild and bad, in the crisis of her life makes, after all, the choice that her own mother would have made, the self-sacrificing, high-minded mother. That quiet influence, hardly realized by the girl during her mother's life, is really the dominant thing in her life; and her choice of the better and harder course is the more noteworthy because she is nowhere helped by strong emotion, for deep feeling never comes to her.

One wonders why certain reviewers compare this novel unfavorably with *Nathan Burke*. It is not on so large a scale, being less epic, but in many ways it presents finer workmanship. The strength of the book lies in its character-study; of action and event there is perhaps little. The depth and reality of the treatment of the girl's development delight the reader, who lives from page to page with the child in the antique house set amid the encroaching slums; the surroundings are as tangible as the experiences are vivid. Jim Hatfield, the washerwoman's son, is admirably pictured, and the fine and silent way in which he is sketched in later years is both amusing and impressive: his going back, from the glory of multimillionairehood, to marry, for pity, the little lame playmate of his childhood being the surest key that we have to the real character of this unscrupulous financier. The heroine's mother, 'Lisbeth, the loyal servant, the futile Mr. Edward Breen, who embodies the fine uselessness of the family, are as distinct as living personalities. Less convincing, and a bit too obviously reminiscent of Thackeray, is the

<sup>1</sup> *The Legacy*, by MARY S. WATTS. The Macmillan Company.

worldly old aunt of continental experiences, rouged, dyed, and given to French phrases; but for the most part the character-study suggests close and original observation.

The book confirms our suspicion that Mrs. Watts is a wise woman. There is in her work a depth and richness, a 'veined humanity,' rare in American fiction, which is rather given either to over-French finish in the matter of form, or to wild defiance of all considerations of form and taste; both varieties being a bit superficial, viewed as interpretations of human life. With this writer, both thought and feeling cut deep into the heart of real things.

*Queed*, by Henry Sydnor Harrison, is an interesting and original study of the development of a youthful scholar into a human being. The quick, journalistic style gives vividness, not only to the delineation of the central personage, but to the background picture of the Southern city. This, unlike the Southern city most common in fiction, is astir with new life, not fading into decay; and its problems of civic righteousness, of intellectual integrity, its newspaper fights in the struggle of right and wrong, the hero is called upon to share. The book is virile; and throughout one is aware of the sting of growth, both in the central personage and in the city with which his fortunes are closely involved.

The detailed and realistic study of the hero's development, a modern prose epic of character, is set in a romantic comedy plot, involving the mystery of the hero's parentage, and the heroine's loss of fortune through her father's traitor friend, who finally is discovered to be the hero's father. From humblest beginnings, in a city slum, trained only by the Irish policeman who is his benefactor, *Queed* emerges, winning his way

<sup>1</sup> *Queed*, by HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. Houghton Mifflin Company.

into the world of scholarship, only to realize slowly, through his contact with people, that, as a human being, he has yet to be born. In execution the book is most uneven, combining real observation with touches from worn types of fiction and drama. Much of the character-study of *Queed* is fresh, full of feeling and of original humor; much is borrowed from the stock pedant of the comic stage, who goes back as far as Latin comedy and, it may be, further. The suggestion of caricature that comes from presenting the hero at first as absolutely unhuman is unfortunate; it disobeys one of the wise and simple canons of fiction as held by childhood, that the hero, from his first appearance, must be in some way recognizable as the hero. Even if he comes in rags, a bit of the gold trappings of the fairy prince must shine through.

Some of the processes whereby the pedant becomes human are finely and closely traced, the best part of all being connected with the little girl Fifi. The scenes in which she, by her appealing helplessness, rouses the reluctant manhood in the hero are much more effective than the scenes which present the heroine's influence over him. The later stages of growth are at times obscure, and toward the end *Queed* seems to leap, after the fashion of a Dickens character, into his new personality. The lack of process in this part of the novel is disappointing; there are gaps in the portraiture, and the physical growth, like the moral, seems too sudden and too complete. In a way we should almost be justified in an outcry to the effect that the author is not telling the same story about the same person, were it not for the strong link found in the hero's passion for truth, which, shown at first only in matters intellectual, persists, applying itself later to human affairs. The romantic tale of concealed relationship lends an interest



that does not entirely blend with the main interest of the story, though at one point it greatly helps the study of Queed's character, showing his loyalty and his truth in the treatment of the old professor who is revealed as his father.

The book contains much of promise. It is full of vitality, and of clean and wholesome humor. There is in it no shade of weariness, no touch of decadence, but a contagious faith in life and in the good of human nature. In workmanship it lacks the finish and charm of *The Patrician*, but its ringing assertion of the worth of human experience will rouse militant courage where the other will give an added sense of the deepening sadness of fate.

*The New Machiavelli*<sup>1</sup> deals with the life of an English statesman engaged in great political affairs, and it presents, to quote the author, 'the subtle, protesting, perplexing play of instinctive passion and desire against too abstract a dream of statesmanship.' The story of the hero is carried from earliest boyhood through his years of education and his political activity, through his change from radical to conservative conviction, to the time when, at the age of forty-two, he ruins his career by deserting his wife and going to Italy with a woman who has wakened a deeper love in him.

In spite of its well-nigh five hundred pages, the book lacks body; the political part hardly carries conviction, perhaps partly because there is not enough close detail; there is about it something of the airy unreality of Mr. Wells's earlier style. The development of the hero is blurred and uncertain in its progress and its outline; it is as if the writer not only did not have in mind an interpretation of his material, but were not even searching for it. It may be legitimate,

<sup>1</sup> *The New Machiavelli*, by H. G. WELLS. Duffield and Company.

it may even be desirable at times, for the scientist to present facts with no clear idea of their significance; not so the novelist; and the pseudo-scientific method, which we find in many a novel, in the presentation of an array of closely observed, but meaningless facts, has grown well-nigh unendurable. Art cannot do without informing ideas, and in it the non-assorted, miscellaneous stuff of life has no place. 'The relation of the great constructive spirit in politics to individual character and weakness' is a most interesting theme, but neither through the action nor by comment does the author make his interpretation clear. The meaning evades you; the facts are not marshaled so that you must understand. You share the bewilderment in the hero's mind, and are as completely involved in it as he, without getting the artistic significance. For all that he says about himself the hero never grows clear, and, in watching him, you feel as you would if a portrait-painter should crowd his canvas with details of costume and of feature, but should draw no person.

The wild invention of Mr. Wells's early tales made no demand for the presentation of character in action; the careless epic manner of *Tono-Bungay* was reinforced by humorous comment, so that the reader got a fairly clear idea of the hero's way of stumbling on with some sense of a goal. Here, with more exacting material, the lack of dramatic gift on the part of Mr. Wells becomes clear; cause and effect are not made apparent. It is not that one would quarrel with the theme: the theme as stated is a good one; or with the outcome, which is quite humanly possible. It is the inconclusiveness that leaves one unsatisfied; the story might have been written by Kipling's Tomlinson, so uncertain is it in its treatment of the great problems involved.

One misses here Mr. Wells's usual humor, but some compensation is to be found in pages here and there of sound wisdom, set forth in expository fashion, and betraying the active thinker.

If *The New Machiavelli* disobeys the stern demand of childhood that the story-writer shall know what his story is about, there are several others that disregard the equally cogent law that he shall keep on telling the same story. Why should that interesting tale, *A Sinner in Israel*,<sup>1</sup> closely centred in the inner struggle of a Jew who finds that he is not really a Jew, that he has no claim upon the title and the fortune of his supposed father, but is free to usurp all if he will, — why should this story of the inner life, with a crisis, a wrong act of choice and its consequences, suddenly dash off at the end into a Prisoner-of-Zenda kind of tale, and direct the issue to the Istrian struggle of a Pretender for supremacy? We who read want to stay in that London which the novelist has pictured so fully and so sympathetically, that London of intelligent and devout Jews, whose faith, whose reverent customs, rouse deep interest. Here the struggle of conscience has an individual significance, because of the special training that has moulded and colored the boy's mind, and we want a genuinely dramatic outcome, not an adventurous escape, from the situation.

The picture of contemporary Jewish life has so much depth of appeal; the sketches of the learned Jewish father and of his wayward son are so good; the satire on the unscrupulous art-dealer is so like a Whistler portrait in its effectiveness, the description of Jewish ceremonial so full of charm, — why change both scene and theme at almost the end of the story?

Another instance of changing *motif*

<sup>1</sup> *A Sinner in Israel*, by PIERRE COSTELLO. The John Lane Company.

appears in *One Braver Thing*,<sup>2</sup> a South African story, with an encompassing action of the Boer War. Here it is difficult to see how the theme of the latter part of the novel fits the earlier part. The unspeakable injury to the orphan child results in a dedication of herself to a great purpose; but her later story, that of the wife who slowly, and long after marriage, learns to love her husband, is in no way vitally connected with the early part. The development of the central personage with her tragic early experience is disappointing; here is a great opportunity, but who, after all, would be wise enough to use it? Among the other characters the saintly and heroic Catholic sister proves the most appealing, and the maternal passion which she bestows upon the child of her dead lover is full of beauty. To the credit of human nature be it said that her flawless goodness seems more possible than does the flawless wickedness of the accomplished villain in the tale, who is too perfectly furnished with many kinds of villainy for anything but an eighteenth-century novel. The book is not without strained and melodramatic diction, fitting the touches of melodrama in the story; yet much of it is novel and interesting, and the desolate South African background is presented with intensity and significance.

Again, in taking up *The Price*,<sup>3</sup> we shall be disappointed in regard to the continuity of story. A young theorist robs the rich for the sake of the poor, and the improbable tale of the way in which the theft is accomplished is plausible enough. But when the reader is asking how the Robin Hood *motif* is to be carried out, the hero falls ill, and the love-story that follows proves disappointing in ignoring the problem

<sup>2</sup> *One Braver Thing*, by RICHARD DEHAN. Duffield and Company.

<sup>3</sup> *The Price*, by FRANCIS LYNDE. Charles Scribner's Sons.

with which the book begins. One lays it down with a wistful feeling of wanting to know how the real story would have come out.

*Esther Damon*<sup>1</sup> affords another instance of lack of continuity in the presentation of material. The underlying idea is an admirable one: the man and woman, who are village sinners and outcasts, are brought together by a kind of affection that is fine and high, but the story shifts from one to the other; the hero's socialistic schemes are hardly a vital part of the plot, and the whole suggests a lack of solidarity, of fusion of the different parts. Close observation and deep feeling are shown in the character-study of the heroine, her Methodist father and mother, Robert Orme, and the elderly Universalist, Mrs. Brewster, who brings her New England heterodoxy to dismay the little New York village. Work so sincere in its endeavor to penetrate the springs of human action is full of promise.

*Jane Oglander*,<sup>2</sup> unlike the tales that waver in the telling, is an instance of a direct, centred plot, which, in both the major and the minor strands, clings to the same theme. The heroine, a woman of fine inner charm, is betrothed to General Lingard, whom she deeply loves; he falls victim to a foolish, beautiful woman of the vampire type, Athena Maule, whose disillusioned husband, cynic and philanthropist, administers to her an overdose of chloral to save the situation. Athena has ruined other men, and the story of one of them, Bayworth Kaye, a young soldier, runs side by side with the main plot. The book is not extraordinary, but it has interesting character-contrasts: the silent, loyal Jane; the foolish, selfish Athena; and Mrs. Kaye,

whose dry and wordless affection for her son makes one of the most appealing phases of the book. The plot is as daring as it is logical, a rather startling instance of consistency in character, and of character manifest in action that seems plausible, for the outcome is artistically, if not ethically, justified.

The author of *The Broad Highway*<sup>3</sup> has very cleverly united two kinds of story, both of which have strong popular appeal: the spiritual type of swash-buckler adventure, with the idyllic tale of the open road. The novel has the charm of the story of the disinherited knight and of Little Boy Blue besides. There is plenty of good fighting in this account of Peter Vibart, cast off by his uncle with ten guineas unless he will marry within a year Lady Sophia Sefton; lovely ladies in distress are not lacking, nor is the villain, here the hero's cousin, who at the end meets death at the hand of one of his victims. There is plenty of hard work and good blacksmithing in the rustic tale of the hut, where Lady Sophia is entertained unawares. The novel is very much a unit, in spite of its varied elements, and in spite of the many literary influences that it suggests. One detects here a trace of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, there the influence of Maurice Hewlett; Beatrix Esmond and Mrs. Burnett's *Lady of Quality* are more than once brought to mind by the heroine, and there is much of Dickens in the delineation of the common folk; yet what the author has borrowed he has made his own, and the romance is spirited, consistent, and sustained.

Much of the rustic part of the tale is genuinely poetic, not in the pseudo-pastoral way, for the dust of the highway is real dust, and the hedgerows are real hedgerows. The stars and the wind and the open road, the inn with

<sup>1</sup> *Esther Damon*, by MRS. FREMONT OLDER. Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>2</sup> *Jane Oglander*, by MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>3</sup> *The Broad Highway*, by JEFFREY FARNOL. Little, Brown & Company.

its ham and eggs, await here the lover of the simple life; and many a page gives you a feeling as of grass fresh and cool under your feet.

Nature herself is protagonist in Dr. Mitchell's new novel,<sup>1</sup> and the quietly told story of the way in which John Sherwood, Ironmaster, won not only health of body but health of soul from the Maine woods and the sea is especially refreshing in this iron age. Something of a materialist, like many another successful manufacturer, the hero is won back to his better and his earlier self by the ministry of wind and wave; and the later story of his gentle deeds recalls in vital fashion the sensitive child of the initial chapters. There is, throughout the woodland life, a fresh and exquisite sense of Nature's beauty, and of her healing power.

Many kinds of story appear in *The Prodigal Judge*,<sup>2</sup> a novel large, diffused, and difficult to classify. Among the many tales which try to achieve French finish, and are more artificially than vitally unified, it is a pleasure now and then to find a rambling, humorous story, containing less of art than of human nature. We have here interest of haphazard event, romance, a story of a lost legacy, of a child abandoned, neglected, finding its own at last through the agency of the Judge. This character, the central personage of the book, is humorously and sympathetically rendered, something of a rascal, something of a gentleman, like Tartarin a bit *meridional*, but genuinely American in speech and in act.

Several recent novels recall another demand on the part of the small auditor of a story, perhaps the most important demand of all, that it shall be real. The plot does not need to be probable,

it needs only to seem so, and, as we all know, some of the most impossible tales, told by the great story-tellers, have been the most plausible. Just what this magic gift or charm may be, it is impossible to say, but he who would practice upon us the delightful deceit of fiction must have it in large degree. There is in the fairy tale of the princess who changed every night into a frog a simple and convincing quality lacking in Mr. Hichens's *Dweller on the Threshold*,<sup>3</sup> in which one clergyman changes into another. One would rather read the reports of the psychical society in their original form, as the bare narrative of supposed fact might well bring more of faith in the improbable than does this profoundly unimaginative bit of creative work. This tale of transformation has the same lack of illusion that gives to Mr. Hichens's novels dealing with the sense side of life their heavy quality. Here you do not for a moment lose your questioning attitude, in momentary belief that it was so. Instead of sharing in fearful awe the experience of one person who is changing into another, you are aware only of puppets pulled as by wires. As for the narrative within the tale, which the author says might be mistaken for a bit of Stevenson, it would be a dull person who could so mistake it, as a swift rereading of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* will prove. This kind of tale demands imaginative power of a high order, and such imaginative power Mr. Hichens does not possess.

If the preposterous story must seem plausible, what can be said of *The Lever*,<sup>4</sup> which presents a world-controlling trust of gigantic benevolence? Grown folk are perhaps as exigent as children in their demand for truth to

<sup>1</sup> John Sherwood, *Ironmaster*, by S. WEIR MITCHELL. The Century Company.

<sup>2</sup> *The Prodigal Judge*, by VAUGHAN KESTER. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

<sup>3</sup> *The Dweller on the Threshold*, by ROBERT HICHENS. The Century Co.

<sup>4</sup> *The Lever*, by WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT. Harper & Brothers.

type: when the latter learn to accept with faith a kindly stepmother or a well-intentioned witch, perhaps the former can believe in a disinterested trust. In this novel the failure to convince is not due wholly to the integral improbability of the theme, but largely to the lack of realistic detail. A child would want minute particulars as to how a well-intentioned witch would act; the grown reader would wish to know exactly how a benevolent trust would act; but the inner workings of this organization are of the vaguest. Mr. Gorham, its creator, is something of an automaton, and his stilted way of speaking adds to the effect of unreality in the character.

Small folk are undoubtedly helpful in determining standards of story and of character presentation, but there is one aspect of fiction in which their judgments fail the older reader. They like to have the moral broadly and didactically stated, while mature people, or at least the more thoughtful among them, prefer to see some phase of the human spectacle set before them dramatically, that they may ponder it and seek out its meaning at their leisure. Careless of this fact, in *The Glory of Clementina*,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Locke, like the author of that amusing and edifying book, *Keeping up with Lizzie*,<sup>2</sup> has resolutely shaped his material to the teaching of a lesson which, to the author, seems a wise one. That the kindly Jester should even momentarily forsake the small company of the artists, to join the over-full ranks of the teachers, is in itself a disappointment; and the message that he reiterates throughout, that no woman should be a supremely great painter, seems unnecessary, in the light of the fact that history

reports among womankind only one. Over-didactic, the book is still entertaining, but one misses in the carefully manipulated Clementina the golden charm of *The Belovèd Vagabond*, which, by the way, in its unmorality and its seeming irresponsibility, contained a far finer and deeper teaching than this. There was a largeness about it; it was full of the sweetness that may come from broken lives, and a great love of human kind shone through its gentle suggestiveness. In the new book, the minor theme seems more important than the major, and the stupidity of wickedness which Quixtus discovers in his ineffectual attempts to achieve badness is made delightfully real. One hopes that Mr. Locke's wise lightness of touch and his humor will not desert him, and that he will not turn his mind too much toward the need of putting an erring world or an erring sex on the right path.

After all, the charm of good novel-writing, for all that we can ferret out about it, remains to a great extent a mystery; and, in spite of the wise advice printed in handbooks and in magazine articles, giving instructions as to how a novel must be written, — as explicit in telling what to do with the hero in any given dilemma, as, according to Ruskin, the Academicians were in telling the artist where to place his brown cow, — the problems of plot-making are as puzzling and almost as interesting as the problems of life itself. Deeper than questions of structure, deeper than questions of probability in the characters, of plausibility in detail, lies some unspoken demand that has to do with sub-conscious humanity, with immemorial habits and feelings of the human race. The love of children for old types and new adventure may help the novelist to meet the demand for that which is the same, yet is ever combined with something fresh and

<sup>1</sup> *The Glory of Clementina*, by W. J. LOCKE. The John Lane Company.

<sup>2</sup> *Keeping up with Lizzie*, by IRVING BACHELER. Harper & Brothers.



different. Nowhere, perhaps, so well as from the months of youngsters can one get a right idea of the proper proportions in which to mix the well-known with the novel and unexpected. A good story and a good play demand both, and the charm of the oft-told tale, the charm of the new, must be in every good plot: the familiar blending

with the unfamiliar, the typical personage and experience revealed in the individual. In all that they have to say about mingling the long-accustomed with the unknown, the little folk are formulating for themselves, and for posterity, laws worked out from dateless experience, and destined for enduring life.

## THE ART OF PUTTERING

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

THE floor of our dressing-room sadly needed painting. The practical member of the firm looked at it, and I looked at it, and then I said with sudden inspiration, 'Why bother the painters with such a little job as this? I'll paint it myself.'

The practical member was silent. She has not the perfect confidence in me that a partner ought to have; and I went on, to reassure her, —

'I have always been interested in the pictorial arts; I have always wanted to be a painter. The only thing that's kept me from embracing an art-career has been lack of technical skill. When I get to my separate star, I shall paint the thing as I see it for the God of things-as-they-are; and on Saturday afternoons, you can fly over from your separate star, and admire my work. Meanwhile if I can't paint pictures on our crowded planet, at least I can paint floors. It's easy to paint floors. All you have to do is mix the colors in the right proportions and put the paint on. As in all arts, however, the artistic floor-painter is known by what he omits. He should

not muddy his colors any more than a literary artist should muddy the colors of his words. He must select, he must be simple. In painting this floor, I shall strive to be simple. I shall make no attempt to paint anything except a pedestrian floor. But who knows? Sometimes the Muse smiles on the humblest practitioner. In addition to being simple, I may prove sensuous and passionate. It will take about a pint of paint.'

The floor of our dressing-room is painted to imitate a hard-pine floor, a difficult color to match. I made a careful mental image of the exact tint, and ensconced myself in the shop, that delectable no-woman's land where, in Stevenson's phrase, I can have a hell of my own, and assume, with the slipping on of my overalls, the entity of mason, carpenter, farmer, or whatever artisan is demanded at the moment by the delightfully multifarious exigencies of country life. This morning, of course, I assumed the entity of a painter.

I carefully fashioned a paddle to stir with; I ranged before me on the bench

the lead, the oil, the turpentine, the Japan dryer, and the most charming series of pure pigments, running, through umbers and yellows and greens, from lampblack to brightest vermilion. This could be called setting my palette.

Is there anything more interesting in life than mixing paint, putting in black to darken it, yellow to lighten it, vermilion to make it bright, and green to see what happens?

As I poured and stirred, I looked southward through the open window at the sea, most vital of created things; I looked northward through the open doorway at the woods, almost as vital as the ocean. In the adjacent meadow, dozens of piebald bobolinks were constantly frolicking into the air with rollicking rattlings of their silver chains of song. Time, newly born, seemed to consist of an illimitable present, typified by my neighbor across the road, slowly cultivating a cornfield, turning his horse at the end of the furrows with sonorous cries, or stopping to chat for age-long minutes with leisurely passers-by. Something of nature's great secret, the secret of passive growth, known of woods and ocean and dogs sleeping in the sunlight, seemed to slip down to me from the heavens as I stirred the pot of paint.

A grim visage appeared in the doorway, not suddenly, but as if it had been there several moments before I observed it. The owner of the face is also a painter, a man who knows the secret of passive growth. His skill and my energy would unite to form a magnificent workman. He merely nodded when he saw I saw him, and deigning to take my brush from the bench, slapped it against the side of the coal-bin.

'What's your brush made of?' he asked with the monosyllabic or, rather, monosentential manner of many New Englanders; 'dog's hair and devil's wool?'

Without waiting for an answer, he disappeared. He had somewhat of an apparitional effect, especially when he reappeared after I had mixed the paint to my perfect satisfaction.

'Well, what do you think of the color?' I asked, flown with the pride of creation.

'Taint *no* color.' And again he disappeared.

Nothing daunted, I took what I could carry comfortably in a gallon pot, leaving the rest in the shop, and started for the house. And then I remembered Jasper. I looked in the south meadow, but he was n't there. I looked at my watch. I could n't expect Jasper to wait for me until a quarter to eleven.

Woodchucks must take a siesta, for I never see them out in the middle of the day. Every morning, Jasper waits for me at the same spot in the meadow, eating from the same clump of clover. I get my shotgun, and creep out stealthily. Jasper sees me and hears me; but he pretends oblivion, redoubling his feeding in the clover as a screen for his benevolent deceit. I take careful aim and fire; Jasper scampers off clumsily, his fat sides shaking with woodchuckles as he runs. My little friend has had his morning exercise and a pleasant titillation in a monotonous existence; I have had my morning practice in marksmanship.

The southwest wind had risen, worthy of an ode. Our flag, blown out straight, bent the slender pole with its eager life; and I became a human aerometer, estimating whether it was necessary to put up a smaller flag.

On such a day as this, three years ago, a neighbor and myself made a pilgrimage to get the pole. Northward we went, past the bank where the dog-tooth violets blow; past the twisted, invincible pasture-oak from whose antique root a spring gushes and is lost among moss-covered boulders; past the

hermit's hut in its overgrown clearing, rude, druidic, as unkempt as the hermit himself; and thence into the sweet woods of birch and beech, oak and maple, fit temple for a pagan service of natural piety.

We carefully selected our tree, a juniper, straight and willowy as a lance; the bright axe bit into the trunk; and the tree settled elastically into the arms of its comrades, who seemed loath to lose it from their company. We indulged a few sentimental compunctions for cutting the tree down; but we reasoned that it was better to be a flag-pole, the admired of all the passers on the road, than to absorb the sunshine fruitlessly in murmurous obscurity. Circumstances had called this tree to a high destiny. From the painful blows of fate, it would emerge a pattern of erectitude, an object of use and beauty, self-centred in every wind that blew.

On the shady side of the hermit's clearing, we trimmed off the branches and peeled the bark; then we bore the pole home in triumph on our shoulders, a vibrant burden responsive to our steps. As we neared the house, we saw a sight at once uncanny and ludicrous: not a decapitated body, but a decorped head — the rubicund face of a neighbor, grinning at us from the level of the grass. In our absence, he had dug the hole, in which he stood neck-high, where our tree would take new root. He stood in a perfect cylinder that showed graphically the geologic strata of our country — top soil, loam, blue clay, and hardpan running down to China.

At last, with the pole as white as paint could make it, with its golden vane flashing a heliographic message of the wind's direction, everything was ready for the flag-raising. We summoned the friendly neighbors who had helped get the pole, or prepare the pole, or select the site of the pole, or place

the pole. The colors were bent to the halyards, which were grasped by a holiday crowd of all ages and both sexes. The word of command was given by a whaling captain emeritus, old in years but young in enthusiasm. He pulled as sturdily as the rheumatism he had caught in the Okhotsk Sea would allow; we pulled with him; and our peace-flag rose and rippled in the sweet, salt breeze, to a self-conscious, Anglo-Saxon cheer.

We have a set of colors almost as elaborate as a ship's set — big flag for holidays, ordinary flag for ordinary days, little flag for big winds, littlest flag of all, a bright bit of color in the blackest storm, and an absence-flag to apprise itinerant burglars that we're away from home. Who could guess that the arrow of our vane was whittled with a jack-knife, that the big ball was formerly the sport of ladies on a croquet ground, that the little ball, before its elevation, had flown fast and far on the links, that the brass rod performed aforetime the humble function of holding up a sash-curtain?

Perhaps the flag-pole suggests to the passer-by that we keep a boarding-house. If so, so much the better. The thought will mortify our city snobbishness, which has been mortified almost out of existence in a country where none is very rich, few are very poor, where a man can lose everything except his self-respect.

I carried the pot of paint indoors; I went into the dressing-room with all the enthusiasm of a true amateur. At the first glance, I set the paint-pot on the floor and myself limply in a chair, with the sudden, sharp, hideous reaction of the artist who has failed.

Through some inexplicable inadvertence, while enjoying the bobolinks, or watching my neighbor cultivate his corn, or listening to the laconic professional painter, I had made a mistake in

mixing, I had blurred the color in my brain. The product of a morning's work was over two gallons of paint having not even a common denominator of tone with the surface I wished to cover.

The practical member had heard me come in, and she left her serious work. She came into the dressing-room, she looked at the paint, at the floor, and I looked back at her.

'How perfectly,' she remarked with an exquisite tact, 'how perfectly you've matched the kitchen woodwork!'

I looked through the doorway. She was right. I *had* matched the kitchen woodwork perfectly; and fortunately the kitchen woodwork needed painting as sadly as the floor of the dressing-room. I submit that for such a remark a man could learn to love his wife.

In my relief and gratitude, I even forgave her when she slyly added, 'Some time, when you feel like painting the floor of the dressing-room, you might try to match the kitchen woodwork.'

The art of puttering consists of doing for yourself, slowly and inefficiently, what you can pay someone else to do for you, quickly and well. It is hard work that you do not have to do, strenuous loafing that invites the soul. It abrogates the curse of Adam, bringing back the Golden Age before the Fall, perpetuating the playtime of the race. The putterer works in pure love; and if the product prove a poor thing, it is at least his own. He learns the great truth that the unknown quantities in the equation of life can be found only by a cumbersome method of trial and error. He steps out of his narrow professional track, and meets the world with a thousand fresh, humanizing contacts. To be a perfect putterer is to achieve a liberal education. Puttering is a tonic relaxation from the mechanical efficiency of our professional selves, a cor-

rective of the extreme specialization that, otherwise, would result in our becoming all foot, or hand, or head.

When we lived in the city, I did n't know a cut nail from a screw, and I could n't drive either. The other day, with infinite, delightful labor, I was able to construct a rectangular cold-frame, six feet wide at one end and seven feet wide at the other. To have a rectangle develop under one's hands into a trapezium, is an experience beyond the most expert carpenter. The putterer makes laws and breaks laws, and breaks the laws he makes. He produces startling variations from type. An inspired fool, he is a true creator.

As I put the paint I had mixed to match the dressing-room floor on the kitchen woodwork, I noticed that it did n't act precisely like paint that comes already mixed in commercial cans. My paint showed unexpected streaks of cadmium, threads of scarlet, flecks of beryl, flakes of jade. These I worked in as well as I could with my brush of dog's hair and devil's wool.

A few weeks afterward, when the paint had finally dried, I found that unwittingly I had made a great discovery. My painter-friend was right when he said that it 'was n't *no* color.' It was no color because it was every color in the world. Iridescent, fluorescent, — no other kitchen was ever painted with a pigment bearing such a rainbow resemblance to favrile glass.

I simply note my discovery for what it may be worth. The true putterer, like the true theoretic research scientist, cares nothing for practical results, for mere commercialism. If any Edison of the brush should chance to read these lines, I freely give him permission to carry further the experiments inaugurated so auspiciously by myself. I shall not grudge him any of the large supply of paint on hand.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### TO JANE AUSTEN

O THOU who to romance's sleights  
Didst come as dawn to elves and  
    sprites,  
Replacing spectre-haunted nights  
    With daylight's genial reign;  
Shrewd exorcist — who couldst so well  
Romance's goblin bands expel,  
Yet keep thine own unrivaled spell,  
    Incomparable Jane!

How doth thy bodkin's slender steel  
Men's frailties and faults reveal!  
To thee Achilles is all heel,  
    Thou lash of Folly's train!  
Thou scourgest tomboy, cynic, grig,  
The man whose diction is all wig,  
The snob, the autocrat, the prig,  
    Inimitable Jane!

Thou seekest truth, and when 't is found  
Thou dost its sportive whims confound;  
The shafts, the stable, and the pound  
    Shall now its pranks restrain;  
It dreads thy logic's bristling fence,  
Thy files of serried evidence,  
Thy panoplied, embattled sense,  
    Irrefragable Jane!

I know thy passion's cautious throes,  
Its timed and tactful overflows,  
Its firmly regulated glows,  
    Its exemplary pain;  
Oh, if a tense should court a mood,  
Or axioms propositions wooed,  
Their raptures were not more subdued,  
    Inestimable Jane!

I know thy vices' sober frown —  
Mephisto in a doctor's gown —  
Thy levities that robe the clown  
    In wisdom's sweeping train:

That magisterial giddiness,  
That syllogistic thoughtlessness,  
That edifying wickedness,  
    Impermeable Jane!

O little world so trim and flat,  
Where Fate must straighten his cravat,  
And Death himself must use the mat,  
    Ere they could entrance gain!  
Thine earth a box of mignonette,  
A bird-cage in a window set,  
A shelved and shapely cabinet,  
    Invulnerable Jane!

O eye of eagle and of mole,  
Thou shrewd and penetrating soul,  
Yet off thy little English knoll  
    So impotent and vain;  
Satiric — yet beneath thy glee  
An orgy of propriety,  
Thou riotest in decency,  
    Invulnerable Jane!

Was e'er a keen, satiric bent  
So quaintly, comically blent  
With smug and purring self-content,  
    And homiletic strain?  
A Puck in cassock or a nun  
In motley — art thou both or one?  
O frolic lore, O surpliced fun,  
    Inexplicable Jane!

What pen could draw thee, line by line,  
With art ironic and benign,  
And truth unflawed; what pen but thine  
    O woman sage and sane?  
I would this gladdened world might see  
Another Jane to laugh at thee,  
Rare target for rare archery,  
    Irrevocable Jane!

Lightly through time thy figure trips,  
Skirt lifted where the highway dips,



Thy brow now crinkled, now thy lips,  
 As mirth rules or disdain:  
 The barred and bolted centuries  
 Thou frontest with unerring keys,  
 The 'Park,' the 'Abbey,' 'Emma' —  
 these  
 Shall swift admission gain:  
 And, if the porter claim a fee,  
 Fling 'Pride' or 'Sensibility':  
 The flattered door shall ope for thee,  
 Imperishable Jane!

## ON SAWING WOOD

'To say nothing and saw wood,' seems to me one of the most sagacious phrases passed down by our hard working forebears. Like most sayings which have emanated from manual labor, this is blunt, homely, and, to the loquaciously inclined, painfully accurate. Show me a man bent jack-knife-fashion over a saw-horse, with a short log under his buck, and I will point out a man who is minding his own business with admirable zeal. If he must speak, he stops sawing. While he saws he is necessarily mute. Hence this shrewd phrase, which is, punning aside, a perfect saw.

But though such excellent concentration on one's business is a good thing, it is by no means all that may be said in praise of sawing wood. The hygienic experts tell us that the rhythmic motion is a nearly ideal exercise for the muscles of the body. Well, that is good, too; but I am afraid that even that is not its best recommendation. Walking is a fine exercise, but walking has come to be almost the woe of persons without car-fare. Lying flat on one's stomach, and raising one's self by the hands and toes is an admirable treatment for superfluous weight; but it is very like a punishment, as any one who practices it seriously will admit in confidence. No; to say that any exercise is beneficial is not likely to procure for it many stout adherents. It will not do

to advertise that side of sawing wood alone.

To say truth, I am not quite able to give an exact reason for the fascination exerted over a normal man who approaches his saw-horse in the right spirit. It may be the sharp response of the iron teeth, as they bite into the wood. Or it may be the feeling of power and victory, conveyed by the final surrender of the log, when one end, beheaded in the unequal struggle, falls with a satisfying thud. Or it may be the ancient sense of husbandry, of storing away fuel for the winter days, that returns with what is, naturally, one of the most primitive kinds of work. These are random guesses. No doubt, if William Hazlitt had possessed a saw-horse and a couple of cords of four-foot wood, he would have said these things better long ago, and given reasons besides.

There are pleasing odors, and quite indescribable, from the many varieties of new-sawn wood. They are not for the flat-dweller. The practiced nose of the sawyer can distinguish beech from birch, and oak from maple; and when he comes upon a stick of wild cherry, which, of all our hard woods is most fragrant, he will be aware of its presence at the first slide of the saw, even though he be blind-fold.

Again, each kind of wood has an individuality, some peculiarity which brings an agreeable sense of variety to the sawyer. The tough oak-butt gives battle worthy of any man's arms. Maple, too, especially the rock maple so plentiful on New England hills, falls no willing victim to the steel. Beech is not so stubborn when not too dry; and as for birch, — birch is a prodigy. It grows quickly, and with its chaste and beautiful bark I am afraid it poses a good deal among its less attractive brethren of the forests. It is the lazy man's delight on the saw buck. I am speaking of the white, or silver birch,

The yellow variety develops great surprises; and is notably knotty and deformed in figure.

I have said that the birch log is the lazy man's delight. This, of course, is my private confession. I know that as I survey my own pile of cord-wood, of some pretension, I take almost unconscious note of the white sticks therein, and view askance some of the darker hues of bark; for I know their mettle. I have set myself a stint. This does not mean that I am methodical by nature: on the contrary, I am quite out of harmony with preciseness; but the stint seemed the only way by which I could be certain of reducing those logs to stove-dimensions.

Stint is a good word, as a noun. As a verb it means something not quite so pleasing. Do not confound it with stunt, however. A stunt is something quite useless. It is the horse-play of the mountebank, and has nothing in common with honest, productive labor. A stint is the warning to the wise that something demands to be accomplished; a goad to the laggard that time is on the wing. — Well, my stint is twenty sticks every morning. Twenty four-foot logs, selected with the unbiased, hopeful eye that every sawyer possesses before he begins his work; and whether these are finished before breakfast, or after breakfast, is of little consequence. For myself, I find that ante-breakfast labor is deadly. I have heard of persons who walk a certain number of miles before breakfast. To get an appetite, I suppose. It seems to me no less than a slur on good food. But this is a matter that may be left in abeyance. Our theme is the stint, and the doing of the stint.

The saw should be sharp. He works long who works with dull tools. If this is not already a proverb, it should be. Then the saw should be 'set' properly. For a long time I labored vainly be-

cause of my ignorance of this point. The saw was sharp, yet it did not seem to be doing its work. It was a neighbor who looked at the blade with the eye of a connoisseur, and announced the difficulty. The set of a saw, and the hang of a scythe, are two bits of knowledge that must be learned afield. They are not in books.

Well, then, the saw is admirable, and the horse, or buck, not too high or too low, and the log is ready. Perhaps it is just as well if it is a sapling, to begin with, or a stick which the woodsman has split with a wedge. Pyrrhic victories are not uncommon in sawing wood. To triumph over a stout stump of oak is not so much of a triumph, if the victor sits breathless on the chopping-block for a half hour, viewing the remains, and getting back his breath. And let the attack be not too brilliant, I pray. Let not the sawdust fly too briskly, for after the first stick is sawed there are nineteen more to come, if twenty be your stint, as mine.

The best woodsman I ever saw was a French Canadian, who chopped so moderately that it seemed impossible that he would ever earn his salt. But every blow counted; and he could take out a bigger chip than any man around. So let it be with your sawing. Begin good-naturedly, and calmly, as though there were time enough for all things. Do not try to hurry the saw or bear on too hard. The saw knows best what company it is in, and 'driving' will not help.

When the last stick is finished, examine the ends carefully. This one was done in a workmanlike manner, you will see. That one is ragged, hesitating; if not a botch, yet not all that can be desired. On this there are marks of a false start; you were uncertain, wavering. This shows the place where you stopped, to wonder perhaps if after all you would n't better hire in a man to do the job. Unworthy idea! The saw

rebelled at that shirking spirit, and went awry for a dozen strokes. You can count your failures and your successes as plainly as if they were written in Arabic numbers, on the end of your sticks. They are the witnesses of your worth as a sawyer of wood.

It is when I have finished my morning stint of sawing wood that I am bland, approachable, and full of benevolence toward the world and my fellow men. Have I not just cause to be satisfied with myself? I have sawed my wood. It may rain this afternoon; to-morrow it may snow. I have done my stint. I am proud of that dull acclaim in the muscles of my back, for did not I come by it honestly, and have I not tangible results to show?

Then, of course, there is wood to be split. I confess that splitting wood has something of brilliance, of vivacity, that sawing lacks. Hence, I conclude, by the good old Puritan reasoning, that sawing is better for my soul. There is something too exultant in sending the axe straight down the grain of a sawed stick; something too victorious for mere man to experience often without strutting. The frugal, steady homesteader is a sawyer; the hired man, fond of display and vagrant by nature, is your natural splitter. He takes no delight in the less spectacular exercise, for it is not his wood.

Not long ago, as I was singing the praises of sawing wood, perhaps a little injudiciously, in the presence of a neighbor of mine, he said sharply, —

‘Don’t rhapsodize to me about that beastly saw-horse; I had to saw wood when I was a boy until my back was nearly broken, and I almost ran away from home.’

I am sorry for that man; and it is no Pecksniffian sorrow, either. It is good to saw wood; but it is not good to saw too much wood, or to saw a single stick under duress. I would not ex-

change a single minute of the satisfaction of my stint — no, not for the hours spent by kings; but if I were ordered out to my woodpile, to labor there as a sordid matter of dollars and cents, or at somebody’s desire, I think *I* should be inclined to break the saw and run away. In short, I have no desire to saw *your* wood.

### HORIZONS

It was a fresh midsummer morning, the wind in the willows and the chirp of birds the only sounds to break the Sabbath stillness, except the splash of water with which the farmer was sousing a very mud-caked wagon in preparation for taking his wife and some summer boarders to meeting. Indoors the rite of exchanging calico for the more sabbatical silk was going on. But one youthful boarder in everyday attire was setting out on the road, not in the direction the wagon was to take.

I was not going to meeting on that superb morning, even though the date was one remote from the present age of Sunday freedom, a period in which the very air stiffened once a week to admonition. The day had set itself apart for me, from the first raising of the curtains between us, to another end and purpose.

Half a mile from the house, four or five roads strayed together in a grassy space, with ancient gray sign-boards, tilted at different angles, and pointing with half-obliterated finger to places three eighths of a mile, five miles, fourteen miles, away. On any other day I should have paused to consult them, to be duped by their estimate of distance or lured by the charm of a name. But to-day I went on at random. No road led whither I was going, no sign-board pointed to the thing I sought, but at any turn in the woods, over the edge of any hill, its glory might come to meet me.

The wayside was thick with our New England wayside vegetation, all fresh and dewy: ferns, berries, flowers, in swampy or sandy succession. Birds flew on busy errands, broke into little outbursts of song among the bushes, flashed to an eye trained in bird's-nesting a familiar gleam of white feathers, a well-known dip or curve of flight, or stirred an instinctive curiosity by some unrecognized trait and the rustle of unknown wings in the foliage. But I was neither hunting for birds, nor botanizing, nor picking berries. I was out in search of truth.

That I occupied myself on that high errand with anything worthy the name of thought, far be it from me to affirm. The thoughts of youth may be 'long, long thoughts,' but recollection is the parent of a suspicion on my part that they are often fairly empty ones. They belong rather to the order of sensations. If I went through any train of thought as I swung along that country road, it must have been much as a dog rushes through a thicket. I was impelled by happiness and the freshness of the day. I was beckoned by the horizon. I was goaded by misery.

The fact is that in those youthful days all my walks had as their aim the horizon, even if their end were a stone fence or the grocery store. To that rim of earth and the unearthly, to that contact of matter with light, all my problems were brought; its aspect held consolation, reassurance, promise; and once in a long time something more. Sometimes I did all the talking, and the horizon was mute; we got nowhere on that day. But when the quivering of wounded personality subsided, when silence and receptiveness had their little hour, there were things said over there that helped.

To one who builds his hopes on the horizon an upward path, even if not an open one, is an invitation, I took a log-

ging road that led up a hill, the nearest approach to a mountain that the region afforded. It led me through the woods into a clearing on the hill-top, a little circular clearing filled with stones, raspberry bushes, and fire-weed; trees all around, a little below me, but narrowing my horizon to a curve of waving tree-tops only a few yards away.

Seated on a pile of logs I looked out over the fire-weed and raspberry bushes to the horizon of oak and birch. Then I looked mentally at the horizons beyond, over the curve of our earth with its fields and woods, its churches and houses, its working, praying, sinning, suffering people; over the world of books, — like the other, guessed rather than known. What was the meaning of it all? What stood out in it? What of all its realities was the most real, of all its dreams the least delusive?

There was light, poured down upon all, alternating with darkness, shining through and around it, a gift of the whole to each one. There was truth, coming to us in divers ways, in the scattered variety of things true: this true for one mind, that for another. There was goodness, shining through peoples' faces and in their lives, making them something to look up to and reverence. The light could be struck with a match, the goodness could belong to the ignorant and unthinking, the truth might or might not be really true. But could any light, any truth, any goodness, exist, if there were not the abstract realities, light, truth, goodness, — all that we see, a fragment or a mere reflection of them? Was not that real existence, God?

I don't offer it as a final philosophy, this interview of a small mind of seventeen with the horizon of a raspberry patch. But at the moment, and more or less for some time afterwards, it was to me one of the things that counted.